

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART,
AND POLITICS.

VOL. XXXV.—APRIL, 1875.—No. CCX.

A MIDNIGHT FANTASY.

I.

It was close upon eleven o'clock when I stepped out of the rear vestibule of the Boston Theatre, and, passing through the narrow court that leads to West Street, struck across the Common diagonally. Indeed, as I set foot on the Tremont Street mall, I heard the Old South drowsily sounding the hour.

It was a tranquil June night, with no moon, but clusters of sensitive stars that seemed to shiver with cold as the wind swept by them, for perhaps there was a swift current of air up there in the zenith. However, not a leaf stirred on the Common; the foliage hung black and massive, as if cut in bronze; even the gas-lights appeared to be infected by the prevailing calm, burning steadily behind their glass screens and turning the neighboring leaves into the tenderest emerald. Here and there, in the sombre row of houses stretching along Beacon Street, an illuminated window gilded a few square feet of darkness; and now and then a footfall sounded on a distant pavement. The pulse of the city throbbed languidly.

The lights far and near, the fantastic shadows of the elms and maples, the falling dew, the elusive odor of new grass, and that peculiar hush which belongs only to midnight — as if Time had

paused in his flight and were holding his breath — gave to the place, so familiar to me by day, an air of indescribable strangeness. The vast, deserted park had lost all its wonted outlines; I walked doubtfully on the flag-stones which I had many a time helped to wear smooth; I seemed to be wandering in some lonely unknown garden across the seas, — in that old garden in Verona where Shakespeare's ill-starred lovers met and parted. The white granite façade over yonder — the Somerset Club — might well have been the house of Capulet; there was the clambering vine, reaching up like a pliant silken ladder; there was the low-hung balcony, wanting only the slight girlish figure — immortal shape of fire and dew! — to make the illusion perfect.

I do not know what suggested it, perhaps it was something in the play I had just witnessed, — it is not always easy to put one's finger on the invisible thread that runs from thought to thought, — but as I sauntered on I fell to thinking of the ill-assorted marriages I had known. Suddenly there hurried along the graveled path which crossed mine obliquely a half indistinguishable throng of pathetic men and women; two by two they filed before me, each becoming startlingly distinct for an instant as they passed, — some with tears, some with hollow smiles, and some with firm-set

lips, bearing their fetters with them. There was little Alice chained to old Bowlsby; there was Lucille, "a daughter of the gods, divinely tall," linked forever to the dwarf Perrywinkle; there was my friend Porphyro, the poet, with his delicate genius shriveled in the glare of the youngest Miss Lucifer's eyes; there they were, Beauty and the Beast, Pride and Humility, Bluebeard and Fatima, Prose and Poetry, Riches and Poverty, Youth and Crabbed Age, — oh sorrowful procession! All so wretched, when perhaps all might have been so happy if they had only paired differently!

I halted a moment to let the weird shapes drift by. As the last of the train melted into the darkness, my vagabond fancy went wandering back to the theatre and the play I had seen, — *Romeo and Juliet*. Taking a lighter tint, but still of the same sober color, my reflections continued.

What a different kind of woman Juliet would have been if she had not fallen in love with Romeo, or had bestowed her affection on some thoughtful and stately signior, — on one of the Della Scalas, for example! What Juliet needed was a firm and gentle hand to tame her high spirit without breaking a pinion. She was a little too — vivacious, you might say. Gushing would perhaps be the word if you were speaking of a modern maiden with so exuberant a disposition as Juliet's. She was too romantic, too blossomy, too impetuous, too willful; old Capulet had brought her up injudiciously, and Lady Capulet was a nonentity. Yet in spite of faults of training, and some slight inherent flaws of character, Juliet was a superb creature; there was a fascinating dash in her frankness; her modesty and daring were as happy rhymes as ever touched lips in a love-poem. But her impulses required curbing; her heart made too many beats to the minute. It was an evil destiny that flung in the path of so rich and passionate a nature a fire-brand like Romeo. Even if no family feud had existed, the match would not have been a wise one. As it was,

the well-known result was inevitable. What could come of it but clandestine meetings, secret marriage, flight, despair, poison, and the Tomb of the Capulets?

I had left the park behind, by this, and had entered a thoroughfare where the street-lamps were closer together; but the gloom of the trees seemed to be still overhanging me. The fact is, the tragedy had laid a black finger on my imagination. I wished the play had ended a trifle more cheerfully. I wished — possibly because I see enough tragedy all around me without going to the theatre for it, or possibly it was because the lady who enacted the leading part was a remarkably clean-cut little person with a golden sweep of eyelashes — I wished that Juliet could have had a more comfortable time of it. Instead of a yawning sepulchre, with Romeo and Juliet dying in the middle foreground, and that luckless young Paris stretched out on the left, spitted like a spring-chicken with Montague's rapier, and Friar Laurence, with a dark lantern, groping about under the melancholy yews, — in place of all this costly piled-up woe, I would have liked a pretty, mediæval chapel scene, with illuminated stained-glass windows, and trim acolytes holding lighted candles, and the great green curtain descending slowly to the first few bars of the Wedding March of Mendelssohn.

Of course Shakespeare was true to the life in making them all die miserably. Besides, it was so they died in the novel of Matteo Bandello, from which the poet took his plot indirectly. Under the circumstances no other dénouement was practicable; and yet it was sad business. There were Mercutio, and Tybalt, and Paris, and Juliet, and Romeo, come to a bloody end in the bloom of their youth and strength and beauty.

The ghosts of these five murdered persons seemed to be on my track as I hurried down Revere Street to West Cedar. I fancied them hovering around the corner opposite the small drug-store where a meagre apothecary was in the act of shutting up the fan-like jets of gas in his show-window.

"No, Master Booth," I muttered in the imagined teeth of the tragedian, throwing an involuntary glance over my shoulder, "you'll not catch me assisting at any more of your Shakespearean revivals. I would rather eat a pair of Welsh rarebits or a slice of mince-pie at midnight, than sit through the finest tragedy that was ever writ."

As I said this I halted at the door of a house in Charles Place, and was fumbling for my latch-key, when a most absurd idea came into my head. I let the key slip back into my pocket, and strode down Charles Place into Cambridge Street, and across the long bridge, and then swiftly forward.

I remember, vaguely, that I paused for a moment on the draw of the bridge to look at the semicircular fringe of lights duplicating itself in the smooth Charles in the rear of Beacon Street, — as lovely a bit of Venetian effect as you will get outside of Venice; I remember meeting, farther on, near a stiff wooden church in Cambridgeport, a lumbering covered wagon, evidently from Brighton and bound for Quincy Market; and still farther on, somewhere in the vicinity of Harvard Square and the college buildings, I recollect catching a glimpse of a policeman, who, probably observing something suspicious in my demeanor, walked off discreetly in an opposite direction. I recall these trifles indistinctly, for during this preposterous excursion I was at no time sharply conscious of my surroundings; the material world presented itself to me as if through a piece of stained glass. It was only when I had reached a neighborhood where the houses were few and the gardens many, a neighborhood where the closely-knitted town began to ravel out into country, that I came to the end of my dream. And what was the dream? The slightest of tissues, madam; a gossamer, a web of shadows, a thing woven out of starlight. Looking at it by day,

find that its colors are pallid, and its threaded diamonds — they were merely the perishable dews of that June night — have evaporated in the sunshine; but such as it is you shall have it.

II.

The young Prince Hamlet was not happy at Elsinore. It was not because he missed the gay student-life of Wittenburg, and that the little Danish court was intolerably dull. It was not because the didactic lord chamberlain bored him with long speeches, or that the lord chamberlain's daughter was become a shade wearisome. Hamlet had more serious cues for unhappiness. He had been summoned suddenly from Wittenburg to attend his father's funeral; close upon this and while his grief was green, his mother had married with his uncle Claudius, whom Hamlet had never liked.

The indecorous haste of these nuptials — they took place within two months after the king's death, the funeral-baked meats, as Hamlet cursorily remarked, furnishing forth the marriage-tables — struck the young prince aghast. He had loved the queen his mother, and had nearly idolized the late king; but now he forgot to lament the death of the one in contemplating the life of the other. The billing and cooing of the newly-married couple filled him with horror. Anger, shame, pity, and despair seized upon him by turns. He fell into a forlorn condition, forsaking his books, eating little or nothing, drinking deep of Rhenish, letting his long, black locks go unkempt, and neglecting his dress, — he who had been hitherto "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," as Ophelia had prettily said of him.

Often, for half the night, he would wander along the ramparts of the castle, at the imminent risk of tumbling off, gazing seaward and muttering strangely to himself, and evolving frightful spectres out of the shadows cast by the turrets. Sometimes he lapsed into a gentle melancholy; but not seldom his mood was ferocious, and at such times the conversational Polonius, with a discretion that did him credit, steered clear of my lord Hamlet.

He turned no more graceful compliments for Ophelia. The thought of mar-

rying her, if he had ever thought of it seriously, was gone now. He rather ruthlessly advised her to go into a nunnery. His mother had sickened him of women. It was to Ophelia he addressed the notable words, "Frailty, thy name is woman!" which, sometime afterwards, an amiable French gentleman had neatly engraved on the head-stone of his wife, who had long been an invalid. Even the king and queen did not escape Hamlet in his distempered moments. Passing his mother in a corridor or on a staircase of the palace, he would suddenly plant a verbal dagger in her heart; frequently, in full court, he would deal the king such a cutting reply as caused him to blanch, and gnaw his lip.

If the spectacle of Gertrude and Claudius was hateful to Hamlet, the presence of Hamlet, on the other hand, was scarcely a comfort to the royal lovers. At first his uncle had called him "our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son," trying to smooth over matters; but Hamlet would have none of it. Therefore, one day, when the young prince abruptly announced his intention to go abroad, neither the king nor the queen placed impediments in his way, though, some months previously, they had both protested strongly against his returning to Wittenburg.

The small-fry of the court knew nothing of Prince Hamlet's determination until he had sailed from Elsinore; their knowledge then was confined to the fact of his departure. It was only to Horatio, his fellow-student and friend, that Hamlet confided the real cause of his self-imposed exile, though perhaps Ophelia half suspected it.

Polonius had dropped an early hint to his daughter concerning Hamlet's intent. She knew that everything was over between them, and the night before he embarked, Ophelia placed in the prince's hand the few letters and trinkets he had given her, repeating, as she did so, a certain couplet which somehow haunted Hamlet's memory for several days after he was on shipboard:—

"Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind."

"These could never have waxed poor," said Hamlet to himself softly, as he leaned over the taffrail, the third day out, spreading the trinkets in his palm, "being originally of but little worth. I fancy that that allusion to 'rich gifts' was a trifle malicious on the part of the fair Ophelia;" and he quietly dropped them into the sea.

It was as a Danish gentleman voyaging for pleasure, and for mental profit also, if that should happen, that Hamlet set forth on his travels. Settled destination he had none, his sole plan being to get clear of Denmark as speedily as possible, and then to drift whither his fancy took him. His fancy naturally took him southward, as it would have taken him northward if he had been a southron. Many a time while climbing the bleak crags around Elsinore he had thought of the land of the citron and the palm; lying on his couch at night and listening to the wind as it howled along the machicolated battlements of the castle, his dreams had turned from the cold, blonde ladies of his father's court to the warmer beauties that ripen under sunny skies. He was free now to test the visions of his boyhood. So it chanced, after various wanderings, all tending imperceptibly in one direction, that Hamlet bent his steps towards Italy.

In those rude days one did not accomplish a long journey without having wonderful adventures befall, or encountering divers perils by the way. It was a period when a stout blade on the thigh was a most excellent traveling companion. Hamlet, though of a philosophical complexion, was not slower than another man to scent an affront; he excelled at feats of arms, and no doubt his skill, caught of the old fencing-master at Elsinore, stood him in good stead more than once when his wit would not have saved him. Certainly, he had hair-breadth escapes while toiling through the wilds of Prussia and Bavaria and Switzerland. At all events he counted himself fortunate the night he arrived at Verona with nothing more serious than a two-inch scratch on his sword arm.

There he lodged himself, as became a gentleman of fortune, in a suite of chambers in a comfortable palace overlooking the swift-flowing Adige, — a riotous yellow stream that cut the town into two parts, and was spanned here and there by rough-hewn stone bridges, which it sometimes sportively washed away. It was a brave old town that had stood sieges and plagues, and was full of moldy, picturesque buildings and a gayety that has since grown somewhat moldy. A goodly place to rest in for the way-worn pilgrim! He recollected dimly that he had letters to one or two illustrious families; but he cared not to deliver them at once. It was pleasant to stroll about the city, unknown. There were sights to see: the Roman amphitheatre, and the churches with their sculptured sarcophagi and saintly relics, — interesting joints of martyrs, and fragments of the true cross enough to build a ship. The life in the public squares and on the streets, the crowds in the shops, the pageants, the lights, the stir, the color, all mightily took the eye of the young Dane. He was in a mood to be amused. Everything diverted him, — the faint tinkling of a guitar string in an adjacent garden at midnight, or the sharp clash of sword-blades under his window, when the Montecchi and the Cappelletti chanced to encounter each other in the narrow footway.

Meanwhile, Hamlet brushed up his Italian. He was well versed in the literature of the language, particularly in its dramatic literature, and had long meditated penning a gloss to *The Murder of Gonzago*, a play which Hamlet held in deservedly high estimation.

He made acquaintances, too. In the same palace where he sojourned, lived a very valiant soldier and wit, a kinsman to Prince Escalus, one Mercutio by name, with whom Hamlet exchanged civilities on the staircase, at first, and then fell into companionship. A number of Verona's noble youths, poets and light-hearted men-about-town, frequented Mercutio's chambers, and with these Hamlet soon became on terms.

Among the rest were an agreeable gentleman, with hazel eyes, named Benvolio, and a gallant young fellow called Romeo, whom Mercutio bantered pitilessly and loved heartily. This Romeo, who belonged to one of the first families, was a very susceptible spark, which the slightest breath of a pretty woman was sufficient to blow into flame. To change the metaphor, he fell from one love-affair into another as easily and naturally as a ripe pomegranate drops from a bough. He was generally unlucky in these matters, curiously enough, for he was a handsome youth in his saffron satin doublet slashed with black, and his jaunty velvet bonnet with its trailing plume of ostrich feather.

At the time of Hamlet's coming to Verona, Romeo was in a great despair of love in consequence of an unrequited passion for a certain lady of the city, between whose family and his own a deadly feud had existed for centuries. Somebody had stepped on somebody else's lap-dog in the far ages, and the two families had been slashing and hacking at each other ever since. It appeared that Romeo had scaled a garden wall, one night, and broken upon the meditations of his innamorata, who, as chance would have it, was sitting on her balcony enjoying the moonrise. No lady could be insensible to such devotion, for it would have been death to Romeo if any of her kinsmen had found him in that particular locality. Some tender phrases passed between them, perhaps; but the lady was flurried, taken unawares, and afterwards, it seemed, altered her mind and would have no further commerce with the Montague. This business furnished Mercutio's quiver with innumerable sly shafts, which Romeo received for the most part in good humor.

With these three gentlemen, — Mercutio, Benvolio, and Romeo, — Hamlet saw life in Verona, as young men will see life wherever they happen to be; many a time the nightingale ceased singing and the lark began before they were abed; but perhaps it is not wise to inquire too closely into this. A month had slipped away since Hamlet's arrival;

the hyacinths were opening in the gardens, and it was spring.

One morning as he and Mercutio were lounging arm in arm on a bridge near their lodgings, they met a knave in livery puzzling over a parchment which he was plainly unable to decipher.

"Read it aloud, friend!" cried Mercutio, who always had a word to throw away.

"I would I could read it at all. I pray, sir, can you read?"

"With ease, — if it is not my tailor's bill;" and Mercutio took the parchment, which ran as follows: —

"Signior Martino, and his wife and daughters; County Anselme, and his beautiful sisters; the lady widow Vitruvio; Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces; Mercutio, and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena."

"A very select company, with the exception of that rogue Mercutio," said the soldier, laughing. "What does it mean?"

"My master, the Signior Capulet, gives a ball and supper to-night; these the guests; I am his man Peter, and if you be not one of the house of Montague, I pray come and crush a cup of wine with us. Rest you merry;" and the knave, having got his billet deciphered for him, made off.

"One must needs go, being asked by both man and master; but since I am asked doubly, I'll not go singly; I'll bring you with me, Hamlet. It is a masquerade; I have had wind of it. The flower of the city will be there, — all the high-bosomed roses and low-necked lilies."

Hamlet had seen nothing of society in Verona, properly speaking, and did not require much urging to assent to Mercutio's proposal, far from foreseeing that so slight a freak would have a fateful sequence.

It was late in the night when they presented themselves, in mask and domino, at the Capulet mansion. The music was at its sweetest and the torches were

at their brightest, as the pair entered the dancing-hall. They had scarcely crossed the threshold when Hamlet's eyes rested upon a lady clad in a white silk robe, who held to her features, as she moved through the figure of the dance, a white satin mask, on each side of which was disclosed so much of the rosy oval of her face as made one long to look upon the rest. The ornaments this lady wore were pearls; her fan and slippers, like the robe and mask, were white — nothing but white. Her eyes shone almost black contrasted with the braids of warm gold hair that glistened through a misty veil of Venetian stuff, which floated about her from time to time and enveloped her, as the blossoms do a tree. Hamlet could think of nothing but the almond-tree that stood in full bloom in the little court near his lodging. She seemed to him the incarnation of that riant spring-time which had touched and awakened all the leaves and buds in the sleepy old gardens around Verona.

"Mercutio! who is that lady?"

"The daughter of old Capulet, by her stature."

"And he that dances with her?"

"Paris, a kinsman to Can Grande della Scala."

"Her lover?"

"One of them."

"She has others?"

"Enough to make a squadron; only the blind and aged are exempt."

Here the music ceased and the dancers dispersed. Hamlet followed the lady with his eyes, and seeing her left alone a moment, approached her. She received him gracefully, as a mask receives a mask, and the two fell to talking, as people do who have nothing to say to each other and possess the art of saying it. Presently something in his voice struck on her ear, a new note, an intonation sweet and strange, that made her curious. Who was it? It could not be Valentine, nor Anselmo; he was too tall for Signior Placentio; not stout enough for Lucio; it was not her cousin Tybalt. Could it be that rash Montague who — Would he dare? Here, on the very points of their swords? The stream

of maskers ebbed and flowed and surged around them, and the music began again, and Juliet listened and listened.

"Who are you, sir," she cried, at length, "that speak our tongue with feigned accent?"

"A stranger; an idler in Verona, though not a gay one, — a black butterfly."

"Our Italian sun will gild your wings for you. Black edged with gilt goes gay."

"I am already not so sad-colored as I was."

"I would fain see your face, sir; if it match your voice, it needs must be a kindly one."

"I would we could change faces."

"So we shall, at supper!"

"And hearts, too?"

"Nay, I would not give a merry heart for a sorrowful one; but I will quit my mask, and you yours; yet," and she spoke under her breath, "if you are, as I think, a gentleman of Verona — a Montague — do not unmask."

"I am not of Verona, lady; no one knows me here;" and Hamlet threw back the hood of his domino. Juliet held her mask aside for a moment, and the two stood looking into each other's eyes.

"Lady, we have in faith changed faces, inasmuch as I shall carry yours forever in my memory."

"And I yours, sir," said Juliet, softly, "wishing it looked not so pale and melancholy."

"Hamlet," whispered Mercutio, plucking at his friend's skirt, "the fellow there, talking with old Capulet, — his wife's nephew, Tybalt, a quarrelsome dog, — suspects we are Montagues. Let us get out of this peaceably, like soldiers who are too much gentlemen to cause a brawl under a host's roof."

With this Mercutio pushed Hamlet to the door, where they were joined by Benvolio. Juliet, with her eyes fixed upon the retreating maskers, stretched out her hand and grasped the arm of an ancient serving-woman who happened to be passing.

"Quick, good Nurse! go ask his name

of yonder gentleman. Not the one in green, dear! but he that hath the black domino and purple mask. What, did I touch your poor rheumatic arm? Ah, go now, sweet Nurse!"

As the Nurse hobbled off, querulously, on her errand, Juliet murmured to herself an old rhyme she knew: —

"If he be married,

My grave is like to be my wedding bed!"

When Hamlet got back to his own chambers he sat on the edge of his couch in a brown study. The silvery moonlight, struggling through the swaying branches of a tree outside the window, drifted doubtfully into the room, and made a parody of that fleecy veil which erewhile had floated about the lissome form of the lovely Capulet. That he loved her, and must tell her that he loved her, was a foregone conclusion; but how should he contrive to see Juliet again? No one knew him in Verona; he had carefully preserved his incognito; even Mercutio regarded him as simply a young gentleman from Denmark, taking his ease in a foreign city. Presented, by Mercutio, as a rich Danish tourist, the Capulets would receive him courteously, of course; as a visitor, but not as a suitor. It was in another character that he must be presented, — his own.

He was pondering what steps he could take to establish his identity, when he remembered the two or three letters which he had stuffed into his wallet on quitting Elsinore. He lighted a taper and began examining the papers. Among them were the half-dozen billet-doux which Ophelia had returned to him the night before his departure. They were neatly tied together by a length of black ribbon, to which was attached a sprig of rosemary. "That was just like Ophelia!" muttered the young man, tossing the package into the wallet again; "she was always having cheerful ideas like that." How long ago seemed the night she had handed him these love-letters in her demure little way! How misty and remote seemed everything connected with the old life at Elsinore! His father's death, his mother's marriage, his anguish and isolation, — they were

like things that had befallen somebody else. There was something incredible, too, in his present situation. Was he dreaming? Was he really in Italy, and in love?

He hastily bent forward and picked up a square folded paper lying half concealed under the others. "How could I have forgotten it!" It was a missive addressed in Horatio's angular hand, to the Signior Capulet of Verona, containing a few lines of introduction from Horatio, whose father had dealings with some of the rich Lombardy merchants and knew many of the leading families in the city. With this, and several epistles, preserved by chance, written to him by Queen Gertrude while he was at the university, Hamlet saw he would have no difficulty in proving to the Capulets that he was the Prince of Denmark.

At an unseemly hour the next morning Mercutio was roused from his slumbers by Hamlet, who counted every minute a hundred years until he saw Juliet. Mercutio did not take this interruption too patiently, for the honest humorist was very serious as a sleeper; but his equilibrium was quickly restored by Hamlet's revelation.

The friends were long closeted together, and at the proper, ceremonious hour for visitors, they repaired to the house of Capulet, who did not hide his sense of the honor done him by the prince. With scarcely any prelude Hamlet unfolded the motive of his visit, and was listened to with rapt attention by old Capulet, who inwardly blessed his stars that he had not given his daughter's hand to the County Paris, as he was on the point of doing. The ladies were not visible on this occasion, the fatigues of the ball overnight, etc.; but that same evening Hamlet was accorded an interview with Juliet and Lady Capulet, and a few days subsequently all Verona was talking of nothing but the new engagement.

The destructive Tybalt scowled at first, and twirled his fierce mustache, and young Paris took to writing dejected poetry; but they both soon recovered their serenity, seeing that nobody mind-

ed them, and went together to pay their respects to Hamlet.

A new life began now for Hamlet. He shed his inky cloak, and came out in a doublet of insolent splendor, looking like a dagger-handle newly gilt. With his funereal gear he appeared to have thrown off something of his sepulchral gloom. It was impossible to be gloomy with Juliet, in whom each day developed some sunny charm unguessed before. Her freshness and coquettish candor were constant surprises. She had had many lovers, and she confessed them to Hamlet in the prettiest way. "Perhaps, my dear," she said to him one evening, with an ineffable smile, "I might have liked young Romeo very well, but the family were so opposed to it from the very first. And then he was so—so demonstrative, you know."

Hamlet had known of Romeo's futile passion, but he had not been aware until then that his betrothed was the heroine of the balcony adventure. On leaving Juliet he went to look up the Montague; not for the purpose of crossing rapiers with him, as another man might have done, but to compliment him on his unexceptionable taste in admiring so rare a lady.

But Romeo had disappeared, in a most unaccountable manner, and his family were in great tribulation concerning him. It was thought that perhaps the unrelenting Rosaline (who had been Juliet's frigid predecessor) had relented; and Montague's man Abram was dispatched to seek Romeo at her residence; but the Lady Rosaline, who was embroidering on her piazza, placidly denied all knowledge of him. It was then feared that he had fallen in one of the customary encounters; but there had been no fight, and nobody had been killed on either side for as many as two days. Nevertheless, his exit had the appearance of being final. When Hamlet questioned Mercutio, the honest soldier laughed and stroked his blonde mustache.

"The boy has gone off in a heat, I don't know where, — to the icy ends of the earth, I believe, to cool himself."

Hamlet regretted that Romeo should have had any feeling in the matter; but regret was a bitter weed that did not thrive well in the atmosphere in which the fortunate lover was moving. He saw Juliet every day, and there was not a fleck upon his happiness, unless it was the garrulous Nurse, against whom Hamlet had taken a singular prejudice. He considered her a tiresome old person, not too decent in her discourse at times, and advised Juliet to get rid of her; but the ancient serving-woman had been in the family for years, and it was not quite expedient to discharge her at that late day.

With the subtle penetration of old age the Nurse instantly detected Hamlet's dislike, and returned it heartily.

"Ah, ladybird," she cried one night, "ah, well-a-day! you know not how to choose a man. An I could choose for you, Jule! By God's lady, there's Signior Mercutio, a brave gentleman, a merry gentleman, and a virtuous, I warrant ye, whose little finger-joint is worth all the body of this blackbird prince, dropping down from Lord knows where to fly off with the sweetest bit of flesh in Verona. Marry, come up!"

But this was only a ripple on the stream that flowed so smoothly. Now and then, indeed, Hamlet felt called upon playfully to chide Juliet for her extravagance of language, as when, for instance, she prayed that when he died he might be cut out in little stars to deck the face of night. Hamlet objected, under any circumstances, to being cut out in little stars for any illuminating purposes whatsoever. Once she suggested to her lover that he should come to the garden after the family had retired, and she would speak with him a moment from the balcony. Now, as there was no obstacle to their seeing each other whenever they pleased, and as Hamlet was of a nice sense of honor and a most exquisite practitioner of propriety, he did not encourage Juliet in her thoughtlessness.

"What!" he cried, lifting his finger at her reprovingly, "romantic again!"

This was their nearest approach to a

lovers' quarrel. The next day Hamlet brought her, as peace-offering, a slender gold flask curiously wrought in niello, which he had had filled with a costly odor at an apothecary's as he came along.

"I never saw so lean a thing as that same culler of simples," said Hamlet, laughing; "a matter of ribs and shanks, a mere skeleton painted black. It is a rare essence, though. He told me its barbaric botanical name, but it escapes me."

"That which we call a rose," said Juliet, holding the perfumery to her nostrils, and inclining herself prettily towards him, "would smell as sweet by any other name."

O Youth and Love! O fortunate Time!

There was a banquet almost every night at the Capulets, and the Montagues, up the street, kept their blinds drawn down, and Lady Montague, who had four marriageable, tawny daughters on her hands, was livid with envy at her neighbor's success. She would rather have had two or three Montagues prodded through the body than that the prince should have gone to the rival house.

Happy prince!

If Rosencrantz and Guildenstern and Laertes, and the rest of the dismal people at Elsinore, could have seen him now, they would not have known him. Where were his wan looks and biting speeches? His eyes were no longer filled with mournful speculation. He went in glad apparel, and took the sunshine as his natural inheritance. If he ever fell into moodiness, — it was partly constitutional with him, — the shadow fled away at the first approach of that "loveliest weight on lightest foot." The sweet Veronese had nestled in his empty heart, and filled it with music. The ghosts and visions that used to haunt him were laid forever by Juliet's magic.

Happy Juliet!

Her beauty had taken a new gloss. The bud had grown into a flower, redeeming the promises of the bud. If

her heart beat less wildly, it throbbed more strongly. If she had given Hamlet of her superabundance of spirits, he had given her of his wisdom and discretion. She had always been a great favorite in society; but Verona thought her ravishing now. The mantua-makers cut their dresses by her patterns, and when she wore turquoise, garnets went out of style. Instead of the groans and tears, and all those distressing events which might possibly have happened if Juliet had persisted in loving Romeo,—listen to her laugh and behold her merry eyes!

Every morning either Peter or Gregory might have been seen going up Hamlet's staircase with a note from Juliet,—she had ceased to send the Nurse on discovering her lover's antipathy to that person,—and some minutes later either Gregory or Peter might have been observed coming down the staircase with a missive from Hamlet. Juliet had detected his gift for verse, and insisted, rather capriciously, on having all his replies in that shape. Hamlet humored her, though he was often hard put to it; for the Muse is a coy immortal and will not always come when she is wanted. Sometimes he was forced to fall back upon previous efforts, as when he translated these lines into very choice Italian:—

"Doubt thou the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love."

To be sure, he had composed this quatrain originally for Ophelia; but what would you have? He had scarcely meant it then; he meant it now; besides, a felicitous rhyme does not go out of fashion. It always fits.

While transcribing the verse his thoughts naturally reverted to Ophelia, for the little poesy was full of a faint scent of the past, like a pressed flower. His conscience did not prick him at all. How fortunate for him and for her that matters had gone no further between them! Predisposed to melancholy, and inheriting a not very strong mind from her father, Ophelia was a lady who

needed cheering up, if ever poor lady did. He, Hamlet, was the last man on the globe with whom she should have had any tender affiliation. If they had wed, they would have caught each other's despondency, and died, like a pair of sick ravens, within a fortnight. What had become of her? Had she gone into a nunnery? He would make her abbess, if he ever returned to Elsinore.

After a month or two of courtship, there being no earthly reason to prolong it, Hamlet and Juliet were privately married in the Franciscan Chapel, Friar Laurence officiating; but there was a grand banquet that night at the Capulets', to which all Verona went. At Hamlet's intercession, the Montagues were courteously asked to this festival. To the amazement of every one the Montagues accepted the invitation and came, and were treated royally, and the long, lamentable feud—it would have sorely puzzled either house to explain what it was all about—was at an end. The adherents of the Capulets and the Montagues were forbidden on the spot to bite any more thumbs at each other.

"It will detract from the general gaiety of the town," Mercutio remarked. "Signior Tybalt, my friend, I shall never have the pleasure of running you through the diaphragm; a cup of wine with you!"

The guests were still at supper in the great pavilion erected in the garden, which was as light as day with the glare of innumerable flambeaux set among the shrubbery. Hamlet and Juliet, with several others, had withdrawn from the tables, and were standing in the doorway of the pavilion, when Hamlet's glance fell upon the familiar form of a young man who stood with one foot on the lower step, holding his plumed bonnet in his hand. His hose and doublet were travel-worn, but his honest face was as fresh as daybreak.

"What! Horatio?"

"The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever."

"Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you. What brings you to Verona?"

"I fetch you news, my lord."

"Good news? Then the king is dead."

"The king lives, but Ophelia is no more."

"Ophelia dead!"

"Not so, my lord, she's married."

"I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student."

"Married to him that sent me hither, — a gentleman of winning ways and a most choice conceit, the scion of a noble house here in Verona, — one Romeo."

The oddest little expression flitted over Juliet's face. There was never woman yet, even on her bridal day, could forgive a jilted lover marrying.

"Ophelia wed!" murmured the bridegroom.

"Do you know the lady, dear?"

"Excellent well," replied Hamlet, turning to Juliet, "a most estimable young person, the daughter of my father's chamberlain. She is rather given to singing ballads of an elegiac nature," added the prince, reflectingly, "but our

madcap Romeo will cure her of that. Methinks I see them now" —

"O, where, my lord?"

"In my mind's eye, Horatio, surrounded by their little ones, — noble youths and graceful maidens, in whom the impetuosity of the fiery Romeo is tempered by the pensiveness of the fair Ophelia. I shall take it most unkindly of them, love," toying with Juliet's fingers, "if they do not name their first boy Hamlet."

It was just as my lord Hamlet finished speaking that the last horse-car for Boston — providentially belated between Watertown and Mount Auburn — swept round the curve of the track on which I was walking. The amber glow of the car-lantern lighted up my figure in the gloom, the driver gave a quick turn on the brake, and the conductor, making a sudden dexterous clutch at the strap over his head, sounded the death-knell of my fantasy as I stepped upon the rear platform.

T. B. Aldrich

CALLING THE DEAD.

My little child, so sweet a voice might wake
So sweet a sleeper for so sweet a sake.
Calling your buried brother back to you,
You laugh and listen — till I listen too!

. . . Why does he listen? It may be to hear
Sounds too divine to reach my troubled ear.
Why does he laugh? It may be he can see
The face that only tears can hide from me.

Poor baby faith — so foolish or so wise!
The name I shape out of forlornest cries
He speaks as with a bird's or blossom's breath. . . .
How fair the knowledge is that knows not Death!

Ah, fools and blind, — through all the piteous years
Searchers of stars and graves, — how many seers,
Calling the dead and seeking for a sign,
Have laughed and listened like this child of mine?

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

CAMPAIGNING WITH MAX.

UNION CITY was not a city at all: it was hardly a village, and "Disunion" would have been its fairer designation. It lay in the woods at the crossing of two railroads, one pointing toward Mobile and one toward Memphis, but neither leading anywhere. There was a tradition that trains had once been run upon each, but many bridges had had to be rebuilt to make the short line to Columbus passable, and the rest was ruin; for Forrest had been there with his cavalry.

The land was just so much raised above the broad swamp of Northwestern Tennessee that whisky with men to drink it, and a Methodist Church South with people to attend it, were possible. With these meagre facilities for life, and the vague inducement of a railroad-crossing, Union City had struggled into an amphibious subsistence; but it had never thriven, and its corner lots had but feebly responded to the hopes of its projectors.

For many a mile around, the forests and swamps were well-nigh impenetrable, and the occasional clearings were but desolate oases in the waste of marsh and fallen timber. The roads were wood-trails leading nowhere in particular, and all marked a region of the most scanty and unfulfilled promise.

General Asboth, seeing (by the map) that it commanded two lines of railroad, sent us to occupy this strategic point, and we gradually accumulated to the number of twenty-five hundred cavalry and four thousand infantry; drawing our regular supplies from Columbus, and occupying our time with a happy round of drills, inspections, horse-races, cock-fights, and poker. It was not an elevating existence, but it was charmingly idle, and we passed the serene and lovely autumn of 1863 in a military dreamland, where nothing ever came to disturb our quiet or to mar our repose with the realities of war. We built ourselves

houses, we shot game for our tables, we made egg-nog for our evenings, and we were happy. The charm of camp life — with just enough of occupation and responsibility, and with enough improvement in the troops for a reward — made even this wilderness enjoyable. I had the advantage of seniority and command, and the physical comforts that naturally gravitate toward a commanding officer did not fail me.

My house, built with the mouse-colored logs of a rebel block-house, covered with the roof of the post-office, and floored and ceiled with the smoke-mellowed lining of the Methodist church, was broad and low and snug. Its windows, also taken from the sanctuary in question, were set on their sides, and gave to each of the two rooms wide, low-browed outlooks into the woods and over the drill-ground, that would have made worse quarters agreeable. The bricks of an abandoned domestic fireside built a spacious fire-place across an angle of each of the rooms, and the clay of the locality plastered all our chinks "to keep the wind away." I have seen more pretentious houses and more costly, but never one in which three chosen spirits — I had, in a happy moment, selected Voisin and The Hun for my staff — got more that is worth the getting out of the simple and virtuous life of a cavalry head-quarters. We were at peace with all the world (Forrest was in Mississippi); our pay was regular, our rations were ample, and Asboth had been ordered to Pensacola.

Old A. J., his successor, — every inch a soldier, and a good fellow to the very core, — used sometimes to roll up his camp mattress and run down from Columbus for an inspection. Those are marked days in our memories. He was a lynx in the field, and wry buttoning roused him to articulate wrath; but he unbuckled his sabre at the door, and brought only geniality within, a mellow

geniality that warmed to the influences of our modest hospitality, and lasted far into the night; and then, when the simple and inoffensive game was over, and its scores were settled, the dear old boy — usually with a smile of conquest wandering through his gray beard — would unroll his bundle before the fire and sleep like a baby until reveille. Happy, happy days, and still happier nights!

Naturally, in such a life as we led at Union City, our horses formed a very important element in our occupation and in our amusements. Soon after our arrival at Columbus, an event which had taken place a few months before, a spanking mare that I had bought to replace Ruby had gone hopelessly lame, and it became again important to all who were concerned in my peace of mind that a satisfactory substitute should be found for her. There was still in my stable a little thoroughbred (Guy), who, though excellent in all respects, was a trifle under my weight, and not at all up to the rough riding that was a necessary part of our army life. He could go anywhere, could jump any practicable barrier, was fleet and sound, and in all respects admirable, but he was made for a lighter weight than mine, and, except for show and parade riding, must mainly be used to carry Ike and the saddle-bags, or to mount a friend when a friend favored me.

In a second search, in which most of the officers of the regiment took a lively interest, there was found, in Frank Moore's Battalion of the Second Illinois Cavalry, a tall, gaunt, lean, haggard, thoroughbred-looking beast, which had been captured from Merryweather's men in Western Tennessee. He was not a handsome horse, nor was he to the ordinary eye in any respect promising, but a trial showed that he had that peculiar whalebone character, and wiry, nervous action, which come only with blood, and without which no horse is really fit for the saddle. The chances were very much against him. He did not possess the first element of beauty, save in a clean-cut head, a prominent eye, a quick ear, a thin neck, sloping shoulders, high

withers, and the brilliant activity that no abuse had been able to conquer. He was held in abeyance until a careful examination of the two thousand horses at the post showed that, even as he stood, he had no equal there for my purposes. Since he had come into the army he had been in the possession of a private soldier, who had done much scouting duty, and he had been initiated successfully into the scrub racing which Illinois soldiers much affected. The serious amount of one hundred and forty dollars was hazarded in the venture, and he was transferred to our stable. That increment of value which always follows the purchase of a new horse came rapidly in his case, and it needed only a few gallops on the breezy bluffs beyond Fort Halleck to install him as prime favorite among the head-quarters mess.

He was deemed worthy of the noble name of Max, and under Ike's careful grooming he returned daily toward the blooming condition that only Second Illinois abuse had been able to subdue. In an early race with The Hun we were ingloriously beaten, but The Hun rode a marvelous little blood mare, blooming with hundreds of bushels of oats, and with two years of careful handling. Max, though beaten, was not discouraged, and seemed to say that with time and good treatment he would be ready for a more successful trial.

During his period of tutelage, and while he was kept from all excessive exertion, he was inducted into the mysteries of the art, to him quite new, of jumping timber. Columbus had been occupied by Rebel and Union soldiers since the outbreak of the war, and its fences, far and wide, had all disappeared, but nowhere in the world was there a greater variety nor a more ample stock of fallen trees, whose huge boles made capital leaping-bars; and over these almost daily for some months, beginning with the smaller ones and going gradually to the largest we could find, Max learned to carry a heavy weight with a power and precision that even Ruby could not have excelled.

During all this time, ample feed, good

shelter, regular exercise, and a couple of hours of Ike's hand-rubbing daily, worked an uninterrupted improvement in limb and wind and sinews and coat, until by the time we were ordered to Union City, Max had become the pride of the camp. He was over sixteen hands high, of a solid dark bay color, glistening like polished mahogany, and active and spirited as a horse in training for the Derby.

At Union City the head-quarters horses were stabled under a capital shed close at hand, and all that master's eye and servant's labor could accomplish for their care and improvement was lavished upon them, so that during our long months' stay, we were among the best mounted men in the Western army. Our pleasure riding, and our work, was through swampy wood-roads, over obstructions of every sort, and across the occasional grass farms, with their neglected rail fences. The weather was almost uninterruptedly fine, our few visiting neighbors were miles away from us, the shooting was good, and the enjoyment we got from our vagabond life in camp was well supplemented by the royal rides we almost daily took.

Naturally, in a camp full of idle men given largely to sport, the elevating entertainment of horse-racing played a prominent part. Both Max and Guy were conspicuous by their successes until, long before the close of our leisurely career, but only after they had hung my walls with spurs and whips and other trophies of their successful competition with all comers, both were ruled out by the impossible odds they were obliged to give. The actual military service required was only enough to convince me that Max was a beast of endless bottom and endurance, and that, accidents apart, he would need no help in any work he might be called on to perform; for the rest of the war, with much duty of untold severity, I habitually rode no other horse for light work or for hard, for long rides or for short ones, on the march or on parade; and with all my sentiment for his charming predecessors, I had to confess that his equal as a campaigner had never

come under my leg. He would walk like a cart-horse at the head of a marching column, would step like a lord in passing in review, would prance down the main street of a town as though vain of all applause, would leap any fence or ditch or fallen timber to which he might be put, would fly as though shot from a gun in passing along the line; and when, whether early or late, he was taken to his stable, would eat like a hungry colt and sleep like a tired plow-horse. In all weathers and under all circumstances he was steady, honest, intelligent, and ready for every duty. I had ridden before, at home and in the army, horses ideally good; I have ridden since, over the hunting country of Warwickshire and Northamptonshire, horses that were counted of the best, but never, before or since, have I mounted such a magnificent piece of perfectly trained and perfectly capable horseflesh.

On one occasion, at Union City, word was brought in that a flag of truce from Faulkner had arrived at our picket line, and I rode out for a parley over a trifling matter of an exchange of prisoners. The officer in charge of the flag, with the company escorting him, had originally come from our neighborhood and had belonged to Merryweather's "band." As Max trotted up to their bivouac, he was greeted with cries of recognition, and a lieutenant of the company was kind enough to warn me that I had shown them a stronger inducement than they had hitherto had to make an attack on our position; for, since Frank Moore had captured the horse I rode, they had determined to regain him at any risk. Happily, this laudable wish was never fulfilled, and Max remained, in spite of the devices they may have laid for his recapture.

During the five months of our stay at this post, we made some hard scouts in a hard country, and we held a good part of West Tennessee under strict surveillance, but the most memorable feature of all our scouting was generally the welcome dismounting under the wide eaves of our own house; not, I hope, that we had grown effeminate, but a

week's tramp through the woods of West Tennessee offers little that memory can cherish, and prepares one for a sensation on the near approach of comfort.

But five months of such life is enough, and I was not sorry when the order came that I must go for a soldier again.

Sherman was about to advance eastward from Vicksburg, destroy the lines of railroad by which Forrest received supplies from the fertile prairie region of Northern Mississippi, and strike the Rebellion a blow in the pit of its stomach. A. J. was to take all my infantry down the river, and the cavalry was to move to Colliersville, on the line of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, joining a considerable cavalry force gathering there under Sooy Smith and Grierson; thence we were to move southeasterly through Mississippi, to engage Forrest's forces and to meet Sherman's army at the crossing of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad at Meridian.

We lay in camp more than a week, ready to move, but awaiting orders. The country (a very wet one) was frozen hard and covered with snow. Our order to march and the thaw came together, on the 22d of January. We were to cross the Obion River (and bottom) at Sharp's Ferry, twenty-three miles southwest of our camp. The command consisted of the Fourth Missouri (with a battery), Second New Jersey, Seventh Indiana, Nineteenth Pennsylvania, and Frank Moore's Battalion of the Second Illinois; in all about twenty-five hundred well-mounted men present for duty. The roads were deep with mud and slush, and every creek was "out of its banks" with the thaw. We reached the ferry only at nightfall of the 23d, over roads that had hourly grown deeper and more difficult. Two regiments had crossed, through floating ice (eight horses at a trip), by a rope-ferry, and at nine o'clock in the evening, under a full moon and a summer temperature, I crossed with staff and escort. The river was already so swollen that we landed in two feet of water, and still it was rising. Our camp was fixed five

miles away on the upland. The first mile was only wet and nasty, and the trail not hard to follow. Then we came to the "back slough," thirty feet wide, four feet deep, and still covered with four inches of ice. Those who had gone before had broken a track through this, and swept the fragments of ice forward until near the shore they were packed in for a width of ten feet or more, and to the full depth of the water. I can make no stronger statement than that we all got through safely, only wet to the skin. How it was done I do not pretend to know. Some went in one way and some in another. All I can assert is that my stalwart old Max, when he found himself standing, belly deep, in broken ice, settled quietly on his haunches and took my two hundred pounds with one spring on to dry land four feet higher than his starting point and twelve feet away, — but then, Max always was a marvel. Guy, who carried Ike, scrambled over the top of the broken ice as only he or a cat could do. The others fared variously. All were drenched, and some were hurt, but all got to the shore at last. Then came the hour-long tug to get my ambulance through, with its store of tent-hold gods, and we started for our remaining four miles. The trail, even of cavalry, is not easily followed by moonlight when covered with half a foot of water, and we lost our way, reaching camp, after fourteen miles of hard travel, at four o'clock in the morning.

The river was still rapidly rising, and word was brought that Kargé, with more than half the brigade, would have to make a detour of fifty miles and cross the three forks of the Obion far to the eastward, joining us some days later, near Jackson. So we idled on, marching a few miles each day, camping early, cooking the fat of the land for our evening meal, cultivating the questionable friendship of the rebel population by forced contributions of subsistence, and leading, on the whole, a peaceful, unlaborious, and charming picnic life. Finally, taking Kargé again under our wing, we pushed on, resolutely and rap-

idly, over flooded swamps, across deep, rapid rivers, and through hostile towns, to our rendezvous; whence, under the command of two generals, and as part of an army of eight thousand well-mounted cavalry and light artillery, and all in light marching order, we started for our more serious work.

The chief in command was a young and handsome, but slightly nervous individual, who eschewed the vanities of uniform, and had about himself and his horse no evidence of his military character that could not be unbuckled and dropped with his sword-belt in case of impending capture. He was vacillating in his orders, and a little anxious in his demeanor; but he had shown himself cool and clear-headed under fire, and seemed resolutely bent on the destruction of the last vestige of Forrest's troublesome army. It would be tedious to tell all the adventures of our forward expedition; how we marched in three columns over different roads, each for himself, and with only a vague notion where and how we should meet, and how we should support each other. As it afterward proved, the details of the order of march had been given to the commanders of the other brigades, while I had been forgotten; so that the whole advance was vexed with cross-purposes and with the evidences of a hidden misunderstanding. The *contretemps* that thus came about were annoying, and, in one instance, came near being serious: as we were going into camp at Prairie Station, my advance reported having come in sight of the campfires of the enemy; a skirmish-line was sent forward, and only on the eve of engaging did they discover that we were approaching Hepburn's brigade, of our column, which had reached the same point by another road.

The first days of our march in Mississippi were through Tippah County, as rough, hopeless, God-forsaken a country as was ever seen outside of Southern Missouri. Its hills were steep, its mud was deep, its houses and farms were poor, its facilities for the subsistence of a protecting army like ours were of the most mea-

gre description, and its streams delayed us long with their torrents of bottomless muddy water, fast swelling from the thaw that had unlocked the snow of all the deep-buried hills and morasses of their upper waters. We built ferry-boats and swamped them, built bridges and broke them, and slowly and painfully, horse by horse, transferred the command across the nasty river beds. Tippah Creek detained us and kept us hard at work all day and all night, and we reached the Tallahatchie at New Albany barely in time to ford our last man across before it rose to an impassable depth. And then for two days we pressed forward, in company with the whole column, through the rough, rocky, and wooded country, reaching Okolona only at nightfall.

Here we struck the marvelous prairie region of Northeastern Mississippi, literally a land flowing with milk and honey. An interminable, fertile, rolling prairie lay before us in every direction. The stern rule of the Confederacy had compelled the planters to offset every small field of cotton with a wide area of corn, until the region had become known as the granary of the Southern army. Not only must every land-owner devote his broadest fields to the cultivation of the much-needed cereal, but one tenth of all his crop must be stacked for public use in cribs at the side of the railroad.

It was an important incident of our mission to destroy everything which directly or indirectly could afford subsistence to the rebel army; and during the two days following our arrival at Okolona, while we marched as far south as West Point, the sky was red with the flames of burning corn and cotton. On a single plantation, our flanking party burned thirty-seven hundred bushels of tithe corn, which was cribbed near the railroad; no sooner was its light seen at the plantation houses than hundreds of negroes, who swarmed from their quarters to join our column, fired the rail-built cribs in which the remaining nine tenths of the crop was stored. Driven wild with the infection, they set the torch to mansion-house, stables, cotton-gin, and quarters, until the whole vil-

lage-like settlement was blazing in an unchecked conflagration. To see such wealth and the accumulated products of such vast labor swept from the face of the earth, gave to the aspect of war a saddening reality, which was in strong contrast to the peaceful and harmless life our brigade had thus far led. In all this prairie region there is no waste land, and the evidences of wealth and fertility lay before us in all directions. As we marched, the negroes came *en masse* from every plantation to join our column, leaving only fire and absolute destruction behind them. It was estimated that during these two days' march two thousand slaves and one thousand mules were added to our train.

The incidents of all this desolation were often sickening and heart-rending; delicate women and children, whom the morning had found in peace and plenty, and glowing with pride in the valor of Southern arms and the certainty of an early independence for their beloved half-country, found themselves, before night-fall, homeless, penniless, and alone, in the midst of a desolate land.

Captain Frank Moore, the Cossack of our brigade, went at night to an outlying plantation, of which the showy mansion-house stood on a gentle acclivity in the edge of a fine grove. Here lived alone with an only daughter, a beautiful girl, a man who had been conspicuous in his aid to the Rebellion, and whose arrest had been ordered. The squadron drew up in front of the house and summoned its owner to come forth. He came, armed, sullen, stolid, and determined, but obviously unnerved by the force confronting him. Behind him followed his daughter, dressed in white, and with her long light hair falling over her shoulders. The sight of the hated "Yanks" crazed her with rage, and before her father could reply to the question with which he had been accosted, she called to him wildly, "Don't speak to the villains! Shoot! shoot them down, shoot them down!" wringing her hands, and screaming with rage. The excitement was too much for his judgment, and he fired wildly on the troops. He was riddled through

and through with bullets; and as Moore turned away, he left that fine house blazing in the black night, and lighting up the figure of the crazy girl as she wandered, desolate and beautiful, to and fro before her burning home, unheeded by the negroes who ran with their hastily made bundles to join the band of their deliverers. Moore's description of this scene in the simple language that it was his unpretending way to use, gave the most vivid picture we had seen of the unmitigated horror and badness of war.

As an instrument of destruction in the enemy's country, our raid had thus far been more successful than we could have anticipated; but we had come for even more serious business than this, and there were already indications that its main purpose would be a failure. Our commander had evidently no stomach for a close approach to the enemy, and his injunctions at Colliersville that we were to try always to "fight at close quarters!" "go at them as soon as possible with the sabre!" and other valorous ejaculations, were in singular contrast to the impressions he evinced as the prospect of an actual engagement drew near.

Forrest was in our front with about our own number of cavalry, but without artillery, of which we had twenty good pieces. The open country offered good fighting ground, and gave to our better drilled and more completely organized forces a decided advantage, even without our great odds in artillery. There lay before us a fair opportunity for dispersing the most effective body of cavalry in the rebel service; and, could we effect a junction with Sherman, we should enable him to divide the Confederacy from Vicksburg to Atlanta. One of the most brilliant and damaging campaigns of the war seemed ready to open. Its key lay in a successful engagement, on a fair field, with an inferior force. Yet all of us who were in a position to know the spirit with which we were commanded were conscious of a gradual oozing out at the finger ends of the determination to make a successful fight, and it was a sad night for us all when at West Point, with our skirmish-line steadily en-

gaging the rebel outposts, an order came that we were to fall back before day-break toward Okolona.

The brigade commanders and their staffs had had severe duty in the scattered work of destruction, and even Max, tough though he was, had been almost overworked with constant galloping to and fro, and with the frequent counter-marching our varying orders had required. Still he was better than his comrades, and many a man was anxious for his mount, should our retreat be pressed.

Early in the morning we were on our way toward the rear, — about eight thousand cavalry, ten sections of artillery, two thousand pack-mules, and an unnumbered cloud of fugitive slaves mounted on their masters' mules, often two or three on each, and clustering under our shadow as their only means of escape to the happy land of freedom. In an organized advance, all of this vast hanging on could be kept at the rear and in good order; but on a retreat the instinct of self-preservation always attacks first the non-combatant element, and during all the days that followed, we found our way constantly blocked with these throngs of panic-stricken people.

No sooner had we turned tail than Forrest saw his time had come, and he pressed us sorely all day and until night-fall, and tried hard to gain our flanks. A hundred times we might have turned and given him successful battle; but, at every suggestion of this, we received from our general, who was well in advance of the retiring column, the order to push forward and give our rear a free road for retreat. Midnight found us again in the vicinity of Okolona, and the next daybreak showed the enemy's long column filing out of the woods and stretching well on toward our right flank.

Even the plains of Texas could offer no field better suited for a cavalry engagement, and it was with satisfaction that we received, at five o'clock in the morning, an order to prepare at once for a fight; but our men were barely mounted and in line when an order came to turn our backs upon this open field, and

to retreat with all expedition toward Memphis.

When we left Okolona we left hope behind, for our road struck at once into a wooded, hilly country, full of by-ways and cross-roads known to the enemy and unknown to us, and we well perceived that this movement would double Forrest's power and divide our own. Then, for a long day, tired and hungry from the hard work and constant movement we had just gone through, and with our horses half-fed and overworked, we pushed on, our rear often attacked and sometimes broken, our mule-train and negroes thrown into frequent confusion, one of our brigades demoralized and put to flight, and the enemy still pressing our rear and reaching for our flanks. At last, towards night, it became evident that a stand must be made or all would be entirely lost, and at Ivy Farm, near Pontotoc, we found a broad, open hill-top, with large fields, high fences, and stout log-houses, which offered an opportunity. By this time the command was too widely separated, and some of it too much disorganized, for the concentration of even a whole brigade, but a part of Hepburn's and a part of my own were disentangled from the corral of fugitives and brought into line. Both of our generals were upon the field, and to our surprise both seemed brave and resolute; not with the resolution of despair, for the actual immediate necessity of fighting often steadies nerves which are easily shaken by the anticipation of danger. Brave they were, but not always of the same mind, and conflicting orders continued to add to our embarrassment and insecurity.

It is not worth while to detail all the incidents of the opening of the short engagement; it was ended by the only legitimate cavalry charge made by the "Vierthe Missouri" during the whole of its four years' history.

We had withdrawn from the line where we had been fighting on foot, mounted, formed, and drawn sabre; the road about one hundred yards in front of us was swarming with rebels, who crept along the fence lines and in the edge of the

bordering woods, and kept up a steady rain of fire well over our heads, where we heard that *pfwit — pfwit — pfwit!* of flying bullets which, happily, has no relative in the whole chorus of sounds, and which is heard above all the din of battle, and is felt through every remotest nerve.

At the command "Forward!" excitement ran down the line, and there was a disposition for an immediate rush. But "Steady — right dress — trot!" in a measured tone, taken up in turn by the company officers, brought back all the effect of our three years' discipline of the drill-ground. Later, "Steady — right dress — gallop!" accelerated the speed without disturbing the alignment, and then, at last, "Charge!" and with a universal yelling and brandishing of sabres we went forward like the wind. I then felt how mad a venture we had undertaken, for before us was the enemy, it is true, but the enemy behind a high and stout, staked and ridged rail fence. As we drew very near this, still under heavy fire, which now at the short range was telling, the command became conscious that the six-foot fence would withstand our shock, and it wavered. I turned to my bugler to sound the recall, when I saw him out of the corner of my eye, his white horse rearing literally to his full height and falling backward with a crash that must have killed the poor boy at once. The recall was not needed: the regiment had turned and was running. The officers, being the best mounted and generally the lightest weights, soon reached the front, and "Steady — right dress — trot! Steady — right dress — trot!" was repeated along the line, until the drill-ground precision was regained, and then "By fours — right about — wheel!" and we stood facing the enemy again, ready for another advance. Max had been struck by a grazing bullet and had been plunging heavily, but the wound was not serious and he was soon quieted. We now saw that our charge, futile though it seemed, had done its work. The advance of the enemy was checked; the sight of troops that could retire and re-

form for a new attack seemed to have a stunning effect upon them. Practically the engagement was ended.

Subsequently, one of Forrest's staff officers told The Hun that the size of the division which had charged was variously estimated at from five to ten thousand, but that he had been accustomed to such things and knew that we were not more than two thousand. In fact, we were less than six hundred. Forrest's report of the battle of Pontotoc states that the engagement was ended "by a cavalry charge of the enemy, which was repulsed."

There was still some sharp scrimmaging, and we had to make two or three more squadron and company charges to drive away small attacks upon our retreating guns, but the battle, as a battle, was over, and Forrest's whole advance had been checked and ended by six hundred Fourth Missouri Dutchmen, galloping, yelling, and swinging their sabres at several thousand men well secured behind a rail fence. I had before, in drill-ground charges, seen old soldiers and experienced officers jump down and run away from a fence on which they were sitting to watch the advance of charging cavalry which they knew must wheel before coming within five rods of them; but I had never supposed that hot-blooded soldiers, in the full excitement of a successful attack, could be unnerved and turned by the roar and thundering oncoming of a regiment that could by no possibility reach them. Our first setting out had driven back a thin skirmish-line which had to cross the fence under high speed; this, doubtless, aided in the *débâcle*; the charge had stunned them, but it was the rally that stopped the pursuit.

The rest of our march was without interesting incident all the way to Memphis, but it was almost incessant, day and night; without incident, that is, that it is worth while to tell here, but our days and nights upon the road were filled with annoyance and disgust, and with a store of unhappy and ludicrous memories that will last the life-time of all who knew them.

One day, at New Albany, Max and I were feeding and sleeping in the door of an old mill while the command was slowly crossing the antiquated bridge over the Tallahatchie, when I was awakened by Grierson's riding up in great alarm, calling upon me "for God's sake" to use the ford as well as the bridge, for Hepburn was being cut to pieces in the rear, and I must give him the full road for his retreat. I had always been a respectful subordinate, but none of us were then in the best temper; I did not believe a word of it, and I frankly told him so. Even old Max pricked up his ears and snorted as if in derision. Almost as we were talking, there came an aid from Hepburn saying that he had found a good supply of forage and would be glad to go into camp for the night. But there was no camp to be thought of for that tired crew; the bogey of incessant pursuit loomed up portentously close upon our rear-guard, and sent its shadow deep into the bowels of our commander, who was miles away in the advance, and who would allow us only the fewest possible hours in the very dead of night for hasty cooking and scant repose; and we were a worn and weary lot as we finally went into camp at the rear of the town; worn and weary, sadly demoralized, and almost dismounted. I had lost fifteen hundred good horses, and my men, who had been eager and ready for a successful campaign, were broken in spirit and sadly weakened in discipline.

All who had had to bear the brunt of the hard work needed for themselves and their horses absolute rest for days; but being called into the city the morning after our arrival, my eyes were greeted with the spectacle of General Sooy Smith, no longer ill, and with no trace of shame or annoyance on his face. He had shed his modest and prudent attire, and shone out with all the brass radiance of a full-fledged major-general. From this time until the Fourth Missouri cavalry was mustered out of service, our head-quarters were in the immediate neighborhood of Memphis, and our life was much more active than it had been at Union City.

Not very much is to be said for Max during this time, except in connection with the Sturgis expedition, beyond the fact that we lay long in the immediate vicinity of the race-course, which we repaired and used faithfully, and, so far as he was concerned, with eminent success. The more frequent necessity for duty, the great labor of re-mounting, re-organizing, and re-drilling the command, united with the greater publicity of our position to lay some restraint on our mode of life, and to make our conduct more circumspect. Still we were not miserable, and the neighborhood of a large town has, to a well-regulated headquarters' mess, its compensations as well as its drawbacks.

Sturgis's expedition to Guntown and back — especially back — has passed into history, and its unwritten memories will always remain with those who took part in it.

Guntown is far away in Northeastern Mississippi. It is not laid down on the map of the country, but it lies just across the Tishamingo Creek, and it consists mainly of two plantation houses and a school-house. Our stay there was not long, and we were too much occupied to study the locality minutely, but it is my impression that the most important incident in its history was connected with our visit.

We were a force of about nine thousand infantry, cavalry, and artillery, — some black and some white, some good and some bad, — sent out by Sherman as a tub to the Forrest whale; a diversion to keep this commander from joining Hood in Northern Georgia; though I doubt if even General Sherman in his moments of wildest enthusiasm anticipated just the issue that followed. Our march out was not rapid, and it was well ordered. We were allowed to take our train, and old John Ellard's four stupendous mules drew our head-quarters' wagon, well laden with the comforts we had accumulated during a long service, including a brand new, well-furnished, and abundantly stored camp-chest that had just arrived from St. Louis. So far as the comforts of a home

for five youngsters can be stored in one mule-wagon, we were well supplied for a campaign of any length; and judging from the mess-tables to which we were invited, others of the command were no less well provided. In due time we reached the town of Ripley, a rather pretty New England-looking village, but like all Southern towns at that time, entirely devoid of men and overflowing with women of the most venomous and spiteful sort, who did all in their power to add to the interest of the Sunday evening we passed in their company.

We had some light skirmishing on our arrival, but whoever it was that attacked us withdrew and left us in undisturbed possession of the comfortable rooms and fire-places of the town. Our next day's march brought us to a large open plantation on a commanding hill, whence our evening scouting parties soon found the enemy posted in some force and apparently disposed for an engagement.

It seemed always Forrest's plan to select his own fighting ground, and the plan of our commanders to gratify him. Sturgis committed the usual folly of trying to hold every inch he had gained, and of forming his line of battle on the head of the column and under fire.

We breakfasted at three in the morning, and marched at half past four. My command had the advance. The enemy allowed himself to be easily driven until half past eight, when he made some show of resistance. At this time the last of our regiments could hardly have left the camping-ground, and probably a judicious retreat would have drawn Forrest's whole force back to the open country we had left. But "retreat" was not yet written on our banners (of that day), and orders came from our general to support the advance-guard, form line of battle, and hold our position. So far as the cavalry brigade was concerned this was easily done, and we got into good line near the edge of a wood without difficulty. Here, for four mortal hours, or until half past twelve, we carried on a tolerably equal warfare, both sides blazing away at each other with little effect across the six hundred yards of cleared

valley that lay between two skirts of wood. So far as the endurance of our troops was concerned, this engagement could have been kept up until nightfall, though our ranks were slowly thinning. Several desperate charges were made on our position, and were repulsed with considerable loss to both sides. Pending the arrival of the infantry it would have been folly for us to attempt a further advance, but had we been properly supported, or, better, had we at once fallen back upon our support, we might have given, as the *post bellum* reports of Forrest's officers show, a better ending to the day's work. It was only at half past twelve, when our ammunition was reduced to five rounds per man, and when our battery had fired its last shot, that the infantry began to arrive, and then they came a regiment at a time, or only so fast as the Forrest mill could grind them up in detail.

They had taken our place, and we had withdrawn to their rear, where we were joined by one after another of the defeated or exhausted infantry regiments. Little by little the enemy pressed upon us, gaining rod after rod of our position, until finally our last arriving troops, a splendid colored regiment, reached the field of battle at double-quick, breathless and beaten by their own speed, barely in time to check the assault until we could cross the creek and move toward the rear. The retreat was but fairly begun when we came upon our train of two hundred wagons piled pell-mell in a small field and blocked in beyond the possibility of removal. With sad eyes we saw John Ellard cut his traces and leave all that was dear to us, tents, camp-chest, poker-table, and all that we cherished, to inevitable capture. The train was *our* tub to the whale; and while Forrest's men were sacking our treasures, and refilling the caissons of all our batteries, which they had captured, we had time to form for the retreat, more or less orderly according as we had come early or late off the field. The demoralizing roar of our own guns, and the howling over our heads of our own shells, together with the sharp rattle of musket-

ry on our rear, hastened and saddened the ignominious flight of the head of our column, though, for some reason, the enemy's advance upon us was slow.

All that long night we marched on, without food and without rest. At early dawn we reached Ripley, where we paused for breath. Max had been ridden almost uninterruptedly for twenty-four hours, and for four hours had done the constant hard work that the supervision of a long line in active engagement had made necessary; and he was glad to be unsaddled and turned for fifteen minutes into a scantily grown paddock, where he rolled and nibbled and refreshed himself as much as ordinary horses do with a whole night's rest. The ambulances with our groaning wounded men came pouring into the village, and to our surprise, those women, who had so recently given evidence only of a horrified hatred, pressed round to offer every aid that lay in their power, and to comfort our suffering men as only kind-hearted women can.

With the increasing daylight the pursuit was reopened with vigor, and on we went, and ever on, marching all that day, our rear-guard constantly engaged, and hundreds of our men being captured, thousands more scattering into the woods. My lieutenant-colonel, Von Helmrich, who had been for twenty-eight years a cavalry officer in Germany, and who, after thirteen months in Libby Prison, had overtaken us as we were leaving Memphis, was recaptured and carried back to Richmond, — to die of a good dinner on his second release, ten months later. At nightfall, the pursuit growing weak, we halted to collect together our stragglers, but not to rest, and after a short half-hour pushed on again; and all that interminable night, and until half past ten the next morning, when we reached Colliersville and the railroad, reinforcements and supplies, we marched, marched, marched, without rest, without sleep, and without food. The cavalry-men were mainly dismounted and driving their tired jades before them, only Max and a few others carrying their riders to the very

end, and coming in with a whinny of content to the familiar stables and backyards of the little town.

Most other officers whose service had been as constant as mine had had extra horses to ride for relief, but I had never yet found march too long for Max's wiry sinews, and trusted to him alone. He had now been ridden almost absolutely without intermission, and much of the time at a gallop or a rapid trot, for fifty-four hours. I had had for my own support the excitement and then the anxious despair of responsible service, and Ike had filled his haversack with hard-bread from John Ellard's abandoned wagon; an occasional nibble at this, and unlimited pipes of tobacco, had fortified me in my endurance of the work; but Max had had in the whole time not the half of what he would have made light of for a single meal. I have known and have written about brilliant feats of other horses, but as I look over the whole range of all the best animals I have seen, I bow with respect to the wonderful courage, endurance, and fidelity of this superbly useful brute.

There is an elasticity in youth and health, trained and hardened by years of active field-service, which asserts itself under the most depressing circumstances. Even this shameful and horrible defeat and flight had their ludicrous incidents, which we were permitted to appreciate. Thus, for instance, during a lull in the engagement at Guntown, I had seated myself in a rush-bottomed chair under the lee of a broad tree-trunk; a prudent pig, suspecting danger, had taken shelter between the legs of the chair, leaving, however, his rear unprotected. Random bullets have an odd way of finding weak places, and it was due to one of these that I was unseated, with an accompaniment of squeal, by the rapid and articulate flight of my companion.

During our last night's march, my brigade having the advance, and I being at its rear, Grierson ordered me to prevent the pushing ahead of the stragglers of the other brigades, who were to be recognized, he reminded me,

by their wearing hats (mine wore caps). The order was peremptory, and was to be enforced even at the cost of cutting the offenders down. Grierson's adjutant was at my side; we were all sleeping more or less of the time, but constantly some hatted straggler was detected pushing toward the front, and ordered back, — the adjutant being especially sharp-eyed in detecting the mutilated sugar-loaves through the gloom. Finally, close to my right and pushing slowly to the front, in a long-strided walk, came a gray horse with a hatted rider, — an india-rubber poncho covering his uni-

form. I ordered him back; the adjutant, eager for the enforcement of the order, remonstrated at the man's disobedience; I ordered again, but without result; the adjutant ejaculated, "Damn him, cut him down!" I drew my sabre and laid its flat in one long, stinging welt across that black poncho: "——! who are you hitting!" Then we both remembered that Grierson too wore a hat; and I tender him here my public acknowledgment of a good-nature so great that an evening reunion in Memphis over a dozen of wine won his generous silence.

George E. Waring, Jr.

IMMORTELLES.

Just as when summer laughed, they linger yet,
Here in my chamber, while the world is cold;
Their pale-gold, brittle petals primly set
About dry, brittle hearts of deeper gold.

Do I but fancy that an aching need
Lives in the wan, inanimate looks they lift,
And that Tithonus-like they dumbly plead
The awful goddess to revoke her gift?

Yes, if I read their joyless calm aright,
Mere immortality can ill repay
This sluggish veto of corruption's blight,
This dull and charmless challenge to decay!

For surely these are flowers that well might sleep
Near Stygian waves, and shiver in the breath
Of long disconsolate breezes when they sweep
Out from the dreamy meadowlands of death!

Ah! where in this white urn they dimly smile,
Full oft, I doubt not, each poor bloom has sighed
To have been some odorous radiance that erewhile
Divinely was a rose, although it died!

Edgar Fawcett.

"THE THING WHICH HATH BEEN SHALL BE."

A GREAT many years ago, longer than I like to own, there stood a house in my native town that had for me a peculiar interest. It was one of the oldest houses in the place, wooden, and at first the real red of old Yankeedom, but white when I knew it. Its style was not the ordinary New England routine of nine windows and a door in front; it was not so regular: and instead of standing in the middle of its goodly lot, its north side came up to the sidewalk of a damp, paved alley, sunless even in midsummer, where green moss grew on the brick foundations, and horses stumbled on the round paving-stones always slippery with mud or frost. But the southern half was sunny enough. A garden full of all old-fashioned blooms lay about the wide front door and south of the side entrance. Old pear-trees, knotty and awkward, but veiled always in the spring with snowy blossoms, and hung thereafter with golden fruit, shaded a little the formal flower-beds where grew tulips, lifting scarlet and golden cups or creamy chalices, striped with pink and purple, toward the sun; peonies, round and flaunting; ragged-robins; flowering almond, that bloomed like Aaron's rod with myriads of tiny roses on a straight stick; fleur-de-lis with languid and royal banners of blue, white, or gold; flowering currant, its prim yellow blossoms breathing out spice to the first spring winds; snowdrops, virginal and graceful; hyacinths, crocuses, jonquils, narcissus, daffadowndillys; velvet and parti-colored roses, the rich buds of Provence and moss, the lavish garlands of the old white rose, and the delicate odorous damask. Why should I catalogue them? Yet they all rise crowding on my memory, and the air swims with their odors. Ah! not alone their bloom and perfume, but the faces and the speech of the dead come with them; they who rise no more with the recurring spring, who leave no generation after them to repeat those faces

and voices for which the heart forever hungers and forever mourns! Long before I knew this quaint old house, a family lived there for whom it was fashioned, and under whose culture all these gardens sprung to life and bloomed and fruited. The son of a clergyman, Mr. Wyllys received the usual social and religious training of New England in the last century, but seems to have had no ambition to follow his father's calling; being threatened with the universal malady of the country, consumption, he betook himself to the sea, and followed it for ten years, regaining health and making money, — moreover, getting married; for the first of this yellow bundle of letters that lies beside me, and tells me the story I try to re-tell with note and comment, is dated at "Barbadoes the 18th July, 1767," and is addressed to "Miss Mable Ray." Now truth — that dreadful necessity to the historian — compels me to state that this young lady's name was really Mehetabel! but he was a lover, and spelling a rare accomplishment then. I am almost afraid to spell so long a name myself; shall I blame my equally cautious hero? But here is the letter, given, as I shall give them all, verbatim: —

DEAR MABLE, — This pr Capt. Hopkins will inform You that I am in good health as I sincerely wish this to find You. I hope to be at home in ye beginning of September, when I doubt not You will be ready to complete our Union, which God send may be lasting and happy. I shou'd have wrote by Cap't W — but for reasons mention'd when at home. I'm impatient to leave this Place as I shall then be on my way to what I hold most dear. Farewell my dear Girl, and believe me to be

Truly Yours, JOHN WYLLYS.

This succinct and honest letter seems to have had its wishes fulfilled, for the

next, without date except of April 28th, comes from Mable herself, and is directed to "Capt. J. Wylls."

DEAR SIR, — this I hope will find you well, as it leaves me and the Child. it Seems along time that you are lik to be absent, pray make it as Short as you can. Helena is as wild as you can wish she would be diversion anuf for you if you was hear. our friends at H. and M. are well as common. May Heaven presearve you and return you safe home again is the Constant prayer of
your Loveing wife, M. W.

Now comes a long hiatus in the letters. They are scattered about among so many descendants that my share is small. I must fill the gap with my own narration, which will be less graphic and terse than the language of my ancestors, no doubt, but let me console myself, if not my readers, with the fact that it will be at least better spelled! When Captain W—— was about thirty, he took possession of our old house, which his father had built and inhabited for his life-time, and brought with him his wife and three children to add to the inmates already there, — his two sisters, girls then, who lived for and with each other to a good old age, figuring in all the chronicles related to my childish ears as Aunt Sybil and Aunt Polly.

Here, for a year or two, things went on smoothly; other children came, the flowers blossomed in the garden, and the smooth-cheeked, crisp apricots ripened against the wall; bell-pears — a fruit passed out of modern reach, a wondrous compound of sugar and wine and fragrance — dropped in the rank grass; peaches that are known no more to man, great rose-flushed globes of honey and perfume that set the very wasps crazy, drooped the slight trees to earth with their gracious burden; cherries and plums strewed the ground, and were wasted from mere profusion; curculio was a stranger in the land, fire-blight unknown, yellows a myth, black knot never tied, and the hordes of ravaging insects yet unhatched; there was enough

for men and robins; the land was full of food, but the landmen were unquiet, and the Revolution blew its fiery blast among New England hills as well as through Southern plantations — there was no West then, or rather, it was Ohio! Now there was no more peaceful sea-going, British ships infested the waters that had been free to commerce, and Captain Wylls's captainship was mere sound and fury; but he was a "canny" man, "cute" as our own patois hath it, and his shrewd business capacities pointed him out as serviceable for commissary, at first as deputy, then, being tested, as principal for that district.

That war of the Revolution seems to us now a small matter set beside our own fearful experience, which multiplied those battles and those dead by thousands, and stretched for hundreds of miles beyond what was a century ago savage wilderness. But looking at the population, the resources, the knowledge of warfare, and the momentous results, it was as terrific a crisis to New England as the last bitter conflict; and women were women then of the same type as now; they too had weak and shrinking souls that were tempered to steel in this bath of blood and fire. Mable rose to the occasion: she managed her household with thrift as became its necessities, she opened her doors to receive and administer to the official guests of her husband, she offered gracious hospitality when every possession of life trembled in the balance; little children slipped out of her arms into mother earth's, and she mourned them silently, for who knew from what evil to come they were taken? Her husband was harassed with work and anxiety, her country was a divided household, her family hung upon her strong character for support, and she met every demand as it arose with ample strength. She may not have been a lovable woman. I rather doubt it from the little I can gather, but she stood in her lot to the end of her days, stern, self-reliant, generous, and just; neither coaxing for indulgence nor clamoring for "rights."

A few more like her would be something to our advantage in these days!

The war went on, slowly enough. Colonel Wylls (for by this time he had a military title) did good service, for gathering supplies in a distracted and half-settled country was no light matter. I remember hearing how he rode once on horseback from Albany to Dartford, a distance of ninety miles, without leaving the saddle, on some great emergency; he was lifted from his horse at his own door and carried to a chair, and so swollen were his legs with the fixed position and dreadful fatigue, that people were obliged to fill his horseman's boots with brandy before they could be forced off. Here is one letter in which his indignation speaks, that gives some insight into his difficulties: —

DARTFORD, Sept. 18, 1775.

TO JOSEPH TRUMBULL, ESQ., Commissary General.

DEAR SIR, — I am told that their are People in Tolland — where the Bearer lives that Bid $4\frac{1}{6}$ for all the Wheat and their is in every Town Purchasers; who employ them I know not perhaps you may learn of him, he has carried some oats and I expect more of him, but perhaps he may meet with some of Your good Nighbours to buy them, but his former punctuality forbids my believing he wou'd disappoint us. When You come this way you will know more about this Matter and all others I believe their is not a Town in this Collony But has some Body to serve the Devel in this way; and 't is said they are purchasing for the Massachusetts. I am D'r Sir Your Very Humb. Serv't

J. W.

But while the colonel rode and raged about the country, and wrote energetic letters, and abused his “Nighbours” much as we do now, the three children grew up in the old house from dimpled babyhood into childish talk and activity. The three left were “Helena,” who from being “wild as you can wish” developed into a shy, delicate, sensitive little creature; David, an intelligent but sickly boy, with strong affections,

though somewhat priggish and fussy, one would think, as might well enough be the result of exclusively feminine training on an only son. Strange enough to me are the revealings of these yellow letters, for I remember him old, bent, harsh of aspect, and with all the thousand notions of a life-long invalid; soured and made suspicious by life, instead of sweetened; a childless, rich old man, who showed always his husk to outsiders, but had within as warm a heart and as just a soul as ever inspired a weak human body. I loved him with all my heart, and I hardly know another creature who could honestly say that; but I was with him in his last years, and knew him as never before. I owe him an inexpressible debt of gratitude and affection, and now he needs them no more.

The last and youngest of the triad was Maria; a rosy, willful, sweet, high-spirited baby, evidently her father's idol. Here again “the thing that hath been” recurs, for her very self has come back to earth in the third generation, romping, blooming, blue-eyed, and bewitching as her great-grandmother, with the same wide, clear eyes, and softly curving lips, the imperious frown, broad white forehead, and careless waving hair, that charmed the eyes of Rochambeau and Washington, and made the gay and gallant French officers clink their glasses in honor of little Molly, when she was set on the dining-table at dessert, to drink the general's health at a dinner-party. How often has she herself told me of that wonderful experience, and of her disgust at peeping into the kitchen before dinner, and seeing the cook of the French commissariat, a dirty creature addicted to snuff, strain the soup through his filthy apron. Sitting at her feet on a cricket, and looking up at the wrinkled face and ruffled cap above me, it seemed more incredible than my wildest fairy tales, that she should ever have been young and beautiful; but her picture taken in the prime of womanhood attests, with its noble beauty, all that tradition tells.

Now come more indignant letters; but I will not transcribe them; in this war as in all others there was cowardice and

treachery and indolence and self-seeking enough to rouse the indignation of a just man and an earnest patriot. The cloud lay heavy on the land; its gloom was smitten with lightning and shaken with thunder, and the people's hearts failed them; have we not seen the like? The first glitter of day brightens these few lines: —

WILLIAMSBURG 29th Sept 1781.

MY DEAR MABLE, — I am well, and the Sickly season being passed I hope to continue so. Yesterday our army set down before York in which Lord Cornwallis is with 5000 men besides blacks. General Green has obtained a Victory over the Enemy near Charlestown, the particulars in my next — my love to Sisters and the Children. I am my dear very affectionately Yours J. W.

One has to smile to see the distinction between men and blacks even then. One more letter only during the war, and that is "the beginning of the end;" it bears the same date of Williamsburg, but October 18th: —

MY DEAR MABLE, — Cornwallis has surrendered! with all his army; this gives us a hope of returning soon. . . .

My love to Sisters and the dear Children. I am in too much haste to be particular but will write again soon. I am my dear Mable your affectionate husband J. W.

Now came, though with delaying steps, the long-looked-for day of peace, and to arrange his accounts as commissary, and obtain a final settlement with the officers of the French army, Colonel Wylls sailed for France. David was ailing, and had trouble with his eyes; one had been partially blinded by an accident in his childhood, and the other weakened sympathetically; it was thought best to take him abroad. In those times a passage of twenty-seven days was short, and our next letter to the inmates of the old house is from Paris. Only part of it relates to the home life, which is all we have to do with hereafter, since war

is over, and prosperous dullness reigns. This father and husband is even such as we are now; only a month in Paris, and his fatherly heart yearns toward his baby, the little maid who danced on the dinner-table before the French officers, and turned up her pretty nose at the French cook. Here is a letter that he writes to her in real father fashion: —

PARIS September 30th 1783.

Well my dear little Moll how do you do, are you well and happy, do you take good care of Your Mammy and aunts — and do you learn fast. Your brother is well and doing well he makes tolerable progress in French and is grown strong healthy and fat. his Eyes are very well and reads a great deal he dances every day at home with a good Master and I think you will see next Spring a very pretty accomplished lad who you love very much he will have many things to tell you, but one thing will give him great trouble if you don't take care, he finds it is very wrong to Stoop and hold down the Head. the little Girls of his acquaintance here are very streight and he is so well pleased with it that he walks stands sits and dances very reight up, and so must you my love, otherwise you will make me and your brother unhappy. If you find yourself as good a Girl as when I left you try to keep so — if you are less good mend immediately my love or you will grow worse, but learn to be very clean in your Person and dress, dont burn Yourself by the fire this Winter nor let Helena do so, clean your teeth well EVERY DAY and tell Helen to do so, if she forgets it remind her of it, if you cou'd persuade Yourself to have one or both of those Ugly teeth puled out it wou'd be greatly to your advantage and oblige me very much. try my dear Molly you will always repent delaying it for sooner or later you will consent and the sooner the better on every account, write me a letter tell me they are out. Your old friend Mr. D'Corney is here and remembers You all very affectionately, he is married to a Widow Lady very amiable and who loves him as he does her very much & they con-

tribute greatly to our happiness. They have a son 20 Years old an officer in the army now here on a Visit an agreeable Young Man & plays the Violin better than his father he is modest and well accomplished, they are our neighbors and our friends, they all join in affectionate good wishes to Your mamma aunts Your sister and you, if you was here you would love Mrs de Corney's little dog as well as Your cats, it is a clean little beauty. David has seen many agreeable things here and wishes he could send you all some of these Grapes which he eats every day, give my love to all the little Girls of your acquaintance especially the Hopkins, write me a long letter my love and write it very well, goodnight my love if you find yourself angry or ill-natured shut yourselfe up for half an hour which will cure you & keep you from repeating the fault but why should I give you this advise you are not apt to be angry or ill-natured. There has been very lately a huge Ball filled with inflameable air and it mounted up to the Skies and flew away several Leagues, it was 60 feet high and forty broad made of canvas and covered with wax or gum, and some people here are of the Opinion that in a short time by this kind of Ball we shall travel in the Skies with great ease and rapidity, tell Mr. Strong this Story and ask him not to laugh too much at it. I saw one of these Balls with a *Sheep* a *Duck* and a *Cock* in a cage go up to an immense height, but the canvas was not well closed and the inflameable air was let out, it fell gradually and hurt neither of the animals, this progress through the air before y^e wind is rapid beyond description, what a fine thing it will be if we can fly from Europe to America, good night my dear girl Your affectionate parent and sincere friend,

J. W.

This odd mixture of advice and affection and information — not to say punctuation — seems not to have affected spoiled Miss Molly deeply; perhaps she resented the idea that anything could injure that bloom like the sunny side of a peach, or that her beautiful head

needed to be held “straight.” She certainly did not answer her fond father's letters, or even write to the “very pretty accomplished lad,” David; for two months later we find the absent colonel starved for home news. Poor man! his family did behave shabbily. Evidently they were not as apt at letter-writing as their father, whose spelling improves mightily with years; a few words still, the words that try men's souls, he cannot master, but the average is one of improvement, and here and there he shows symptoms of French that betray his locality. Still his precious Molly does not write, and the next letter is brief enough:—

PARIS Feb 6th 1784.

Not one letter from my dear little Molly, well it is not because she don't love me. neither is it because she is idle. what then can be the reason — why uncle John Trimble I suppose has got one for me and will keep it till I arrive in London but why not write me by Mr Platt and everybody else that came, was you busy at Captain Hopkins with your dear Anna or was you taking care of your Cat and Kittens, but I am sure you have some good excuse which you shall tell me when I come home, but till then do you hold up your head walk and stand straight, eat no Salmon for breakfast keep your teeth very clean & tell your sister to do so too, dress yourselfe neat clean & elegant keep out of y^e Sun, & be very good, learn much but especially to spell & read & write well, take care never to be angry or ill-natured, be cheerfull good humoured and gay but never wild. Your dear little brother is so good that I am afraid I shall love him too much he says he has no such fears nor have all the fine things in Paris made him forget the old red House at Dartford nor all the fine folks detached him from his dear friends at Dartford he learns french fast he sees pretty well with his poorest Eye perfectly well with the other, and has good health, so has your Papa, don't forget to ride nor to dance, be very good to your Mamma Aunts Sister and everybody especially to y^e poor and unhappy,

give my love to all your little friends and kiss Anna at least a dozen times for me, tell her you will write me a long letter and send her love to me, adieu my dear child I am

Your affectionate friend and Father
J. W.

In all these letters there is no word of love for poor Helena; "unto him that hath shall be given!" Molly, the happy, bright, clamorous child, beautiful and brilliant, had her father's heart; and Helena, fragile, sensitive, full of deep feeling that her shy nature could never express, drooped in the shade and deepened its shadow by drooping. Her face, shadowed out for the future by a painter of those days, ill as it is drawn and colored, still portrays a character so delicate, so introspective, so shrinking, that one cannot regret that the clear cheek, the hollow temple, and the sad gray eye, lit by the scarlet flush on either cheek, tell their true and blessed story, "Whom the gods love die young!" Colonel W—— was a good man, with a warm heart. I think it possible he may not even have been aware of his own partiality for Molly, self-evident as it was to others. It is no uncommon thing, but all these years after it makes one's heart ache to think of that tender, starving soul, whose need was so great, receiving so little. Life offered her its bitterest cup afterward, but she drank it meekly; perhaps the storm that beat upon this lily broke it the more easily for its weak and sunless growth. It is a curious problem in physiological science to see the entire unlikeness of those born of the same parents, in the same place, reared together to maturity. One would expect some vital unity between them, some likeness of soul as well as of feature; but how often are they more widely separated than those of different lands and different races; how often so radically diverse, so incapable of comprehending each other, that to live together is a mutual torture or a mutual martyrdom! Here comes another letter to Molly, also written from England, for in March Colonel W—— had left France,

having obtained his money and settled his affairs. I have somewhere a strange old document, with a picture of Versailles at the top of the discolored sheet, that sets forth the merits and successes of David W—— at his Parisian school; a sort of diploma that he brought back in triumph to his mamma. For her his affection was always profound, and even in manhood had in it an element of dependence; her picture, taken with a handkerchief thrown over the head, I always supposed in my childhood to be that of an old man, so stern and masculine were the regular features, the set lips, the keen, cold, gray eyes. That chill and steel come out here and there among her descendants, and temper, perhaps desirably, the facile good-nature and *bonhomie* that her husband bequeathed also among us. But her son, as I have said, loved her to the last hours of his long life. I shall never forget one day sitting alone with him in the great, sombre parlor where he spent his days in winter, when hearing the door open, I rose up suddenly with a joyful exclamation of "Mother!" and ran to meet her; as we turned back together, the poor old man was sobbing like a child. I coaxed and caressed him into quiet, and as soon as he could speak he whispered brokenly, "I shall never say 'Mother!' again!"

In this next letter Helena finds a place; one can imagine how this blame, or rather dispraise, falls upon her dejected soul; even her father seems to have thought of it for once, and tried to mend matters in the next page, but there is no proverb truer than that of the Arab, "There are three things that return not: the spoken word, the spent arrow, and the lost opportunity!" This time Molly has written.

LONDON 24th April 1784.

MY DEAR LITTLE MOLL, — I rec'd your several letters which are written with a great deal of cheerfulness which I admire. I read them all carefully over to see if you had told me that you had pulled out those ugly teeth but don't find you have, perhaps you chose to sur-

prise me when I returned by shewing me they were gone — or perhaps it hurt you so little that you have forgot it but no matter if they are but out. David says he will learn you french when he comes home he thinks you will attend to it — he don't seem to be quite so certain about Helen, he thinks she is not quite so steady and persevering as Moll but I hope she is as proud and that may push her on to keep pace with you. Don't tell Helena of this least she should be angry, but on second thought you may for she is too good to be angry with her Brother and Sister, give my love to all hands and tell them I have quite got rid of my Head-ach, & hope to return to America without it — I have not had one hours Headach these twenty days.

Adieu my love hold up your head
Wear a Callash & Gloves when you
romp out of Doors, I need not tell you to
be a good Girl because you are never
otherwise — but take care people some-
times grow naughty insensibly therefore
watch yourself but be good Humoured
cheerfull and happy and render your
Mamma Aunts Sister and all friends
happy, which you have much in your
Power

Your affectionate father and

Sincere friend &

Hum^{ble} Servant.

J. W.

Here in England the colonel stayed till July; no further letters are in my hands, but tradition tells me that he had a very good time. He was presented at court, and partook of other less regal festivities; probably tasted the delights of the world, the flesh, and the “devel,” much as modern travelers do. I well remember the gorgeous garments that lay in a certain garret, and were once in a while displayed to my admiring eyes, on occasion of the great annual house-cleaning, when a war of extermination was declared against moths to the very eaves of the house. If one should lay up to-day even the American ambassador's court suit, would it offer a spectacle of delight ninety years hence? But how goodly were those ample suits of Genoa velvet!

— coats whose skirts would make a modern garment, with silver buttons wherever buttons could be sewed; breeches with paste buckles at the knees, so bright in their silver setting that my childish soul secretly cherished a hope that they might possibly be diamonds after all; and waist-coats of white satin embroidered with gold or silver, tarnished it is true by time, — but what use is an imagination only eight years old if the mere tarnish of eighty years counts for anything in its sight? These coats were wonderful to me; how wonderful would they not be in the streets to-day! One was of scarlet velvet, with a silvery frost on its pile like the down on a peach, — velvet so thick that I pricked my fingers painfully, attempting to fashion a pincushion out of a fragment thereof; another was purple, with a plum-like bloom on its royal tint, and another sober gray, and glittering only with buttons and buckles of cut steel. Think how a goodly and personable man dazzled the eyes of fair ladies in those days, arrayed like a tulip, with shining silk stockings, and low shoes all of a sparkle with steel, or paste, or diamonds; his shapely hands adorned with rich lace frills, his ample bosom and muscular throat blossoming out with equally soft and costly garniture!

But these gay times were not for long indulgence by a father of a family in a new and unsettled republic, so our gay and gallant colonel betook himself to a ship, and after being tossed therein for fifty-six days, during which, no doubt, he repented any of his peccadilloes abroad, and longed earnestly for his own *terra firma*, he arrived in Delaware Bay, and perhaps ate salmon for breakfast in his own house a fortnight thereafter, regardless of his advice to Molly; for salmon in those days were far more plentiful than shad now, and I have heard that farm-servants hired for the season made it a clause in their agreements that they should not be fed on that unctuous fish more than four days in a week! Now our *pater-familias* is at home, and busy with Indian treaties, government land-warrants, raising horses, breeding cattle, and general affairs of the town; never-

theless he finds time to look after his family, and the next letter is from Helena, now about sixteen or seventeen, who is in New York, apparently for a little "finishing," a little more of the world and its ways than quiet Dartford could offer for her polishing. This is to Molly, and shows us that "the thing which hath been" is still; for the "fashions," quaint as they are, form the topic of the epistle.

NEW YORK, March 5th 1785.

How do you do my dear sister are you well and happy, I hope you will forgive me for not writing you befoer, for if you knew how many employments I have I am shure you would.

Methinks I wish I was with you. New York has many charms but Dartford has many more I look around but don't find My Lovely Maria to talk too, and Who with such kind good-nature used to pity and endeavour to comfort me when unhappy and bair with me in everything. How does aunt Tapscot, have you heard from her and Aunt Hannah lately, write me everything about everybody, write often my Dear Girl for your letters give Sincere Satisfaction to your Helen. Dont expect me to be punctual in answering your letters for indeed I write every Leasure moment that I have from my Stud-dys and visits. I must beg you to get me two yards of that pink lutestring at aunt Elery's thats like my gown—I wish you to send by the first opertunity as I am wating to have my gown altered—Give my love to our Dear David beg him to write me oftner you dont even mention him in your letter. I have bought you a very pritty brown bever hat But it is not yet trimd but as soon as it is and I have a good opertunity I will send it Now for the fashions—the misses of your age were their hair cut on their forehead and Curled in the neck, frocks or little frisks with narrow scolopt capes and frills to the frisques—long Sleaves or short as they please, they likewise were Gowns, Habbits they call them here with a pin-up to them put on ither at the top or bottom of the back with long Sleaves and Scolopt capes—and sashes with everything and caps if

they are much drest, the ladies of mas-age dress here very much as in Dartford, tell aunt elery that I would have bought her some borders as she desir'd but I have seen none but what I thought too dear to buy for her purpos as they are very much worn Give my love to aunt betsy and Eunice, beg them to write Me adieu My Dear Molly I am your affectionate sister

HELENA W.

Here is great field for conjecture in the matter of "frisquisks"—what is *not* in a name! How appropriate would this title be to certain of the garments that astound our modern eyes; how familiar is the "pin-up behind," though by another phrase; and what pretty glimpses we get of Helena's love for Molly, who comforted her when she was "unhappy," sweet, sorry soul! and of her thrifty foresight for "aunt Elery" in the matter of borders. Here is another letter to her dear David, whom she has renamed as Mr. Hopeful, signing herself D. Gray; but there is no date, and its quaint piety and morality seem premature; or rather, an early warning of the end, like that fragrant "life-everlasting" that even in August begins to give out its curious perfume on the high hill-sides of New England, where its dull, silvery leaves, and sleek, never-opened buds chill us even in the dog-days, with a sense of autumn and the falling leaf.

My dearest kindest of brothers may you be ever as happy as you were when you finised your dear good letter to me and never let that baneful wretch Spleen oppress those hours of life when it is your duty to make yourself as blest as possible, & you will be so if you attend as well to the religious as well as the Morral Duties of Life which I hope you ever will & to discharge the first will of the All good all Bounteous Creator is to be Contented with your lot (& who has more reason). If you wish to obey his will Drive Every maloncholy thought from your mind, speak act think in short Do everything with alacrity and Cheerfulness & recollect that you can by no

means more fully obey the Sovereign of the universe than by enjoying in their greatest extent every blessing he has Kindly given — you will be surprised no doubt at receiving lectures of Morality from your giddy Helena especially while in the gay disappated City of New York but you know tho' apparently thoughtless I sometimes have my serious moments. . . . I am rejoiced Heaven has so kindly sent in the persons of Mr Cunningham and Mr T. D. friends whose feelings are like your own Alive to every Idea of friendship & who can so kindly Share in all your joys and sorrows, poor Theodore I pity him sincerely the Heart thats frought with woe has ever a Claim to my sympathy and the uneasiness that arises from grief needs no excuse. May a Sisters folly never embitter your hours of pleasure. . . . Yesterday I was very busy all day and spent the evening at a Miss Caty Dedloms where we Danced I Danced nine or ten Dances came home at two and lay in bed this day untill twelve, finished breakfast at half after one receiv'd morning visits until half past two then put up my Cloaths began to have my hair Drest at three, & a quarter past four seated myself to write to you. . . .

Adieu my Dear Brother may you be
Blest prays yours most sincerely

D. GRAY.

How refreshing it is to have the "Morality" supplemented with this natural youthful enjoyment! We draw a long breath, and wonder where the poor child learned to preach the blessed creed, so hard for her melancholy nature to practice. Perhaps Molly's overflowing vitality, her mirth and mischief, her rosy, beaming beauty, had helped to drive away from Helena's heart that "baneful wretch Spleen," and sung to her the benign gospel of cheerfulness. Certainly a very tender friendship had sprung up between her and her brother since his return from abroad; a friendship so strong that after her death, until his own, he never would speak her name voluntarily or allude to her without tears. Is it blessed to the dead to be so remembered? Sure-

ly it is a perpetually rankling wound to the living who so remember them. Now our Helena comes back to Dartford, but David is away at school in Fairfield, and she must write him at once.

And now, somewhere in the hiatus of two years which occurs in the letters, there comes to our poor girl a new and bitter-sweet experience. In no family legend does this fact figure; it is hid away, like all our skeletons, in a closet. That I ever saw its blanched bones through a crack was owing to the garrulity of an old lady long since dead, who well remembered Helena in her sweet youth, and who lived so near the family that even this strictly guarded bit of gossip reached her ears and was impressed on her mind by the sad and fatal results. There came to Dartford a young physician, poor and a stranger,

"A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,"

but a man gifted with God's nobility and a nature so sunny, so genial, so sweet, that it was like the cheer of some spicy cordial to look into his face and hear his voice. Of him I never heard an evil or an unkind, nay an indifferent word spoken; his own family — for in after years they gathered about his hearth — worshiped him, and when he died one stricken daughter followed him at once, for her heart was broken at his loss. Before I lived he died, but he left behind him descendants who vindicate their ancestry; and I count to-day as closer to my heart than almost any friend among the dear circle I possess, one of his children who repeats her father. Looking at her, I know what her father was, and I cannot wonder that Helena, keenly alive to all that was lovely, more keenly sensitive to any affection, was drawn in every fibre of her nature toward this warm and manly soul that showered its treasure of love and devotion upon her. Think what it is to a plant struggling upward after long winter days to bask in the full summer sunshine, to feel in every vein the rush of life and bloom; think what it is to have that sun darkened and snow again cover

the earth! Perhaps it is not to be supposed that Colonel W——, the first and richest man in Dartford, would give his lovely daughter to a struggling young physician; it was a "bad match," — words that have a far more vital interpretation than the conventional one, but which meant in those days merely a disparity of position. Nor can I give Helena's mother the benefit of a doubt in this matter; those keen, cold eyes of hers, the indomitable pride and resolution of those lips, do not tell a story of maternal weakness or consideration. That their daughter's tender, faithful heart would suffer, was nothing to them; their pride must be intact, if it involved a human sacrifice, and the thing was peremptorily put an end to. How far it had proceeded I do not know; nor does it matter. Love that is true is born of full stature, and dies with as dreadful struggles soon as late — if indeed it dies! "Sorrows destroy us or themselves," and Helena had no strength to fight, no nerve to resist the selfish cruelty of her family. It is hard to set one's face as a flint against those dearer than your own soul, even to do what your deliberate judgment pronounces right and best; it is impossible, if they have wisdom enough to lavish on you all the love and kindness in their own hearts, to supply the place of that they would have you relinquish for them; and this wisdom Helena's family seem to have had. They detached her from the dangerous propinquity of this man whose sole want was money, with gentle touches and tender pretext of giving her pleasure. Nothing cruel, no hard words, no bitter accusations, no lies — perhaps no deception. Philadelphia was a pleasant and a gay city; her father was elected to the first Congress: what more natural than that his eldest daughter should go with him? There was no talk, no scene — that was visible; the skeleton was padded and neatly dressed and put up-stairs in a wardrobe; but it was a skeleton, and the death's-head nodded at them with fleshless grin and awful mockery before long.

There is nothing said, of course, in

these letters, of past pain or regret; all the actors in this brief tragedy went to their graves sure that their secret was voiceless as that grave itself; they forgot the "neighbors."

I almost doubt, on exploring further, if Helena herself were conscious of any intervention on the part of her family, she is so pensively sweet toward them; and charity whispers to me that my judgment of them may be hard; it is so easy for us to think that what we do for our own ends is done for somebody else's good! She writes from Philadelphia to David, but the letter I have is short and not especially interesting; the last paragraph runs thus: —

"Adieu my beloved Brother! never shall I forget that 'there is no love so tender and so true' as that which unites me to my family, and my heart which now beats with the liveliest affection for you all bears me witness that no earthly tie can be dearer.

"Yours forever, HELENA."

The next one is to "Deaf Mama," and expresses at first a doubt as to her receiving it in time, "as the ferry's between this place and New York are almost impassable." So much for the State of Camden and Amboy in 1791! Her scrap of journal that follows is more entertaining: —

"Sunday evening we spent very happily at Mrs I——'s, Monday we were in the evening at a card party at Mrs K——'s. Our days are all spent in paying visits, shopping, or getting in order what we are to wear in the evening. The party at Mrs K——'s was much the most agreeable of the kind I have ever been at. Tuesday we were all day very busy preparing for the evening when we were to Celebrate the birth-night of the President of the United States, you may be sure there was in this a kind of enthusiasm which led us to go thro' all the fatigues of dress even with Cheerfulness. Such a crowd I never saw before but a particular account of it must be reserved for the hours when Pen and Paper are not necessary. The President and Mrs Washington

were there. Wednesday we dined at Mrs H——'s & drank tea at Mrs P——'s where Also the President was one of the party. . . . You see my Dear Mama in what a round of dissipation your child is engaged and can easily imagine with what a variety of people she has to associate. Your excellent precepts and kind advice are ever present to me and often succour me from many disagreeable situations in which but for them I should be at a loss how to conduct. I rejoice in the hope that a few weeks will restore me to your arms where I shall find tranquillity and rest. We talk of setting out next week on Friday but I have no idea that we shall quit this City till week after next on Monday, & as soon after as the roads will admit we shall reach our Dear home & Dearer friends

"Your dutiful & affect^{ed} Daughter
"H. WYLLYS."

It is June again before Helena writes, and this time from New Haven, where she had gone on a visit, having long before returned from Philadelphia. No doubt ere this she began to show some symptom of failing flesh as well as sinking heart, and the old remedy of diversion for her mind was again brought to bear. It is touching to see her try to be "very well and feel no fatigue." The journey in those days was a long one; from Boston to Philadelphia now would take less time than the heavy stage-coach demanded for thirty miles. Helena speaks of getting hungry as if it were not usual with her:—

"You guessed right I should have liked a piece of the 'Goose Poy' vastly, long before we came to Durham, think then what my disappointment must have been to find at the smart Mr Johnson's new Tavern a very bad breakfast of mouldy bread and Coffee *water* however it was Clean and hunger found it much better than nothing. Adieu my brother may heaven reward you for all your goodness to your truly affectionate sister

"H. WYLLYS."

It is one of the terrors of life to discover too late that some evils cannot be

averted when once invited; these are the places where hope must be left, and regret, if not remorse, accepted. Helena grew weaker; perhaps, they thought, the keen, dry air of Hermon, the odor of its pine-groves, the gentle ministrations of her friend Hope Endicott, the gentlest and purest of creatures, afterward to be David's wife, might rally this poor child's flickering life. So in the heats of August they sent her to Hermon, and from her letter it seems she received injunctions not to write too often. Was it because of an ominous weakness in her chest, or because she might in some spasm of agony betray her sufferings to her brother, who, I think, knew nothing of her heart-ache till it was forever stilled? Who can tell? Here is the letter:—

HERMON August 12th 1791.

I have never seriously regretted the promise I made to Papa with respect to writing because I really believe it was for the best, but I sometimes feel as though it would give me great pleasure to ask my dear friends at Dartford how they are a little oftener than I do. I have felt all day as tho' I had some gratification in prospect and a moment's reflection has told me that I was going to write to you my Dear Brother. Maria's letter (for which I give her many thanks) informed me you arrived safe at home on Tuesday evening, I hope for one from you to-day and to hear that you are quite well. Hopey and I went to Ipswich on the stage on Wednesday evening and returned in the morning. Aunt Lummis is better than when you left her Aunt Sybil and Aunt Polly much the same. Tell Maria the silk I want is sewing-silk, that the Slippers are to be found either in the Closet or the second draw from the top of my Beaurow. . . . Say everything for me to our best of Mothers that gratitude and affection can inspire give my best love to our Dear Sister and be assured my Brother that no attachment can be stronger than that which binds me to you.

H. W.

P. S. Since the above was written I

have received my Dear Sister's letter and cannot express half the gratitude I feel for it . . . I should not think it worth while for me to have a white lutestring petticoat till I come home but if for any reason Mama thinks it had better be bought now very well I shall be much obliged to her for it, 6 yards and a quarter and half quarter and a nail is the pattern Goodnight. Hopey's love to the family.

Think of this! what modest dimensions for a "petticoat!" How many could be made out of one modern one of this same "lutestring"? There are few letters now; one can fancy how the fevered and languid hand became more idle and listless, how the dull pain gnawed her side, and the beautiful hectic flush rose high upon her cheek and lit her eye with fatal fire. There is one more little note, in December, the last December whose dreadful drifts and glittering ice javelins should strike their mortal chill to her feeble, fluttering heart; for when that month came round again it found her a meek exile in a foreign island, dying with a divine patience, far away from home. "Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him, but weep ye sore for him that goeth away, for he shall return no more nor see his native country." This last letter is to her father, who has taken Molly to Philadelphia, and is delighting himself with the sensation his beautiful and brilliant daughter makes in the high society of the capital.

DARTFORD 17th December 1791.

MY DEAR FATHER, — Accept my sincere thanks for your affectionate letter of the 4th inst^t you speak to me of my health, I would fain rejoice the heart of my Parent by telling him it is perfect, but I cannot consistent with truth, sometimes I flatter myself that it is a little better than when you left us, my spirits continue good, and I suffer more from the idea that my friends feel anxious for me, and the reflection that I cannot apply myself to those studies in which I am desirous of improving than from any bodily complaint.

I rejoice to hear of Maria's health and happy situation, to reflect upon that and the satisfaction she must afford you, is one of my sweetest pleasures, I doubt not She will return to us improved in her manners and with a correct knowledge of the world, for a little more use of it was all that was necessary, her own good understanding having provided against any gross errors.

We hope for letters from you this evening, and to hear that you are well and happy, that you may ever be so my Dear Father is the ardent prayer of your dutiful and affectionate daughter

H. WYLLYS.

This is the last. Slowly the disease that held her in a closer embrace than that of lover or friend tightened its relentless grasp; by and by danger hung out its scarlet signal — blood dripped from those white and patient lips; her family became at last alarmed, but it was November before they resolved to try the last expedient. In November, 1792, she sailed for Bermuda with her broken-hearted and devoted brother, and a female companion, half friend, half nurse. Nancy Potter writes to Mrs. Wyllys directly on their arrival, and tells her that Helena has borne the voyage well, and seems better. Of the next three months, or four, we know but little. Colonel Wyllys sends by sailing vessels a horse and chaise, money, apples; with the proverbial alacrity of people who try to make amends for their losses or mistakes too late. Whether he takes refuge in a stern sense of duty done, or whether he ever feels a pang of remorse as he sees the sad gravity of that young physician's face in church or street, and recollects that he has put out his hand to meddle with two lives and made shipwreck of one entirely, we shall never know. By and by there comes a letter from St. George; not from Helena — she is safe, and her dust is turning to blossoms already under that tropic sod; not from David, for he has put his hand on his mouth and his mouth in the dust; but from the kind stranger who entertained this angel not unawares, and who

weeps her flight even as if he were one of her kindred. He says, after preliminary flourish, —

"April 11th 1793.

... "Your daughter died yesterday. . . . She possessed the faculties of her mind to her last moment, informed us that she felt little pain or regret, and expired very easily and I believe very happily. She has left us a great consolation derived from her dignity of conduct throughout her sickness in patience, fortitude, and resignation."

There are now the proper letters of condolence, written in the proper style. David is exhorted to control his feelings and send an estimate of what money he wants. All the family are resigned and full of fortitude, etc. Aunt Tapscott is informed that "if our reason was strong enough to control our passions, it would do away our grief;" which is because Aunt Tapscott has written rather a gushing letter of condolence. The world goes on in our old house; the fruit trees bloom and ripen their gracious burdens; the flower-beds flaunt as bravely as ever, though Helena is dead.

Now comes Molly's turn to have a lover; not the first, by any means, but the first favored one, and no more acceptable to the powers that be than our young doctor, who still, perhaps, remembers Helena, and does not yet solace himself with another. But Molly is a different flower from the lily by whose side she grew and bloomed. This is "a rosebud set with little willful thorns," and the man who tries to gather it is a handsome, plucky, brilliant young fellow, poor enough, but with a big brain and heart worth more than money. Molly will have him,

"Though father and mother and a' should go mad;"

and she does have him, and the subject-ed and overcrowded parent builds them a fine house on a knoll overlooking the great river and the green meadows, where they take up their abode with their first-born, and lead their lives to

the end. David prosperously marries to please everybody; for if she had not a dollar in all the world, Hope Endicott is known by everybody who ever saw her to be one of the perfect ones of earth. Her sweet, changeful, spiritual face, with its silken, gold-brown hair and clear gray eyes, is fit expression of the lovely soul within: and when that face was lined with the thousand seams of unselfish care and the long sorrow of a childless life, when the auburn curls were thin and snow-stricken, when the eyes were sunken and dim, that radiant soul glorified the faded dust it inhabited, and made her more lovely than before.

They too left the old house for a better; but under that odd roof, with its little squat gable-end toward the street, the old folks lived and died one after another, and when they were gone tenants took their places: "Le roi est mort; vive le roi!" But now the palace is dead too. Before David died that house was moved away, and its place taken by a great granite pile devoted to arts and literature — such as they are. I remember seeing the white frame, mounted on screws and pegs and what not, move groaningly down the street; and since I have been older I have wondered if it was pure philanthropy that made David Wyllys give that place for a public purpose. I wonder if he did not long to have that garden obliterated, where the very pear-trees outlived the generation that set them, and the old flowers laughed and bloomed when the old faces were gone forever.

I do not know where that old shell abides now; nor do I care. It is probably the nest of Irish hordes in some unpleasant quarter of the town. An old house is a mummy, altogether unpleasant; when its soul is fled, let the body die and go to dust. I have no respect for the Catacombs; they are a human rag-bag. Let me and mine die the death of leaves and flowers, that sink into the grass and sleep unto a yearly resurrection in kind. For "the thing which hath been shall be."

Rose Terry Cooke.

DIANA.

SHE had a bow of yellow horn,
Like the old moon at early morn.

She had three arrows, strong and good,
Steel set in feathered cornel wood.

Like purest pearl her left breast shone
Above her kirtle's emerald zone;

Her right was bound in silk well-knit,
Lest her bowstring should sever it.

Ripe lips she had, and clear gray eyes,
And hair, pure gold, blown hoiden-wise

Across her face like shining mist
That with dawn's flush is faintly kissed.

Her limbs, how matched and round and fine!
How free, like song! How strong, like wine!

And, timed to music wild and sweet,
How swift her silver-sandaled feet!

Single of heart and strong of hand,
Wind-like she wandered through the land.

No man — or king, or lord, or churl —
Dared whisper love to that fair girl.

And woe to him who came upon
Her nude, at bath, like Actæon!

So dire his fate, that one who heard
The flutter of a bathing bird —

What time he crossed a breezy wood —
Felt sudden quickening of his blood,

Cast one shy look, then ran away
Far through the green, thick groves of May,

Afeared lest, down the wind of spring,
He'd hear an arrow whispering!

James Maurice Thompson.

RODERICK HUDSON.

IV.

EXPERIENCE.

ROWLAND passed the summer in England, staying with several old friends and two or three new ones. On his arrival, he felt it on his conscience to write to Mrs. Hudson and inform her that her son had relieved him of his tutelage. He felt that she considered him an incorruptible Mentor, following Roderick like a shadow, and he wished to let her know the truth. But he made the truth very comfortable, and gave a succinct statement of the young man's brilliant beginnings. He owed it to himself, he said, to remind her that he had not judged lightly, and that Roderick's present achievements were more profitable than his inglorious drudgery at Messrs. Striker and Spooner's. He was now taking a well-earned holiday and proposing to see a little of the world. He would work none the worse for this; every artist needed to knock about and look at things for himself. They had parted company for a couple of months, for Roderick was now a great man and beyond the need of going about with a keeper. But they were to meet again in Rome in the autumn, and then he should be able to send her more good news. Meanwhile, he was very happy in what Roderick had already done — especially happy in the happiness it must have brought to her. He ventured to ask to be kindly commended to Miss Garland.

His letter was promptly answered — to his surprise, in Miss Garland's own hand. The same mail brought also an epistle from Cecilia. The latter was voluminous, and we must content ourselves with giving an extract.

"Your letter was filled with an echo of that brilliant Roman world, which made me almost ill with envy. For a week after I got it I thought Northamp-

ton really unpardonably tame. But I am drifting back again to my old deeps of resignation, and I rush to the window, when any one passes, with all my old gratitude for small favors. So Roderick Hudson is already a great man, and you turn out to be a great prophet? My compliments to both of you; I never heard of anything working so smoothly. And he takes it all very quietly, and does n't lose his balance nor let it turn his head? You judged him, then, in a day better than I had done in six months, for I really did n't expect that he would settle down into such a jog-trot of prosperity. I believed he would do fine things, but I was sure he would interperse them with a good many follies, and that his beautiful statues would spring up out of the midst of a straggling plantation of wild oats. But from what you tell me, Mr. Striker may now go hang himself. . . . There's one thing, however, to say as a friend, in the way of warning. That candid soul can keep a secret, and he may have private designs on your equanimity which you don't begin to suspect. What do you think of his being engaged to Miss Garland? The two ladies had given no hint of it all winter, but a fortnight ago, when those big photographs of his statues arrived, they first pinned them up on the wall, and then trotted out into the town, made a dozen calls, and announced the news. Mrs. Hudson did, at least; Miss Garland, I suppose, sat at home writing letters. To me, I confess, the thing was a perfect surprise. I had not a suspicion that all the while he was coming so regularly to make himself agreeable on my veranda, he was quietly preferring his cousin to any one else. Not, indeed, that he was ever at particular pains to make himself agreeable! I suppose he has picked up a few graces in Rome. But he must not acquire too many: if he's too polite when he comes back, Miss Garland will count

him as one of the lost. She will be a very good wife for a man of genius, and such a one as they are often shrewd enough to take. She'll darn his stockings and keep his accounts, and sit at home and trim the lamp and keep up the fire while he studies the Beautiful in pretty neighbors at dinner-parties. The two ladies are evidently very happy, and, to do them justice, very humbly grateful to you. Mrs. Hudson never speaks of you without tears in her eyes, and I'm sure she considers you a specially patented agent of Providence. Verily, it's a good thing for a woman to be in love: Miss Garland has grown almost pretty. I met her the other night at a tea-party; she had a white rose in her hair, and sang a sentimental ballad in a fine contralto voice."

Miss Garland's letter was so much shorter that we may give it entire.

MY DEAR SIR, — Mrs. Hudson, as I suppose you know, has been for some time unable to use her eyes. She requests me, therefore, to answer your favor of the 22d of June. She thanks you extremely for writing, and wishes me to say that she considers herself in every way under great obligations to you. Your account of her son's progress and the high estimation in which he is held has made her very happy, and she earnestly prays that all may continue well with him. He sent us, a short time ago, several large photographs of his two statues, taken from different points of view. We know little about such things, but they seem to us wonderfully beautiful. We sent them to Boston to be handsomely framed, and the man, on returning them, wrote us that he had exhibited them for a week in his store, and that they had attracted great attention. The frames are magnificent and the pictures now hang in a row on the parlor wall. Our only quarrel with them is that they make the old papering and the engravings look dreadfully shabby. Mr. Striker stood and looked at them the other day full five minutes, and said, at last, that if Roderick's head was running on such things it was

no wonder he couldn't learn to draw up a deed. We lead here so quiet and monotonous a life that I am afraid I can tell you nothing that will interest you. Mrs. Hudson requests me to say that the little more or less that may happen to us is of small account, as we live in our thoughts and our thoughts are fixed on her dear son. She thanks Heaven he has so good a friend. Mrs. Hudson says that this is too short a letter, but I can say nothing more.

Yours most respectfully,
MARY GARLAND.

It is a question whether the reader will know why, but this letter gave Rowland extraordinary pleasure. He liked its very brevity and meagreness, and there seemed to him an exquisite modesty in its saying nothing from the young girl herself. He delighted in the formal address and conclusion; they pleased him as he had been pleased by an angular gesture in some expressive girlish figure in an early painting. The letter renewed that impression of strong feeling combined with an almost rigid simplicity, which Roderick's betrothed had personally given him. And its homely stiffness seemed a vivid reflection of a life concentrated, as the young girl had borrowed warrant from her companion to say, in a single devoted idea. The monotonous days of the two women seemed to Rowland's fancy to follow each other like the tick-tick of a great time-piece, marking off the hours which separated them from the supreme felicity of clasping the far-away son and lover to lips sealed with the excess of joy. He hoped that Roderick, now that he had shaken off the oppression of his own importunate faith, was not losing a tolerant temper for the silent prayers of the two women at Northampton.

He was left to vain conjectures, however, as to Roderick's actual moods and occupations. He knew he was no letter-writer, and that, in the young sculptor's own phrase, he had at any time rather model a colossus than write a note. But when a month had passed without news of him, he began to be half anx-

ious and half angry, and wrote him three lines, in the care of a Continental banker, begging him at least to give some sign of whether he was alive or dead. A week afterwards came an answer — brief, and dated Baden-Baden. “I know I have been a great brute,” Roderick wrote, “not to have sent you a word before; but really I don’t know what has got into me. I have lately learned terribly well how to be idle. I’m afraid to think how long it is since I wrote to my mother or to Mary. Heaven help them — poor, patient, trustful creatures! I don’t know how to tell you what I’m doing. It seems all amusing enough while I do it, but it would make a poor show in a narrative intended for your formidable eyes. I found Baxter in Switzerland, or rather he found me, and he grabbed me by the arm and brought me here. I was walking twenty miles a day in the Alps, drinking milk in lonely chalets, sleeping like a Trojan, and thinking it was all very good fun; but Baxter told me it would never do, that the Alps were ‘d——d rot,’ that Baden-Baden was the place, and that if I knew what was good for me I would come along with him. It is a wonderful place, certainly, though, thank the Lord, Baxter departed last week, blaspheming horribly at *trente et quarante*. But you know all about it and what one does — what one is liable to do. I have succumbed, in a measure, to the liabilities, and I wish I had some one here to give me a thundering good blowing up. Not you, dear friend; you would draw it too mild; you have too much of the milk of human kindness. I have fits of horrible homesickness for my studio, and I shall be devoutly grateful when the summer is over and I can go back and swing a chisel. I feel as if nothing but the chisel would satisfy me; as if I could rush in a rage at a block of unshaped marble. There are a lot of the Roman people here, English and American; I live in the midst of them and talk nonsense from morning till night. There is also some one else; and to her I don’t talk sense, nor, thank Heaven, mean

what I say. I confess, I need a month’s work to recover my self-respect.”

These lines brought Rowland no small perturbation; the more, that what they seemed to point to surprised him. During the nine months of their companionship Roderick had shown so little taste for dissipation that Rowland had come to think of it as a canceled danger, and it greatly perplexed him to learn that his friend had apparently proved so pliant to opportunity. But Roderick’s allusions were ambiguous, and it was possible they might simply mean that he was out of patience with a frivolous way of life and fretting wholesomely over his absent work. It was a very good thing, certainly, that idleness should prove, on experiment, to sit heavily on his conscience. Nevertheless, the letter needed, to Rowland’s mind, a key: the key arrived a week later. “In common charity,” Roderick wrote, “lend me a hundred pounds! I have gambled away my last franc and I have made a mountain of debts. Send me the money first; lecture me afterwards.” Rowland sent the money by return of mail; then he proceeded, not to lecture, but to think. He hung his head; he was acutely disappointed. He had no right to be, he assured himself; but so it was. Roderick was young, impulsive, unpracticed in stoicism; it was a hundred to one that he was to pay the usual vulgar tribute to folly. But his friend had regarded it as securely gained to his own belief in virtue that he was not as other foolish youths are, and that he would have been capable of looking at folly in the face and passing on his way. Rowland for a while felt a dumb sense of wrath. What right had a man who was engaged to that fine girl in Northampton to behave as if his consciousness were a common blank, to be overlaid with coarse sensations? Yes, distinctly, he was disappointed. He had accompanied his missive with an urgent recommendation to leave Baden-Baden immediately, and an offer to meet Roderick at any point he would name. The answer came promptly; it ran as follows: “Send me another fifty pounds!

I have been back to the tables. I will leave as soon as the money comes, and meet you at Geneva. There I'll tell you everything."

There is an ancient terrace at Geneva, planted with trees and studded with benches, overlooked by gravely aristocratic old dwellings and overlooking the distant Alps. A great many generations have made it a lounging-place, a great many friends and lovers strolled there, a great many confidential talks and momentous interviews gone forward. Here, one morning, sitting on one of the battered green benches, Roderick, as he had promised, told his friend everything. He had arrived late the night before; he looked tired, and yet flushed and excited. He made no professions of penitence, but he practiced an unmitigated frankness, and his self-reprobaton might be taken for granted. He implied in every phrase that he had done with it all, and that he was counting the hours till he could get back to work. We shall not rehearse his confession in detail; its main outline will be sufficient. He had fallen in with some very idle people, and had discovered that a little example and a little practice were capable of producing on his own part a considerable relish for their diversions. What could he do? He never read, and he had no studio; in one way or another he had to pass the time. He passed it in dangling about several very pretty women in wonderful Paris toilets, and reflected that it was always something gained for a sculptor to sit under a tree, looking at his leisure into a charming face, and saying things that made it smile and play its muscles and part its lips and show its teeth. Attached to these ladies were certain gentlemen who walked about in clouds of perfume, rose at midday, and supped at midnight. Roderick had found himself in the mood for thinking them very amusing fellows. He was surprised at his own taste, but he let it take its course. It led him to the discovery that to live with ladies who expect you to present them with expensive bouquets, to ride with them in the Black Forest on well-looking horses, to come into their

opera-boxes on nights when Patti sang and prices were consequent, to propose little, light suppers at the Conversation House after the opera or drives by moonlight to the Castle, to be always arrayed and anointed, trinketed and gloved, — that to move in such society, we say, though it might be a privilege, was a privilege with a penalty attached. But the tables made such things easy; half the Baden world lived by the tables. Roderick tried them and found that at first they smoothed his path delightfully. This simplification of matters, however, was only momentary, for he soon perceived that to seem to have money, and to have it in fact, exposed a good-looking young man to peculiar liabilities. At this point of his friend's narrative, Rowland was reminded of Madame de Cruchecassée in *The Newcomes*, and though he had listened in tranquil silence to the rest of it, he found it hard not to say that all this had been, under the circumstances, a very bad business. Roderick admitted it with bitterness, and then told how much — measured simply financially — it had cost him. His luck had changed; the tables had ceased to back him, and he had found himself up to his knees in debt. Every penny had gone of the solid sum which had seemed a large equivalent of those shining statues in Rome. He had been an ass, but it was not irreparable; he could make another statue in a couple of months.

Rowland frowned. "For Heaven's sake," he said, "don't hazard such stakes on your facility. If you've got facility, revere it, respect it, adore it, treasure it, — don't speculate on it." And he wondered what his companion, up to his knees in debt, would have done if there had been no good-natured Rowland Mallet to lend a helping hand. But he did not formulate his curiosity audibly, and the contingency seemed not to have presented itself to Roderick's imagination. The young sculptor reverted to his late adventures again in the evening, and this time talked of them more objectively, as the phrase is; more as if they had been the adventures of another

person. He related half a dozen droll things that had happened to him, and, as if his responsibility had been disengaged by all this free discussion, he laughed extravagantly at the memory of them. Rowland sat perfectly grave, on principle. Then Roderick began to talk of half a dozen statues that he had in his head, and set forth his design with his usual vividness. Suddenly, as it was relevant, he declared that his Baden doings had not been altogether fruitless, for that the lady who had reminded Rowland of Madame de Cruchecassée was tremendously statuesque. Rowland at last said that it all might pass if he felt that he was really the wiser for it. "By the wiser," he added, "I mean the stronger in purpose, in will."

"Oh, don't talk about will!" Roderick answered, throwing back his head and looking at the stars. This conversation also took place in the open air, on the little island in the shooting Rhone where Jean-Jacques has a monument. "The will, I believe, is the mystery of mysteries. Who can answer for his will? who can say beforehand that it's strong? There are all kinds of indefinable currents moving to and fro between one's will and one's inclinations. People talk as if the two things were essentially distinct; on different sides of one's organism, like the heart and the liver. Mine, I know, are much nearer together. It all depends upon circumstances. I believe there is a certain group of circumstances possible for every man, in which his will is destined to snap like a dry twig."

"My dear boy," said Rowland, "don't talk about the will being 'destined.' The will is destiny itself. That's the way to look at it."

"Look at it, my dear Rowland," Roderick answered, "as you find most comfortable. One conviction I have gathered from my summer's experience," he went on — "it's as well to look it frankly in the face — is that I possess an almost unlimited susceptibility to the influence of a beautiful woman."

Rowland stared, then strolled away, softly whistling to himself. He was un-

willing to admit even to himself that this speech had really the sinister meaning it seemed to have. In a few days the two young men made their way back to Italy, and lingered a while in Florence before going on to Rome. In Florence Roderick seemed to have won back his old innocence and his preference for the pleasures of study over any others. Rowland began to think of the Baden episode as a bad dream, or at the worst as a mere sporadic piece of disorder, without roots in his companion's character. They passed a fortnight looking at pictures and exploring for out the way bits of fresco and carving, and Roderick recovered all his earlier fervor of appreciation and comment. In Rome he went eagerly to work again, and finished in a month two or three small things he had left standing on his departure. He talked the most joyous nonsense about finding himself back in his old quarters. On the first Sunday afternoon following their return, on their going together to Saint Peter's, he delivered himself of a lyrical greeting to the great church and to the city in general, in a tone of voice so irrepressibly elevated that it rang through the nave in rather a scandalous fashion, and almost arrested a procession of canons who were marching across to the choir. He began to model a new statue — a female figure, of which he had said nothing to Rowland. It represented a woman seated, leaning lazily back in her chair, with her head drooping as if she were listening, a vague smile on her lips, and a pair of remarkably beautiful arms folded in her lap. With rather less softness of contour, it would have resembled the noble statue of Agrippina in the Capitol. Rowland looked at it and was not sure he liked it. "Who is it? what does it mean?" he asked.

"Anything you please!" said Roderick, with a certain petulance. "I call it *A Reminiscence*."

Rowland then remembered that one of the Baden ladies had been "statuesque," and asked no more questions. This, after all, was a way of profiting by experience. A few days later he took his first ride of the season on the Campagna, and

as, on his homeward way, he was passing across the long shadow of a ruined tower, he perceived a small figure at a short distance, bent over a sketch-book. As he drew near, he recognized his friend Singleton. The honest little painter's face was scorched to flame-color by the light of southern suns, and borrowed an even deeper crimson from his gleeful greeting of his most appreciative patron. He was making a careful and charming little sketch. On Rowland's asking him how he had spent his summer, he gave an account of his wanderings which made poor Mallet sigh with a sense of more contrasts than one. He had not been out of Italy, but he had been delving deep into the picturesque heart of the lovely land, and gathering a wonderful store of subjects. He had rambled about among the unvisited villages of the Apennines, pencil in hand and knapsack on back, sleeping on straw and eating black bread and beans, but seeing the most fascinating little nooks and corners, and laying up a treasure of pictorial observations. He took a devout satisfaction in his hard-earned wisdom and his happy frugality. Rowland went the next day, by appointment, to look at his sketches, and spent a whole morning turning them over. Singleton talked more than he had ever done before, explained them all, and told some quaintly humorous anecdote about the production of each.

"Dear me, how I've chattered!" he said at last. "I'm afraid you had rather have looked at the things in peace and quiet. I did n't know I could talk so much. But somehow, I feel very happy; I feel as if I had improved."

"That you have," said Rowland. "I doubt whether an artist ever passed a more profitable three months. You must feel much more sure of yourself."

Singleton looked for a long time with great intentness at a knot in the floor. "Yes," he said at last, in a fluttered tone, "I feel much more sure of myself. I've got more facility!" And he lowered his voice as if he were communicating a secret which it took some courage to impart. "I hardly like to say it, for fear I should after all be mistaken. But

since it strikes you, perhaps it's true. It's a great happiness; I would n't exchange it for a great deal of money."

"Yes, I suppose it's a great happiness," said Rowland. "I shall really think of you as living here in a state of scandalous bliss. I don't believe it's good for an artist to be in such brutally high spirits."

Singleton stared for a moment, as if he thought Rowland was in earnest; then suddenly fathoming the kindly jest, he walked about the room, scratching his head and laughing intensely to himself. "And Mr. Hudson?" he said, as Rowland was going; "I hope he is well and happy."

"He's very well," said Rowland. "He's back at work again."

"Ah, there's a man," cried Singleton, "who has taken his start once for all, and does n't need to stop and ask himself in fear and trembling every month or two whether he's advancing or not. When he stops, it's to rest! And where did he spend his summer?"

"The greater part of it at Baden-Baden."

"Ah, that's in the Black Forest," cried Singleton, with extreme simplicity. "They say you can make capital studies of trees there."

"No doubt," said Rowland, with a smile, laying an almost paternal hand on the little painter's yellow head. "Unfortunately trees are not Roderick's line. Nevertheless, he tells me that at Baden he made some studies. Come when you can, by the way," he added after a moment, "to his studio, and tell me what you think of something he has lately begun." Singleton declared that he would come delightedly, and Rowland left him to his work.

He met a number of his last winter's friends again, and called upon Madame Grandoni, upon Miss Blanchard, and upon Gloriani, shortly after their return. The ladies gave an excellent account of themselves. Madame Grandoni had been taking sea-baths at Rimini, and Miss Blanchard painting wild flowers in the Tyrol. Her complexion was somewhat tanned, which was very becoming,

and her flowers were uncommonly pretty. Gloriani had been in Paris and had come away in high good-humor, finding no one there, in the artist-world, cleverer than himself. He came in a few days to Roderick's studio, one afternoon when Rowland was present. He examined the new statue with great deference, said it was very promising, and abstained, considerably, from irritating prophecies. But Rowland fancied he observed certain signs of inward jubilation on the clever sculptor's part, and walked away with him to learn his private opinion.

"Certainly; I liked it as well as I said," Gloriani declared, in answer to Rowland's anxious query; "or rather I liked it a great deal better. I did n't say how much, for fear of making your friend angry. But one can leave him alone now, for he's coming round. I told you he could n't keep up the transcendental style, and he has already broken down. Don't you see it yourself, man?"

"I don't particularly like this new statue," said Rowland.

"That's because you're a purist. It's deuced clever, it's deuced knowing, it's deuced pretty, but it is n't the topping high art of three months ago. He has taken his turn sooner than I supposed. What has happened to him? Has he been disappointed in love? But that's none of my business. I congratulate him on having become a practical man."

Roderick, however, was less to be congratulated than Gloriani had taken it into his head to believe. He was discontented with his work, he applied himself to it by fits and starts, he declared that he did n't know what was coming over him; he was turning into a man of moods. "Is this of necessity what a fellow must come to," — he asked of Rowland, with a sort of peremptory flash in his eye, which seemed to imply that his companion had undertaken to insure him against perplexities and was not fulfilling his contract, — "this damnable uncertainty when he goes to bed at night as to whether he is going to wake up in a working humor, or in a swearing hu-

mor? Have we only a season, over before we know it, in which we can call our faculties our own? Six months ago I could stand up to my work like a man, day after day, and never dream of asking myself whether I felt like it. But now, some mornings, it's the very devil to get going. My statue looks so bad when I come into the studio that I have twenty minds to smash it on the spot, and I lose three or four hours in sitting there, moping and getting used to it."

Rowland said that he supposed that this sort of thing was the lot of every artist and that the only remedy was plenty of courage and faith. And he reminded him of Gloriani's having forewarned him against these sterile moods, the year before.

"Gloriani's an ass!" said Roderick, almost fiercely. He hired a horse and began to ride with Rowland on the Campagna. This delicious amusement restored him in a measure to cheerfulness, but seemed to Rowland on the whole not to stimulate his industry. Their rides were always very long, and Roderick insisted on making them longer by dismounting in picturesque spots and stretching himself in the sun among a heap of overtangled stones. He let the scorching Roman luminary beat down upon him with an equanimity which Rowland found it hard to emulate. But in this situation Roderick talked so much amusing nonsense that, for the sake of his company, Rowland consented to be uncomfortable, and often forgot that, though in these diversions the days passed quickly, they brought forth neither high art nor low. And yet it was perhaps by their help, after all, that Roderick secured several mornings of ardent work on his new figure, and brought it to rapid completion. One afternoon, when it was finished, Rowland went to look at it, and Roderick asked him for his opinion.

"What do you think yourself?" Rowland demanded, not from pusillanimity, but from real uncertainty.

"I think it's curiously bad," Roderick answered. "It was bad from the first; it has fundamental vices. I have

shuffled them in a measure out of sight, but I have n't corrected them. I can't — I can't — I can't!" he cried passionately. "They stare me in the face — they're all I see!"

Rowland offered several criticisms of detail, and suggested certain practicable changes. But Roderick differed with him on each of these points; the thing had faults enough, but they were not those faults. Rowland, unruffled, concluded by saying that whatever its faults might be, he had an idea people in general would like it.

"I wish to Heaven some person in particular would buy it, and take it off my hands and out of my sight!" Roderick cried. "What am I to do now?" he went on. "I have n't an idea. I think of subjects, but they remain mere lifeless names. They are mere words — they are not images. What am I to do?"

Rowland was a trifle annoyed. "Be a man," he was on the point of saying, "and don't, for Heaven's sake, talk in that confoundedly querulous voice." But before he had uttered the words, there rang through the studio a loud, peremptory ring at the outer door.

Roderick broke into a laugh. "Talk of the devil," he said, "and you see his horns! If that's not a customer, it ought to be."

The door of the studio was promptly flung open, and a lady advanced to the threshold, — an imposing, voluminous person, who quite filled up the doorway. Rowland immediately felt that he had seen her before, but he recognized her only when she moved forward and disclosed an attendant in the person of a little bright-eyed, elderly gentleman, in a bristling white mustache. Then he remembered that, just a year before, he and his companion had seen in the Ludovisi gardens a wonderfully beautiful girl, strolling in the train of this conspicuous couple. He looked for her now, and in a moment she appeared, following her companions with the same nonchalant step as before, and leading her great snow-white poodle, decorated with motley ribbons. The elder lady offered the two young men a sufficiently gracious

salute; the little old gentleman bowed and smiled with extreme alertness. The young girl, without casting a glance either at Roderick or at Rowland, looked about for a chair, and, on perceiving one, sank into it listlessly, pulled her poodle towards her, and began to rearrange his top-knot. Rowland saw that, even with her eyes dropped, her beauty was still dazzling.

"I trust we are at liberty to enter," said the elder lady, with majesty. "We were told that Mr. Hudson had no fixed day, and that we might come at any time. Let us not disturb you."

Roderick, as one of the lesser lights of the Roman art-world, had not hitherto been subject to incursions from inquisitive tourists, and, having no regular reception day, was not versed in the usual formulas of welcome. He said nothing, and Rowland, looking at him, saw that he was looking amazedly at the young girl, and was apparently unconscious of everything else. "By Jove!" he cried precipitately, "it's that goddess of the Villa Ludovisi!" Rowland, in some confusion, did the honors as he could, but the little old gentleman begged him with the most obsequious of smiles to give himself no trouble. "I have been in many a studio!" he said, with his finger on his lips and a strong Italian accent.

"We are going about everywhere," said his companion. "I'm passionately fond of art!"

Rowland smiled sympathetically, and let them turn to Roderick's statue. He glanced again at the young sculptor, to invite him to bestir himself, but Roderick was still gazing wide-eyed at the beautiful young mistress of the poodle, who by this time had looked up and was gazing straight at him. There was nothing bold in her look; it expressed a kind of languid, imperturbable indifference. Her beauty was extraordinary; it grew and grew as the young man observed her. In such a face the maidenly custom of averted eyes and ready blushes would have seemed an anomaly; nature had produced it for man's delight, and meant that it should surrender itself free-

ly and coldly to admiration. It was not immediately apparent, however, that the young lady found an answering entertainment in the physiognomy of her host; she turned her head after a moment and looked idly round the room, and at last let her eyes rest on the statue of the woman seated. It being left to Rowland to stimulate conversation, he began by complimenting her on the beauty of her dog.

"Yes, he's very handsome," she murmured. "He's a Florentine. The dogs in Florence are handsomer than the people." And on Rowland's caressing him: "His name is Stenterello," she added. "Stenterello, give your hand to the gentleman." This order was given in Italian. "Say *come sta?*"

Stenterello thrust out his paw and gave two short, shrill barks; upon which the elder lady turned round and raised her forefinger.

"My dear, my dear, remember where you are! Excuse my foolish child," she added, turning to Roderick with an agreeable smile. "She can think of nothing but her poodle."

"I'm teaching him to talk for me," the young girl went on, without heeding her mother; "to say little things in society. It will save me a great deal of trouble. Stenterello, love, give a pretty smile and say *tanti complimenti!*" The poodle wagged his white pate—it looked like one of those little pads in swan's-down, for applying powder to the face—and repeated the barking process.

"He's a wonderful beast," said Rowland.

"He's not a beast," said the young girl. "A beast is something black and dirty—something you can't touch."

"He's a very valuable dog," the elder lady explained. "He was presented to my daughter by a Florentine nobleman."

"It's not for that I care about him. It's for himself. He's better than the prince."

"My dear, my dear!" repeated the mother in deprecating accents, but with a significant glance at Rowland, which

seemed to bespeak his attention to the glory of possessing a daughter who could deal in that fashion with the aristocracy.

Rowland remembered that when their unknown visitors had passed before them, a year previous, in the Villa Ludovisi, Roderick and he had exchanged conjectures as to their nationality and social quality. Roderick had declared that they were Old World people; but Rowland now needed no telling to feel that he might claim the elder lady as a fellow-countrywoman. She was a person of what is called a great deal of presence, with the faded traces, artfully revived here and there, of once brilliant beauty. Her daughter had come lawfully by her loveliness, but Rowland mentally made the distinction that the mother was silly and that the daughter was not. The mother had a very silly mouth—a mouth, Rowland suspected, capable of expressing an inordinate degree of unreason. The young girl, in spite of her childish satisfaction in her poodle, was not a person of feeble understanding. Rowland received an impression that, for reasons of her own, she was playing a part. What was the part and what were her reasons? She was interesting; Rowland wondered what were her domestic secrets. If her mother was a daughter of the great republic, it was to be supposed that the young girl was a flower of the American soil; but her beauty had a robustness and tone uncommon in the somewhat facile loveliness of our western maidenhood. She spoke with a vague foreign accent, as if she had spent her life in strange countries. The little Italian apparently divined Rowland's mute imaginings, for he presently stepped forward, with a bow like a master of ceremonies. "I have not done my duty," he said, "in not announcing these ladies. Mrs. Light, Miss Light!"

Rowland was not materially the wiser for this information, but Roderick was aroused by it to the exercise of some slight hospitality. He altered the light, pulled forward two or three figures, and made an apology for not having more to show. "I don't pretend to have any-

thing of an exhibition—I'm only a novice."

"Indeed?—a novice! For a novice this is very well," Mrs. Light declared. "Cavaliere, we have seen nothing better than this."

The Cavaliere smiled rapturously. "It is wonderful!" he murmured. "And we have been to all the studios."

"Not to all—Heaven forbid!" cried Mrs. Light. "But to a number that I have had pointed out by artistic friends. I delight in studios: they are the temples of the beautiful, here below. And if you're a novice, Mr. Hudson," she went on, "you have already great admirers. Half a dozen people have told us that yours were among the things to see." This gracious speech went unanswered; Roderick had already wandered across to the other side of the studio, and was revolving about Miss Light. "Ah, he's gone to look at my beautiful daughter; he's not the first that has had his head turned," Mrs. Light resumed, lowering her voice to a confidential undertone; a favor which, considering the shortness of their acquaintance, Rowland was bound to appreciate. "The artists are all crazy about her. When she goes into a studio, she is fatal to the pictures. And when she goes into a ball-room, what do the other women say? Eh, Cavaliere?"

"She is very beautiful," Rowland said, gravely.

Mrs. Light, who through her long, gold-cased glass was looking a little at everything, and at nothing as if she saw it, interrupted her random murmurs and exclamations, and surveyed Rowland from head to foot. She looked at him all over; apparently he had not been mentioned to her as a feature of Roderick's establishment. It was the gaze, Rowland felt, which the vigilant and ambitious mamma of a beautiful daughter has always at her command for well-dressed young men of candid physiognomy. Her inspection in this case seemed satisfactory. "Are you also an artist?" she inquired, with an almost caressing inflection. It was clear that what she meant was something of this kind: "Be

so good as to assure me without delay that you are really the young man of substance and amiability that you appear."

But Rowland answered simply the formal question—not the latent one. "Dear me, no; I'm only a friend of Mr. Hudson."

Mrs. Light, with a sigh, returned to the statues, and after mistaking the Adam for a gladiator, and the Eve for a Pocahontas, declared that she could not judge of such things unless she saw them in the marble. Rowland hesitated a moment, and then, speaking in the interest of Roderick's renown, said that he was the happy possessor of several of his friend's works, and that she was welcome to come and see them at his rooms. She bade the Cavaliere make a note of his address. "Ah, you're a patron of the arts," she said. "That's what I should like to be if I had a little money. I delight in beauty in every form. But all these people ask such monstrous prices. One must be a millionaire, to think of such things, eh? Twenty years ago my husband had my portrait painted, here in Rome, by Papucci, who was the great man in those days. I was in a ball dress, with all my jewels, my neck and arms, and all that. The man got six hundred francs, and thought he was very well treated. Those were the days when a family could live like princes in Italy for five thousand scudi a year. The Cavaliere once upon a time was a great dandy—don't blush, Cavaliere; any one can see that, just as any one can see that I was once a pretty woman! Get him to tell you what he made a figure upon. The railroads have brought in the vulgarians. That's what I call it now—the invasion of the vulgarians! What are poor *we* to do?"

Rowland had begun to murmur some remedial proposition, when he was interrupted by the voice of Miss Light calling across the room, "Mamma!"

"My own love?"

"This gentleman wishes to model my bust. Please speak to him."

The Cavaliere gave a little chuckle. "Already?" he cried.

Rowland looked round, equally surprised at the promptitude of the proposal. Roderick stood planted before the young girl with his arms folded, looking at her as he would have done at the Medicean Venus. He never paid compliments, and Rowland, though he had not heard him speak, could imagine the startling distinctness with which he made his request.

"He saw me a year ago," the young girl went on, "and he has been thinking of me ever since." Her tone, in speaking, was peculiar; it had a kind of studied inexpressiveness, which was yet not the vulgar device of a drawl.

"I *must* make your daughter's bust — that's all, madam!" cried Roderick, with warmth.

"I had rather you made the poodle's," said the young girl. "Is it very tiresome? I have spent half my life sitting for my photograph, in every conceivable attitude and with every conceivable coiffure. I think I have posed enough."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Light, "it may be one's duty to pose. But as to my daughter's sitting to you, sir — to a young sculptor whom we don't know — it's a matter that needs reflection. It's not a favor that's to be had for the mere asking."

"If I don't make her from life," said Roderick, with energy, "I will make her from memory, and if the thing's to be done, you had better have it done as well as possible."

"Mamma hesitates," said Miss Light, "because she does n't know whether you mean she shall pay you for the bust. I can assure you that she'll not pay you a sou."

"My darling, you forget yourself," said Mrs. Light, with an attempt at majestic severity. "Of course," she added, in a moment, with a change of note, "the bust would be my own property."

"Of course!" cried Roderick, impatiently.

"Dearest mother," interposed the young girl, "how can you carry a marble bust about the world with you? Is it not enough to drag the poor original?"

"My dear, you're nonsensical!" cried Mrs. Light, almost angrily.

"You can always sell it," said the young girl, with the same artful artlessness.

Mrs. Light turned to Rowland, who pitied her, flushed and irritated. "She's very wicked to-day!"

The Cavaliere grinned in silence and walked away on tiptoe, with his hat to his lips, as if to leave the field clear for action. Rowland, on the contrary, wished to avert the coming storm. "You had better not refuse," he said to Miss Light, "until you have seen Mr. Hudson's things in the marble. Your mother is to come and look at some that I possess."

"Thank you; I've no doubt you will see us. I dare say Mr. Hudson is very clever; but I don't care for modern sculpture. I can't look at it!"

"You shall care for my bust, I promise you!" cried Roderick, with a laugh.

"To satisfy Miss Light," said the Cavaliere, "one of the old Greeks ought to come to life."

"It would be worth his while," said Roderick, paying, to Rowland's knowledge, his first compliment.

"I might sit to Phidias, if he would promise to be very amusing and make me laugh. What do you say, Stenterello? would *you* sit to Phidias?"

"We must talk of this some other time," said Mrs. Light. "We're in Rome for the winter. Many thanks. Cavaliere, call the carriage." The Cavaliere led the way out, backing, like a silver-stick, and Miss Light, following her mother, nodded, without looking at them, to each of the young men.

"Immortal powers! what a head!" cried Roderick, when they had gone. "There's my fortune!"

"She is certainly very beautiful," said Rowland. "But I'm sorry you've undertaken her bust."

"And why, pray?"

"I fancy it will bring trouble with it."

"What kind of trouble?"

"I hardly know. They are queer people. The mamma, I suspect, is the least bit of an adventuress. Heaven knows what the daughter is."

"She's a goddess!" cried Roderick.
 "Just so. She's all the more dangerous."

"Dangerous? What will she do to me? She does n't bite, I imagine."

"It remains to be seen. There are two kinds of women—you ought to know it by this time—the safe and the unsafe. Miss Light, if I'm not mistaken, is one of the unsafe. A word to the wise."

"Much obliged!" said Roderick, and he began to whistle a triumphant air, in honor, apparently, of the advent of his beautiful model.

In calling this young lady and her mamma "queer people," Rowland but roughly expressed his sentiment. They were so marked a variation from the monotonous troop of his fellow-country-people that he felt much curiosity as to the sources of the change, especially since he doubted greatly whether, on the whole, it elevated the type. For a week he saw the two ladies driving daily in a well-appointed landau, with the Cavaliere and the poodle in the front seat. From Mrs. Light he received a gracious salute, tempered by her native majesty; but the young girl, looking straight before her, seemed profoundly indifferent to observers. Her extraordinary beauty, however, had already made observers numerous and given the *habitués* of the Pincian plenty to talk about. The echoes of their commentary reached Rowland's ears; but he had little taste for random gossip, and desired a distinctly veracious informant. He found one in the person of Madame Grandoni, for whom Mrs. Light and her beautiful daughter were a pair of old friends.

"I have known the mamma for twenty years," said this judicious critic, "and if you ask any of the people who have been living here as long as I, you will find they remember her well. I have held the beautiful Christina on my knee when she was a little, wizened baby with a very red face and no promise of beauty but those magnificent eyes. Ten years ago Mrs. Light disappeared, and has not since been seen in Rome, except for a few days last winter, when she

passed through on her way to Naples. Then it was you met the trio in the Ludovisi gardens. When I first knew her, she was the unmarried but very marriageable daughter of an old American painter of very bad landscapes, which people used to buy from charity and use for fire-boards. His name was Savage; it used to make every one laugh, he was such a mild, melancholy, pitiful old gentleman. He had married a horrible wife, an Englishwoman who had been on the stage. It was said she used to beat poor Savage with his mahl-stick, and when the domestic finances were low, to lock him up in his studio and tell him he should n't come out until he had painted half a dozen of his daubs. She had a good deal of showy beauty. She would then go forth, and, her beauty helping, she would make certain people take the pictures. It helped her at last to make an English lord run away with her. At the time I speak of she had quite disappeared. Mrs. Light was then a very handsome girl, though by no means as handsome as her daughter has now become. Mr. Light was an American consul, newly appointed at one of the Adriatic ports. He was an amiable, blonde young man, with some little property, and my impression is that he had got into bad company at home, and that his family procured him his place to keep him out of harm's way. He came up to Rome on a holiday, fell in love with Miss Savage, and married her on the spot. He had not been married three years when he was drowned in the Adriatic, on a boating party. The young widow came back to Rome, to her father, and here shortly afterwards, in the shadow of Saint Peter's, her little girl was born. It might have been supposed that Mrs. Light would marry again, and I know she had opportunities. But she overreached herself. She would take nothing less than a title and a fortune, and they were not forthcoming. She was admired and very fond of admiration; very vain, very worldly, very silly. She remained a pretty widow, with a surprising variety of bonnets, and a dozen men always in her train. Giacosa

dates from this period. He calls himself a Roman, but I have an impression he came up from Ancona with her. He was *l'ami de la maison*. He used to hold her bouquets, clean her gloves (I was told), run her errands, get her operaboxes, and fight her battles with the shopkeepers. For this he needed courage, for she was smothered in debt. She at last left Rome to escape her creditors. Many of them must remember her still, but she seems now to have money to satisfy them. She left her poor old father here alone — helpless, infirm, and unable to work. A subscription was shortly afterwards taken up among the foreigners, and he was sent back to America, where, as I afterwards heard, he died in some sort of asylum. From time to time, for several years, I heard vaguely of Mrs. Light as a wandering beauty at French and German watering-places. Once came a rumor that she was going to make a grand marriage in England; then we heard that the gentleman had thought better of it and left her to keep afloat as she could. She was a terribly scatter-brained creature. She pretends to be a great lady, but I consider that old Filomena, my washer-woman, is in essentials a greater one. But certainly, after all, she has been fortunate. She embarked at last on a law-suit about some property, with her husband's family, and went to America to attend to it. She came back triumphant, with a long purse. She reappeared in Italy, and established herself for a while in Venice. Then she came to Florence, where she spent a couple of years and where I saw her. Last year she passed down to Naples, which I should have said was just the place for her, and this winter she has laid siege to Rome. She seems very prosperous. She has taken a floor in the Palazzo F——, she keeps her carriage, and Christina and she, between them, must have a pretty milliner's bill. Giacosa has turned up again, looking as if he had been kept in cotton at Ancona, for her return."

"What sort of education," Rowland asked, "do you imagine the mother's

adventures to have been for the daughter?"

"A strange school! But Mrs. Light told me, in Florence, that she had given her child the education of a princess. In other words, I suppose, she speaks three or four languages, and has read several hundred French novels. Christina, I suspect, is very clever. When I saw her, I was amazed at her beauty, and, certainly, if there is any truth in faces, she ought to have the soul of an angel. Perhaps she has. I don't judge her; she's a strange, perplexing child. She has been told twenty times a day by her mother, since she was five years old, that she is a beauty of beauties, that her face is her fortune, and that, if she plays her cards, she may marry a duke. If she has not been fatally corrupted, she is a very superior girl. My own impression is that she is a mixture of good and bad, of ambition and indifference. Mrs. Light, having failed to make her own fortune in matrimony, has transferred her hopes to her daughter, and nursed them till they have become a kind of monomania. She has a hobby, which she rides in secret; but some day she'll let you see it. I'm sure that if you go in some evening unannounced, you'll find her scanning the tea-leaves in her cup, or telling her daughter's fortune with a greasy pack of cards, preserved for the purpose. She promises her a prince — a reigning prince. But if Mrs. Light is silly, she is shrewd, too, and, lest considerations of state should deny her prince the luxury of a love-match, she keeps on hand a few common mortals. At the worst she would take a duke, an English lord, or even a young American with a proper number of millions. The poor woman must be rather uncomfortable. She is always building castles and knocking them down again, — always casting her nets and pulling them in. If her daughter were less of a beauty, her transparent ambition would be very ridiculous; but there is something in the girl, as one looks at her, that seems to make it very possible she is marked out for one of those wonderful romantic fortunes that history

now and then relates. 'Who, after all, was the Empress of the French?' Mrs. Light is forever saying. 'And beside Christina the empress is a dowdy!'

"And what does Christina say?"

"She makes no scruple, as you know, of saying that her mother is a fool. What she thinks, Heaven knows. I suspect that, practically, she does n't commit herself. She is excessively proud, and thinks herself good enough to occupy the highest station in the world; but she knows that her mother talks nonsense, and that even a beautiful girl may look awkward in making unsuccessful advances. So she remains superbly indifferent, and lets her mother take the risks. If the prince is secured, so much the better; if he's not, she need never confess to herself that even a prince has slighted her."

"Your report is as solid," Rowland said to Madame Grandoni, thanking her, "as if it had been prepared for the Academy of Sciences;" and he congratulated himself on having listened to it when, a couple of days later, Mrs. Light and her daughter, attended by the Cavaliere and the poodle, came to his rooms to look at Roderick's statues. It was more comfortable to know just with whom he was dealing.

Mrs. Light was prodigiously gracious, and showered down compliments not only on the statues, but on all his possessions. "Upon my word," she said, "you men know how to make yourselves comfortable. If one of us poor women had half as many easy-chairs and knick-knacks, we should be nicely abused. It's really selfish to be living all alone in such a place as this. Cavaliere, how should you like this suite of rooms and a fortune to fill them with pictures and statues? Christina, love, look at that mosaic table. Mr. Mallet, I could almost beg it from you. Yes, that Eve is certainly very fine. We need n't be ashamed of such a great-grandmother as that. If she was really such a beautiful woman, it accounts for the good looks of some of us. Where is Mr. What's-his-name, the young sculptor? Why is n't he here to be complimented?"

Christina had remained but for a moment in the chair which Rowland had placed for her, had given but a cursory glance at the statues, and then, leaving her place, had begun to wander round the room — looking at herself in the mirror, touching the ornaments and curiosities, glancing at the books and prints. Rowland's sitting-room was encumbered with bric-à-brac, and she found plenty of occupation. Rowland presently joined her, and pointed out some of the objects he most valued.

"It's an odd jumble," she said frankly. "Some things are very pretty — some are very ugly. But I like ugly things, when they have a certain look. Prettiness is terribly vulgar nowadays, and it is n't every one that knows just the sort of ugliness that has *chic*. But *chic* is getting dreadfully common too. There's a hint of it even in Madame Baldi's bonnets. I like looking at people's things," she added in a moment, turning to Rowland and resting her eyes on him. "It helps you to find out their characters."

"Am I to suppose," asked Rowland, smiling, "that you have arrived at any conclusions as to mine?"

"I'm rather muddled; you have too many things; one seems to contradict another. You are very artistic and yet you are very prosaic; you have what is called a 'catholic' taste and yet you are full of obstinate little prejudices and habits of thought, which, if I knew you, I should find very tiresome. I don't think I like you."

"You make a great mistake," laughed Rowland; "I assure you I'm very amiable."

"Yes, I'm probably wrong, and if I knew you, I should find out I was wrong, and that would irritate me and make me dislike you more. So you see we are necessary enemies."

"Nay, I don't dislike you."

"Worse and worse; for you certainly will not like me."

"You're very discouraging."

"I'm fond of facing the truth, though some day you'll deny that. Where is that queer friend of yours?"

"You mean Mr. Hudson. He's represented by these beautiful works."

Miss Light looked for some moments at Roderick's statues. "Yes," she said, "they are not so silly as most of the things we have seen. They have no chic, and yet they are beautiful."

"You describe them perfectly," said Rowland. "They are beautiful and yet they have no chic. That's it!"

"If he will promise to put none into my bust, I have a mind to let him make it. A request made in those terms deserves to be granted."

"In what terms?"

"Did n't you hear him? 'Made-moiselle, you almost satisfy my conception of the beautiful. I must model your bust.' That *almost* should be rewarded. He's like me; he likes to face the truth. I think we should get on together."

The Cavaliere approached Rowland, to express the pleasure he had derived from his beautiful "collection." His smile was exquisitely bland, his accent appealing, caressing, insinuating. But he gave Rowland an odd sense of looking at a little waxen image, adjusted to perform certain gestures and emit certain sounds. It had once contained a soul, but the soul had leaked out. Nevertheless, Rowland reflected, there are more profitless things than mere sound and gesture, in a consummate Italian. And the Cavaliere, too, had soul enough left to desire to speak a few words on his own account, and call Rowland's attention to the fact that he was not, after all, a hired cicerone, but an ancient Roman gentleman. Rowland felt sorry for him; he hardly knew why. He assured him in a friendly fashion that he must come again; that his house was always at his service. The Cavaliere bowed down to the ground. "You do me too

much honor," he murmured. "If you will allow me — it is not impossible!"

Mrs. Light, meanwhile, had prepared to depart. "If you are not afraid to come and see two quiet little women, we shall be most happy!" she said. "We have no statues nor pictures — we have nothing but each other. Eh, darling?"

"I beg your pardon," said Christina.

"Oh, and the Cavaliere," added her mother.

"The poodle, please!" cried the young girl.

Rowland glanced at the Cavaliere; he was smiling more blandly than ever.

A few days later Rowland presented himself, as civility demanded, at Mrs. Light's door. He found her living in one of the stately houses of the Via dell' Angelo Custode, and, rather to his surprise, was told she was at home. He passed through half a dozen rooms and was ushered into an immense saloon, at one end of which sat the mistress of the establishment, with a piece of embroidery. She received him very graciously, and then, pointing mysteriously to a large screen which was unfolded across the embrasure of one of the deep windows, "I'm keeping guard!" she said. Rowland looked interrogative; whereupon she beckoned him forward and motioned him to look behind the screen. He obeyed, and for some moments stood gazing. Roderick, with his back turned, stood before an extemporized pedestal, ardently shaping a formless mass of clay. Before him sat Christina Light, in a white dress, with her shoulders bare, her magnificent hair twisted into a classic coil, and her head admirably poised. Meeting Rowland's gaze, she smiled a little, only with her deep gray eyes, without moving. She looked divinely beautiful.

Henry James, Jr.

URVASI.

'T is a story told by Kalidasa —
Hindoo poet — in melodious rhyme,
How with train of maidens, young Urvasi
Came to keep great Indra's festal time.

'T was her part in worshipful confession
Of the god-name on that sacred day,
Walking flower-crowned in the long procession,
"I love Puru-shotta-ma" to say.

Pure as snow on Himalayan ranges,
Heaven-descended, soon to heaven withdrawn,
Fairer than the moon-flower of the Ganges,
Was Urvasi, Daughter of the Dawn.

But it happened that the gentle maiden
Loved one Puru-avas, — fateful name! —
And her heart, with its sweet secret laden,
Faltered when her time of utterance came.

"I love" — then she stopped, and people wondered;
"I love" — she must guard her secret well;
Then from sweetest lips that ever blundered,
"I love Puru-avas" — trembling fell.

Ah, what terror seized on poor Urvasi!
Misty grew the violets of her eyes,
And her form bent like a broken daisy,
While around her rose the mocking cries.

But great Indra said, "The maid shall marry
Him whose image in her faithful heart
She so near to that of God doth carry,
Scarce her lips can keep their names apart."

Call it then not weakness or dissembling,
If, in striving the high name to reach,
Through our voices runs the tender trembling
Of an earthly name too dear for speech!

Ever dwells the lesser in the greater;
In God's love the human: we by these
Know he holds Love's simplest stammering sweeter
Than cold praise of wordy Pharisees.

Helen Barron Bostwick.

A PIECE OF SECRET HISTORY: PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION OF 1861.

THE inception of the late war between the States, the causes which led to it, and the motives and conduct of those in authority on either side who waged the fratricidal strife, will long remain a fruitful theme for contemplation and discussion by those who shall undertake to investigate or record its history.

To the many contributions of materials recently offered to that history, it seems pertinent and necessary to add yet another in the narrative embodied in this paper.

Subsequent events have imparted to the incidents, facts, and conversations here disclosed a remarkable value. The speakers and actors in the scenes and interviews recounted have all passed away, the contributor of this paper alone surviving to save from oblivion a part of the history of an eventful epoch in our country's annals.

In the spring of the year 1861, I was a resident of the city of Washington, a practicing lawyer of the firm of Chilton and Magruder. On Tuesday, April 3, 1861, I was called upon in my office by Mr. Robert S. Chew (since deceased), an officer of the State Department, and requested to accompany him to Mr. Seward's office, where that gentleman desired to see me without delay. As I was not personally known to Mr. Seward, I inquired of Mr. Chew if he knew why he wished to see me. He said Mr. Seward would explain; that it had something to do with a communication to be sent to Richmond; that Mr. Seward had asked him to nominate some suitable person to whom business of importance could be intrusted, and he had mentioned my name to him.

Entertaining, I confess, a suspicious dislike of the Secretary of State, I was at first disinclined to see him; but on reflection, and resolving to be on my guard as to any political complications in which he might involve me, I repaired

to the desired interview. After my introduction Mr. Seward said the president wished to communicate confidentially with Mr. Summers, of the Virginia Convention then in session at Richmond; that I had been mentioned to him as a Virginian, a whig, a Union man, and a suitable person to bear the message; and he inquired whether I would go. I replied that this would depend on the nature and object of the errand. He asked a little brusquely what I meant by that reply. I said that as I was a Virginian, I would not undertake any errand or agency which might be injurious or offensive to my native State; although a Union man and opposed to secession, I regarded the Union only as a means to an end; by the Union we could best secure the great end of preserving and securing our liberties; but that whenever the Union became oppressive and destructive of civil liberty, it was the right of the people of the States to devise new defenses for their safety and security. I did not think, however, that such a crisis had yet arisen in our history, and hence I opposed the secession movement; but in the event of hostilities being unhappily forced upon us, I held that my allegiance and my first duty belonged to my native State. He replied that, much as we might differ on this point, he could not say he was surprised at my sentiments; that he knew such convictions of duty prevailed among Southern gentlemen; that for his own part, while his State had honored him by conferring on him many distinguished stations and had therefore every claim upon him, he did not hesitate to declare that his allegiance to the Union was always prior and paramount to every other, and that no earthly consideration could make him lift his hand against its perpetuity. I told him I knew that he, like other Northern statesmen, had been bred in that school, and looked upon the gen-

eral government as the great central balance-wheel of a system designed to control and regulate the movements of the State governments at will, but that we of the South had not so learned our public duties; that I did not forget that Virginia, my own State, was a great commonwealth, a free and independent State with a complete government, years before the Union was formed.

Seeming to waive any further discussion of the subject, Mr. Seward said politely he was happy to assure me that the president would ask nothing of me inconsistent with my sense of duty to my native State; that Mr. Lincoln's object was to preserve the Union, and maintain and secure the public peace and safety. On his invitation I accompanied him to the president. Mr. Seward introduced me as a Virginian, a member of the bar of Washington, an old-line whig, and a Union man, saying that although I was engaged as the judge-advocate of the naval court-martial then in session¹ for the trial of Commodore Armstrong for the surrender of the navy-yard at Pensacola, the court was at present in recess, waiting for witnesses, and that I would have time to go to Richmond.

After some preliminary conversation, in the course of which, with characteristic jocoseness, the president related an anecdote suggested by my name, saying he had once won an important law-case on the authority of a decision of my kinsman the late Judge R. B. Magruder, of Baltimore, he asked me if I knew Judge Summers of the Virginia Convention then in session at Richmond. On my affirmative answer, he said he desired to see Judge Summers at Washington on matters of the highest importance, which he would not trust to the mail or telegraph; he preferred to send a special messenger requesting him to come to him at once, and to communicate with him confidentially; he said he knew Mr. Summers, and that he thought very highly of him as a prudent and wise man; that he had great confidence in him; that indeed he "had

confidence in all those Virginians;" that although they might differ from him about secession, he believed they were men who could be depended on in any matter in which they pledged their honor, and that when they gave their word they would always keep it. He then said, "Tell Mr. Summers I want to see him at once, for there is no time to be lost; what is to be done must be done quickly." On my suggesting that it would be well to fix some time within which Judge Summers should come, and that it was even possible that he might not be able to come at all,—for I knew that an important vote was about to be taken in the convention, and that as he was a leading man in the body he might not feel at liberty to come as soon as the president desired,—Mr. Lincoln said, after a moment's reflection, "This is Tuesday; I will give him three days. Let him come by Friday next;" and he added, "If Mr. Summers cannot come himself, let him send some friend of his, some Union man in the convention, in whom he has confidence and who can confer freely with me."

Having received these instructions, I retired with Mr. Seward; the latter, I had observed, though present during the whole interview, had remained entirely silent, taking no part whatever in the conversation. On our way back to the State Department, I warmly expressed to him my hope that the step taken by the president in seeking the counsel of one so able, patriotic, and conservative as Judge Summers would lead to the adjustment of our unhappy sectional strife and to the pacification of the country. He replied that he did not doubt it, and seemed to be hopeful and even buoyant, remarking, "These troubles will all blow over. There will be no war. The Union will be preserved. It only requires time and moderation to make all things right." I told him that while time was a remedy for some maladies, it exasperated others, and that I thought the president was right in saying "there was no time to be lost;" then, with a view of extracting, if possible, some expression of opinion from him as to what

¹ This court had been instituted and organized under the Buchanan administration.

the president proposed to do, I added, "I hope the president will by a public proclamation withdraw the troops from Fort Sumter, and thereby relieve the Southern people from the menace which their hostile presence creates. I am sure such a step will prevent the secession of Virginia and the border States, and the cotton States will not persevere in their mad schemes without the aid and coöperation of Virginia and the other border States."

Without directly responding to this remark, and as if unwilling to commit himself, he wished me a pleasant journey, bade me a courteous adieu, and we separated.

That night I went to Richmond, and on delivering my message to Mr. Summers it turned out, as I had anticipated, that he could not come, owing to the business of the convention. After private consultation with some few friends, as he informed me, he prevailed upon Colonel John B. Baldwin, a leading member of the convention from Augusta County, Virginia, to go. Accordingly on Wednesday night we left Richmond, and reaching Washington early next morning (Thursday), I called about ten o'clock on Mr. Seward, and introduced Colonel Baldwin as the gentleman whom Mr. Summers had requested to come in his stead, to see the president.

What passed at the subsequent interview with Mr. Lincoln of course I only know from Colonel Baldwin's version of it, given to me afterwards. Colonel Baldwin was my guest while he remained in Washington. He dined on that day at my house with some other gentlemen, at a somewhat early hour, as he was to make a public speech in Alexandria, Virginia, that evening. I had no opportunity to learn the particulars of the conference beyond a brief statement by Colonel Baldwin when he came in, to the effect that nothing was accomplished; that the president seemed embarrassed by his coming and was reserved as to his own future proceedings; that the president asked him, "Why don't you adjourn the convention?" adding, "I can take care of the Union;" that Bald-

win replied, "Adjourn the convention? Do you want to drive Virginia into secession?" and on the president's saying "No," Baldwin rejoined, "The people of Virginia have delegated to us the duty of fixing the *status* of Virginia, of defining her position and course in this crisis, and should we adjourn and go home without doing so, another convention would be assembled in a few weeks and the State would inevitably be precipitated into the secession movement." Mr. Lincoln said to him more than once, "You came too late."

Colonel Baldwin, who had gone to the interview full of hope and confidence as to its results, was obviously much depressed and disappointed at the unfavorable turn of affairs. He expressed to me his fears for the country; said that the president's reserve, after having invited him to the interview, and sent a special messenger to him, convinced him that he had changed his mind; Mr. Lincoln refused to make any explanation of his remark, often repeated, "You came too late," and when Colonel Baldwin reminded him that he had said, on sending for Mr. Summers, that he must get there by *Friday*; that it was now only *Thursday*, and asked, "Too late for what?" he received no reply.

Colonel Baldwin, an honorable gentleman, a distinguished citizen, and an eminent lawyer of Virginia, in the front rank of her statesmen and civilians, is no more. It is fortunate, however, that he preserved in writing the particulars of this important and remarkable interview. His narrative is a clear and simple statement of the facts in the exact order in which they happened, and is full of dramatic interest. It is as follows:—

On the 3d of April, 1861, I was in the convention at Richmond. I was called out by Judge Summers, a member of the convention, who informed me that there was a messenger in Richmond, sent by Mr. Lincoln, asking him (Summers) to Washington, as the president wanted to have an interview with him, and stating that if for any reason he was unable to come, he would be glad if the Union

men of the convention would select and send one of their number, who enjoyed their confidence and who would be regarded as a representative man, competent to speak their sentiments, as the president wished to have some communication with them. Mr. Summers told me that he and a number of other members of the convention, Union men (calling their names over), had concurred in the opinion that I was the proper man to go, and that he wanted me immediately to get ready and return with the special messenger. I consented to come. Mr. Allan B. Magruder, who was at that time a lawyer residing in the city of Washington, turned out to be the messenger. We came to Washington, arriving about breakfast-time. I went to Mr. Magruder's house. About ten or eleven o'clock we called at the Department of State, and I was introduced to Mr. Seward. Mr. Magruder informed him that I had been selected by the members of the Virginia Convention — the Union men — in accordance with the president's request, and that I came indorsed by them as a person authorized to speak their sentiments. Mr. Seward said he would not anticipate at all what the president desired to say to me, but would take me immediately to see him. We went to the president's house, and I was taken to the audience chamber. The president was engaged for some time; and at last Mr. Seward, when the president became disengaged, took me up and introduced me to him in a whisper, indicating, as I thought, that it was a strictly confidential affair. As nearly as I can recollect, the language he used was, "Mr. Baldwin, of the Virginia Convention." Mr. Lincoln received me very cordially, and almost immediately arose and said that he desired to have some private conversation with me. He started through to a back room, opening into another room, but we found two gentlemen there engaged in writing; he seemed to think that that would not do, and we passed across the hall into a corresponding small room opposite, and through that into a large front room immediately corresponding with the private

audience hall. There was a bed in it. He locked the door, and, stepping around into the space behind the bed, drew up two chairs and asked me to take a seat. Mr. Seward did not go in with us. As I was about sitting down, said he, "Mr. Baldwin, I am afraid you have come too late." "Too late for what?" said I. Said he, "I am afraid you have come too late; I wish you could have been here three or four days ago." "Why," said I, "Mr. President, allow me to say I do not understand your remark; you sent a special messenger to Richmond, who arrived there yesterday; I returned with him by the shortest and most expeditious mode of travel known. It was physically impossible that I or any one else answering to your summons could have got here sooner than I have arrived. I do not understand what you mean by saying that I have come too late." Said he, "Why do you not adjourn the Virginia Convention?" I said, "Adjourn it! how? Do you mean *sine die*?" "Yes," said he, "*sine die*. Why do you not adjourn it? It is a standing menace to me which embarrasses me very much." It will be understood that I do not pretend to recollect the language at all, but this is about the substance of it. Said I, "Sir, I am very much surprised to hear you express that opinion; the Virginia Convention is in the hands of Union men; we have in it a clear and controlling majority of nearly three to one. We are controlling it for conservative results; we can do it with perfect certainty, if you will uphold our hands by a conservative policy here. I do not understand why you want a body thus in the hands of Union men to be dispersed, or why you should look upon their sessions as in any respect a menace to you. We regard ourselves as coöperating with you in the objects which you profess to seek. Besides," said I, "I would call your attention to this view: if we were to adjourn that convention *sine die*, leaving these questions unsettled in the midst of all the trouble that is upon us, it would place the Union men of Virginia in the attitude of confessing an inability to meet

the occasion; the result would be that another convention would be called as soon as legislation could be put through for the purpose, and the Union men of Virginia could not with a proper self-respect offer themselves as members of that convention, having had the full control of one, which adjourned without effecting any sort of settlement. The result would be that the next convention would be exclusively under the control of secessionists, and that an ordinance of secession would be passed in less than six weeks. Now," said I, "sir, it seems to me that our true policy is to hold the position that we have, and for you to uphold our hands by a conservative, conciliatory, national course. We can control the matter, and will control it if you help us; and, sir, it is but right for me to say another thing to you: that the Union men of Virginia, of whom I am one, would not be willing to adjourn that convention until we either effect some settlement of this matter, or ascertain that it cannot be done. As an original proposition the Union men of Virginia did not desire amendments to the constitution of the United States; we were satisfied with the constitutional guarantees that we had, and thought our rights and interests perfectly safe. But circumstances have changed. Seven States of the South (the cotton States) have withdrawn from us, and have left us in an extremely altered condition with reference to the safeguards of the constitution. As things stand now, we are helpless in the hands of the North. The balance of power which we had before for our protection against constitutional amendment is gone. And we think now that we of the border States, who have adhered to you against all the promptings of sympathy and association with the Southern States, have a claim on the States of the North which is of a high and very peculiar character. You all say that you do not mean to injure us in our peculiar rights. If you are in earnest about it, there can be no objection to your saying so in such authentic form as will give us constitutional protection. And we think you ought to do

it, not grudgingly, not reluctantly, but in such a way as would be a fitting recognition of our fidelity in standing by you under such trying circumstances—fully, generously, and promptly. If you will do it in accordance with what we regard as due to our position, it will give us a stand-point from which we can bring back the seceded States."

I cannot follow the conversation through, but he asked me the question, "What is your plan?" Said I, "Mr. President, if I had the control of your thumb and forefinger for five minutes, I could settle the whole question." "Well," said he, "that would seem to be a simple process. What is your plan?" Said I, "Sir, if I were in your place, I would issue a proclamation to the American people, somewhat after this style. I would state the fact that you had become President of the United States, as the result of a struggle partaking of more bitterness than had usually marked such contests; that in the progress of that struggle there had naturally arisen a great deal of misunderstanding and misrepresentation of the motives and intentions of both sides; that you had no doubt you had been represented, and to a large extent believed, to be inimical to the institutions and rights and interests of a large portion of the United States, but that however you might, in the midst of a partisan struggle, have been more or less excited at times, as all men are, yet, occupying the position of President of the United States, you had determined to take your stand on the broad platform of the constitution, and to do equal and exact justice to all, without regard to party or section; and that, recognizing the fact without admitting, but protesting against the right, that certain States had undertaken to withdraw themselves from the Union, you had determined to appeal to the American people to settle the question in the spirit in which the constitution was made, — American fashion, — by consultation and votes, instead of by appeal to arms. And I would call a national convention of the people of the United States, and urge upon them to

come together and settle this question. In order to prevent the possibility of any collision or clash of arms interfering with this effort at a pacific settlement, I would declare the purpose (not by any admission of want of right, at all, but with a distinct protest of the right to place the forces of the United States wherever in her territory you chose) to withdraw the forces from Sumter and Pickens, avowing that it was done for the sake of peace, and in the effort to settle this dangerous controversy; and that you were determined, if the seceded States chose to make a collision, that they should come clearly out of their way to do it. Sir," said I, "if you take that position, there is national feeling enough in the seceded States themselves, and all over the country, to rally to your support, and you would gather more friends than any man in the country ever had." He said something to the effect, as I understood him, that he looked with some apprehension to the fear that his friends would not be pleased with such a step, and I said to him, "Mr. President, for every friend whom you would lose by such a policy, you would gain ten who would rally to you and to the national standard of peace and union." Said he, rather impatiently, "That is not what I am thinking about. If I could be satisfied that I am right, and that I do what is right, I do not care whether people stand by me or not." Said I, "Sir, I beg your pardon; I only know you as a politician, a successful politician, and possibly I have fallen into the error of appealing to you by the motives which are generally potent with politicians — especially the motive of gaining friends. I thank you that you have recalled to me the higher and better motive of being and doing right, and I assure you that henceforth I will appeal to you only by those motives that ought to influence a gentleman." He laughed a little at my distinction between a politician and a gentleman. He then said something about a withdrawal of the troops from Sumter on the ground of military necessity. I said, "That will never do under heaven. You have been president a month to-day, and if you in-

tended to hold that position, you ought to have strengthened it so as to make it impregnable. To hold it in the present condition of force there is an invitation to assault. Go upon higher ground than that. The better ground is to make a concession of an asserted right, in the interests of peace."

"Well," said he, "what about the revenue? What would I do about the collection of duties?" I said, "Sir, how much do you expect to collect in a year?" He said, "Fifty or sixty millions." "Why, sir," said I, "four times sixty is two hundred and forty: say two hundred and fifty millions would be the revenue of your term of the presidency. That is but a drop in the bucket, compared with the cost of such a war as we are threatened with. Let it all go if necessary; but I do not believe that it will be necessary, because I believe that you can settle it on the basis I suggest." He said something about feeding the troops at Sumter. I told him that would not do. I said, "You know perfectly well that the people of Charleston have been feeding them already. That is not what they want. They are asserting a right; they will feed the troops, and fight them while they are feeding them. They seek the assertion of a right. Now the only way that you can manage them is to withdraw from them the means of striking a blow, until time for reflection, time for influence, can be brought to bear, can be gained, and thus settle the matter. If you do not take this course, if there is a gun fired at Sumter, — I do not care on which side it is fired, — the opportunity for settlement is lost." "Oh," said he, "sir, that is impossible." I said, "Mr. President, if there is a gun fired at Sumter, as sure as there is a God in heaven, all is lost. Virginia herself, strong as the Union majority in the convention now is, will be out in forty-eight hours." "Oh," said he, "sir, that is impossible." I said, "Mr. President, I did not come here to argue with you. I am here as a witness. I know the sentiments of the people of Virginia, and you do not. As I understood it, I came here to give you information of the sentiments

of the people, and especially of the Union men of the convention. I wish to know, before we go any further in this matter, for it is of too grave importance to leave any doubt of it, whether I am accredited to you in such a way as that what I tell you is worthy of credence." He replied, "You come to me introduced as a gentleman of high standing and talent in your State." I said, "That is not the point. Do I come to you vouched for as an honest man, who will tell you the truth?" He said, "You do." "Then," said I, "I tell you before God and man, that if there is a gun fired at Sumter, war is inevitable. And I wish to say to you, Mr. President, with all the respect and solemnity that the occasion inspires, that if you intend to do anything to settle this question, you must do it promptly. I think another fortnight will be too late. You have the power now to settle it. You have the choice to make, and you must make it very soon. You have, I believe, the power to place yourself by the side of Washington himself, as the saviour of your country; or, by taking a different course, to send down your name on the page of history, notorious forever as the man so odious to the American people that, rather than submit to his domination, they overthrew the best government that God ever allowed to exist. It is you that have the choice to make, and you have, in my judgment, only a very brief time to make it in." He seemed dissatisfied and irresolute, and after some further unimportant conversation, I took leave and withdrew.

The object I had in going to this interview was to meet what I regarded, and what our friends in the convention regarded, as an overture to what we had long desired — an understanding with Mr. Lincoln. We thought that if we could get into communication with him and could convey to him a clear and honest expression of the sentiments prevailing in Virginia, we could influence his policy in such a way as to enable us to bring about a settlement. It is proper to state that in the president's rooms I saw and was introduced to a number of governors of the Northern States. It

was at the time these governors, nine in number, had come to confer with the president; a time when there was an immense outside pressure brought to bear upon him, and designed to control his course. In Virginia, we thought that if we could only present fairly to the mind of Mr. Lincoln the necessities of our situation, the difficulties by which we, as Union men, were surrounded, and the prospect of success on the line of policy which we could suggest, we could win his confidence and contribute greatly towards settling the question. Such were, undoubtedly, the patriotic hopes and aspirations which inspired us all. For myself, I went to Washington, not with any defined purpose of action of my own, but with the general purpose of establishing a good understanding with the president, and of inducing him, as far as possible, to take the views which universally prevailed among Union men in the Richmond convention and elsewhere in the country.

I went to Alexandria that night, whither I had telegraphed an acceptance of an invitation to make a Union speech. I addressed to a large audience what I believe was the last Union speech made in Virginia before the war. I went thence to Richmond and reported to my colleagues in the convention, at whose instance I had gone to Washington.

It is due to Mr. Seward and to the complete statement of the transaction, to add Colonel Baldwin's narration of his subsequent interview with Mr. Seward.

"I went back to Mr. Seward's from the president's house that afternoon and had a long interview with him. I found Mr. Seward extremely earnest, as far as I could judge from his manifestations, in the desire to settle the matter. He seemed to have a shrinking from the idea of a clash of arms; and the impression that he made upon me was that he thought the days of philosophic statesmanship were about to give place to the mailed glove of the warrior, and that he was earnestly engaged in the effort to secure peace and safety as a means of

averting the military era which he thought he saw dawning upon the country."

Recurring to this remarkable interview and the imposing facts and circumstances preceding and surrounding it, it becomes a matter of deep interest to inquire, What was President Lincoln's intention and purpose in seeking the counsel and advice of the Union convention of Virginia, through Judge Summers? What effected the president's sudden and radical change of mind, in respect to the proper course to be pursued?

It seems clear that Mr. Lincoln had fully resolved on the policy of peace, and did not mean to permit the war to be inaugurated, if it were possible — by patience and conciliation, by any patriotic sacrifice — to avert that calamity. There is no other possible solution of his plan in summoning to his confidence at this crisis so pronounced a Unionist as Judge George W. Summers, and his colleagues of the Virginia Convention, then pledged against secession by an overwhelming majority. All the facts of the case go to fortify this conclusion. Now, in my opinion, the only means of carrying out this object was undoubtedly the withdrawal of the troops from Fort Sumter and an earnest appeal to the country, by proclamation, to stand by the Union and the constitution, and stay the mad career of secession.

By this step actual hostilities would have been effectually prevented. It was, as I believe, the well-considered conviction of the coolest and wisest heads in the country that such a course — heartily approved and warmly supported as it would have been by the border States, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Kentucky, with Arkansas and Mis-

souri yet remaining firm and steadfast in the Union — would have arrested further disruption and even effected the restoration of the revolted cotton States. These, unsupported, could not and would not have encountered and sustained the unequal burdens resulting from separation from their Southern sisters, and would have ultimately yielded to the necessity which impelled their return. But it was not written in the book of nations that thus it should be.

The urgent appeals and the promises of aid and support in the programme marked out for Mr. Lincoln by the Northern governors already referred to, whose warlike spirit was intensified by the attrition of personal association in Washington in this crisis, proved too strong to be resisted, and the pressure they exercised upon Lincoln sufficed to defeat the policy suggested by Colonel Baldwin and the Virginia Convention.

It is well known that a preconcerted meeting of these governors was held at this time in Washington. The number of States represented in this conclave has been variously stated at seven and nine. It seems certain that Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Michigan were all represented by their respective executive chief magistrates on the occasion in question. The *Star of the West* had been sped on her fateful mission to Charleston harbor before Colonel Baldwin, though summoned in a far different spirit, could repair to the appointed interview. Thus we have the explanation of President Lincoln's uneasiness and embarrassment in the interview with Colonel Baldwin, and the meaning of the remark, oft repeated, "You came too late. It is now too late."

Allan B. Magruder

OLD TIMES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

IV.

THE "CUB" PILOT'S EDUCATION
NEARLY COMPLETED.

WHOSOEVER has done me the courtesy to read my chapters which have preceded this may possibly wonder that I deal so minutely with piloting as a science. It was the prime purpose of these articles; and I am not quite done yet. I wish to show, in the most patient and painstaking way, what a wonderful science it is. Ship channels are buoyed and lighted, and therefore it is a comparatively easy undertaking to learn to run them; clear-water rivers, with gravel bottoms, change their channels very gradually, and therefore one needs to learn them but once; but piloting becomes another matter when you apply it to vast streams like the Mississippi and the Missouri, whose alluvial banks cave and change constantly, whose snags are always hunting up new quarters, whose sand-bars are never at rest, whose channels are forever dodging and shirking, and whose obstructions must be confronted in all nights and all weathers without the aid of a single light-house or a single buoy; for there is neither light nor buoy to be found anywhere in all this three or four thousand miles of villainous river. I feel justified in enlarging upon this great science for the reason that I feel sure no one has ever yet written a paragraph about it who had piloted a steamboat himself, and so had a practical knowledge of the subject. If the theme were hackneyed, I should be obliged to deal gently with the reader; but since it is wholly new, I have felt at liberty to take up a considerable degree of room with it.

When I had learned the name and position of every visible feature of the river; when I had so mastered its shape that I could shut my eyes and trace it from St. Louis to New Orleans; when I

had learned to read the face of the water as one would cull the news from the morning paper; and finally, when I had trained my dull memory to treasure up an endless array of soundings and crossing-marks, and keep fast hold of them, I judged that my education was complete: so I got to tilting my cap to the side of my head, and wearing a toothpick in my mouth at the wheel. Mr. B—— had his eye on these airs. One day he said, —

"What is the height of that bank yonder, at Burgess's?"

"How can I tell, sir? It is three quarters of a mile away."

"Very poor eye — very poor. Take the glass."

I took the glass, and presently said, —

"I can't tell. I suppose that that bank is about a foot and a half high."

"Foot and a half! That's a six-foot bank. How high was the bank along here last trip?"

"I don't know; I never noticed."

"You did n't? Well, you must always do it hereafter."

"Why?"

"Because you 'll have to know a good many things that it tells you. For one thing, it tells you the stage of the river — tells you whether there's more water or less in the river along here than there was last trip."

"The leads tell me that." I rather thought I had the advantage of him there.

"Yes, but suppose the leads lie? The bank would tell you so, and then you 'd stir those leadsmen up a bit. There was a ten-foot bank here last trip, and there is only a six-foot bank now. What does that signify?"

"That the river is four feet higher than it was last trip."

"Very good. Is the river rising or falling?"

"Rising."

"No it ain't."

"I guess I am right, sir. Yonder is some drift-wood floating down the stream."

"A rise starts the drift-wood, but then it keeps on floating a while after the river is done rising. Now the bank will tell you about this. Wait till you come to a place where it shelves a little. Now here; do you see this narrow belt of fine sediment? That was deposited while the water was higher. You see the drift-wood begins to strand, too. The bank helps in other ways. Do you see that stump on the false point?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Well, the water is just up to the roots of it. You must make a note of that."

"Why?"

"Because that means that there's seven feet in the chute of 103."

"But 103 is a long way up the river yet."

"That's where the benefit of the bank comes in. There is water enough in 103 now, yet there may not be by the time we get there; but the bank will keep us posted all along. You don't run close chutes on a falling river, up-stream, and there are precious few of them that you are allowed to run at all down-stream. There's a law of the United States against it. The river may be rising by the time we get to 103, and in that case we'll run it. We are drawing — how much?"

"Six feet aft, — six and a half forward."

"Well, you do seem to know something."

"But what I particularly want to know is, if I have got to keep up an everlasting measuring of the banks of this river, twelve hundred miles, month in and month out?"

"Of course!"

My emotions were too deep for words for a while. Presently I said, —

"And how about these chutes? Are there many of them?"

"I should say so. I fancy we shan't run any of the river this trip as you've ever seen it run before — so to speak. If the river begins to rise again, we'll

go up behind bars that you've always seen standing out of the river, high and dry like the roof of a house; we'll cut across low places that you've never noticed at all, right through the middle of bars that cover fifty acres of river; we'll creep through cracks where you've always thought was solid land; we'll dart through the woods and leave twenty-five miles of river off to one side; we'll see the hind-side of every island between New Orleans and Cairo."

"Then I've got to go to work and learn just as much more river as I already know."

"Just about twice as much more, as near as you can come at it."

"Well, one lives to find out. I think I was a fool when I went into this business."

"Yes, that is true. And you are yet. But you'll not be when you've learned it."

"Ah, I never can learn it."

"I will see that you do."

By and by I ventured again: —

"Have I got to learn all this thing just as I know the rest of the river — shapes and all — and so I can run it at night?"

"Yes. And you've got to have good fair marks from one end of the river to the other, that will help the bank tell you when there is water enough in each of these countless places, — like that stump, you know. When the river first begins to rise, you can run half a dozen of the deepest of them; when it rises a foot more you can run another dozen; the next foot will add a couple of dozen, and so on: so you see you have to know your banks and marks to a dead moral certainty, and never get them mixed; for when you start through one of those cracks, there's no backing out again, as there is in the big river; you've got to go through, or stay there six months if you get caught on a falling river. There are about fifty of these cracks which you can't run at all except when the river is brim full and over the banks."

"This new lesson is a cheerful prospect."

"Cheerful enough. And mind what

I've just told you; when you start into one of those places you've got to go through. They are too narrow to turn around in, too crooked to back out of, and the shoal water is always *up at the head*; never elsewhere. And the head of them is always likely to be filling up, little by little, so that the marks you reckon their depth by, this season, may not answer for next."

"Learn a new set, then, every year?"

"Exactly. Cramp her up to the bar! What are you standing up through the middle of the river for?"

The next few months showed me strange things. On the same day that we held the conversation above narrated, we met a great rise coming down the river. The whole vast face of the stream was black with drifting dead logs, broken boughs, and great trees that had caved in and been washed away. It required the nicest steering to pick one's way through this rushing raft, even in the day-time, when crossing from point to point; and at night the difficulty was mightily increased; every now and then a huge log, lying deep in the water, would suddenly appear right under our bows, coming head-on; no use to try to avoid it then; we could only stop the engines, and one wheel would walk over that log from one end to the other, keeping up a thundering racket and careening the boat in a way that was very uncomfortable to passengers. Now and then we would hit one of these sunken logs a rattling bang, dead in the centre, with a full head of steam, and it would stun the boat as if she had hit a continent. Sometimes this log would lodge and stay right across our nose, and back the Mississippi up before it; we would have to do a little *craw-fishing*, then, to get away from the obstruction. We often hit *white* logs, in the dark, for we could not see them till we were right on them; but a black log is a pretty distinct object at night. A white snag is an ugly customer when the daylight is gone.

Of course, on the great rise, down came a swarm of prodigious timber-rafts from the head waters of the Mississippi, coal barges from Pittsburgh, little trad-

ing scows from everywhere, and broad-horns from "Posey County," Indiana, freighted with "fruit and furniture"—the usual term for describing it, though in plain English the freight thus aggrandized was hoop-poles and pumpkins. Pilots bore a mortal hatred to these craft; and it was returned with usury. The law required all such helpless traders to keep a light burning, but it was a law that was often broken. All of a sudden, on a murky night, a light would hop up, right under our bows, almost, and an agonized voice, with the backwoods "whang" to it, would wail out:

"Whar 'n the — you goin' to! Cain't you see nothin', you dash-dashed aig-suckin', sheep-stealin', one-eyed son of a stuffed monkey!"

Then for an instant, as we whistled by, the red glare from our furnaces would reveal the scow and the form of the gesticulating orator as if under a lightning-flash, and in that instant our firemen and deck-hands would send and receive a tempest of missiles and profanity, one of our wheels would walk off with the crashing fragments of a steering-oar, and down the dead blackness would shut again. And that flatboatman would be sure to go into New Orleans and sue our boat, swearing stoutly that he had a light burning all the time, when in truth his gang had the lantern down below to sing and lie and drink and gamble by, and no watch on deck. Once, at night, in one of those forest-bordered crevices (behind an island) which steamboatmen intensely describe with the phrase "as dark as the inside of a cow," we should have eaten up a Posey County family, fruit, furniture, and all, but that they happened to be fiddling down below and we just caught the sound of the music in time to sheer off, doing no serious damage, unfortunately, but coming so near it that we had good hopes for a moment. These people brought up their lantern, then, of course; and as we backed and filled to get away, the precious family stood in the light of it—both sexes and various ages—and cursed us till everything turned blue. Once a coal-boatman sent a bullet through our pilot-

house when we borrowed a steering-oar of him, in a very narrow place.

During this big rise these small - fry craft were an intolerable nuisance. We were running chute after chute, — a new world to me, — and if there was a particularly cramped place in a chute, we would be pretty sure to meet a broad-horn there; and if he failed to be there, we would find him in a still worse locality, namely, the head of the chute, on the shoal water. And then there would be no end of profane cordialities exchanged.

Sometimes, in the big river, when we would be feeling our way cautiously along through a fog, the deep hush would suddenly be broken by yells and a clamor of tin pans, and all in an instant a log raft would appear vaguely through the webby veil, close upon us; and then we did not wait to swap knives, but snatched our engine bells out by the roots and piled on all the steam we had, to scramble out of the way! One does n't hit a rock or a solid log raft with a steamboat when he can get excused.

You will hardly believe it, but many steamboat clerks always carried a large assortment of religious tracts with them in those old departed steamboating days. Indeed they did. Twenty times a day we would be cramping up around a bar, while a string of these small-fry rascals were drifting down into the head of the bend away above and beyond us a couple of miles. Now a skiff would dart away from one of them and come fighting its laborious way across the desert of water. It would "ease all," in the shadow of our forecabin, and the panting oarsmen would shout, "Gimme a pa-a-per!" as the skiff drifted swiftly astern. The clerk would throw over a file of New Orleans journals. If these were picked up *without comment*, you might notice that now a dozen other skiffs had been drifting down upon us without saying anything. You understand, they had been waiting to see how No. 1 was going to fare. No. 1 making no comment, all the rest would bend to their oars and come on, now; and as fast as they came the clerk would heave over neat bundles

of religious tracts tied to shingles. The amount of hard swearing which twelve packages of religious literature will command when impartially divided up among twelve raftsmen's crews, who have pulled a heavy skiff two miles on a hot day to get them, is simply incredible.

As I have said, the big rise brought a new world under my vision. By the time the river was over its banks we had forsaken our old paths and were hourly climbing over bars that had stood ten feet out of water before; we were shaving stumpy shores, like that at the foot of Madrid Bend, which I had always seen avoided before; we were clattering through chutes like that of 82, where the opening at the foot was an unbroken wall of timber till our nose was almost at the very spot. Some of these chutes were utter solitudes. The dense, untouched forest overhung both banks of the crooked little crack, and one could believe that human creatures had never intruded there before. The swinging grape-vines, the grassy nooks and vistas glimpsed as we swept by, the flowering creepers waving their red blossoms from the tops of dead trunks, and all the spendthrift richness of the forest foliage, were wasted and thrown away there. The chutes were lovely places to steer in; they were deep, except at the head; the current was gentle; under the "points" the water was absolutely dead, and the invisible banks so bluff that where the tender willow thickets projected you could bury your boat's broadside in them as you tore along, and then you seemed fairly to fly.

Behind other islands we found wretched little farms, and wretched little log-cabins; there were crazy rail fences sticking a foot or two above the water, with one or two jeans-clad, chills-racked, yellow-faced male miseries roosting on the top-rail, elbows on knees, jaws in hands, grinding tobacco and discharging the result at floating chips through crevices left by lost milk-teeth; while the rest of the family and the few farm-animals were huddled together in an empty wood-flat riding at her moorings close at hand. In this flatboat the fam-

ily would have to cook and eat and sleep for a lesser or greater number of days (or possibly weeks), until the river should fall two or three feet and let them get back to their log-cabin and their chills again — chills being a merciful provision of an all-wise Providence to enable them to take exercise without exertion. And this sort of watery camping out was a thing which these people were rather liable to be treated to a couple of times a year: by the December rise out of the Ohio, and the June rise out of the Mississippi. And yet these were kindly dispensations, for they at least enabled the poor things to rise from the dead now and then, and look upon life when a steamboat went by. They appreciated the blessing, too, for they spread their mouths and eyes wide open and made the most of these occasions. Now what *could* these banished creatures find to do to keep from dying of the blues during the low-water season!

Once, in one of these lovely island chutes, we found our course completely bridged by a great fallen tree. This will serve to show how narrow some of the chutes were. The passengers had an hour's recreation in a virgin wilderness, while the boat-hands chopped the bridge away; for there was no such thing as turning back, you comprehend.

From Cairo to Baton Rouge, when the river is over its banks, you have no particular trouble in the night, for the thousand-mile wall of dense forest that guards the two banks all the way is only gapped with a farm or wood-yard opening at intervals, and so you can't "get out of the river" much easier than you could get out of a fenced lane; but from Baton Rouge to New Orleans it is a different matter. The river is more than a mile wide, and very deep — as much as two hundred feet, in places. Both banks, for a good deal over a hundred miles, are shorn of their timber and bordered by continuous sugar plantations, with only here and there a scattering sapling or row of ornamental Chinatrees. The timber is shorn off clear to the rear of the plantations, from two to four miles. When the first frost threat-

ens to come, the planters snatch off their crops in a hurry. When they have finished grinding the cane, they form the refuse of the stalks (which they call *bagasse*) into great piles and set fire to them, though in other sugar countries the bagasse is used for fuel in the furnaces of the sugar mills. Now the piles of damp bagasse burn slowly, and smoke like Satan's own kitchen.

An embankment ten or fifteen feet high guards both banks of the Mississippi all the way down that lower end of the river, and this embankment is set back from the edge of the shore from ten to perhaps a hundred feet, according to circumstances; say thirty or forty feet, as a general thing. Fill that whole region with an impenetrable gloom of smoke from a hundred miles of burning bagasse piles, when the river is over the banks, and turn a steamboat loose along there at midnight and see how she will feel. And see how you will feel, too! You find yourself away out in the midst of a vague dim sea that is shoreless, that fades out and loses itself in the murky distances; for you cannot discern the thin rib of embankment, and you are always imagining you see a straggling tree when you don't. The plantations themselves are transformed by the smoke and look like a part of the sea. All through your watch you are tortured with the exquisite misery of uncertainty. You hope you are keeping in the river, but you do not know. All that you are sure about is that you are likely to be within six feet of the bank and destruction, when you think you are a good half-mile from shore. And you are sure, also, that if you chance suddenly to fetch up against the embankment and topple your chimneys overboard, you will have the small comfort of knowing that it is about what you were expecting to do. One of the great Vicksburg packets darted out into a sugar plantation one night, at such a time, and had to stay there a week. But there was no novelty about it; it had often been done before.

I thought I had finished this number, but I wish to add a curious thing, while

it is in my mind. It is only relevant in that it is connected with piloting. There used to be an excellent pilot on the river, a Mr. X., who was a somnambulist. It was said that if his mind was troubled about a bad piece of river, he was pretty sure to get up and walk in his sleep and do strange things. He was once fellow-pilot for a trip or two with George E—, on a great New Orleans passenger packet. During a considerable part of the first trip George was uneasy, but got over it by and by, as X. seemed content to stay in his bed when asleep. Late one night the boat was approaching Helena, Arkansas; the water was low, and the crossing above the town in a very blind and tangled condition. X. had seen the crossing since E— had, and as the night was particularly drizzly, sullen, and dark, E— was considering whether he had not better have X. called to assist in running the place, when the door opened and X. walked in. Now on very dark nights, light is a deadly enemy to piloting; you are aware that if you stand in a lighted room, on such a night, you cannot see things in the street to any purpose; but if you put out the lights and stand in the gloom you can make out objects in the street pretty well. So, on very dark nights, pilots do not smoke; they allow no fire in the pilot-house stove if there is a crack which can allow the least ray to escape; they order the furnaces to be curtained with huge tarpaulins and the sky-lights to be closely blinded. Then no light whatever issues from the boat. The undefinable shape that now entered the pilot-house had Mr. X.'s voice. This said, —

“Let me take her, Mr. E—; I've seen this place since you have, and it is so crooked that I reckon I can run it myself easier than I could tell you how to do it.”

“It is kind of you, and I swear I am willing. I have n't got another drop of perspiration left in me. I have been spinning around and around the wheel like a squirrel. It is so dark I can't tell which way she is swinging till she is coming around like a whirligig.”

So E— took a seat on the bench, panting and breathless. The black phantom assumed the wheel without saying anything, steadied the waltzing steamer with a turn or two, and then stood at ease, coaxing her a little to this side and then to that, as gently and as sweetly as if the time had been noonday. When E— observed this marvel of steering, he wished he had not confessed! He stared, and wondered, and finally said, —

“Well, I thought I knew how to steer a steamboat, but that was another mistake of mine.”

X. said nothing, but went serenely on with his work. He rang for the leads; he rang to slow down the steam; he worked the boat carefully and neatly into invisible marks, then stood at the centre of the wheel and peered blandly out into the blackness, fore and aft, to verify his position; as the leads shoaled more and more, he stopped the engines entirely, and the dead silence and suspense of “drifting” followed; when the shoalest water was struck, he cracked on the steam, carried her handsomely over, and then began to work her warily into the next system of shoal marks; the same patient, heedful use of leads and engines followed, the boat slipped through without touching bottom, and entered upon the third and last intricacy of the crossing; imperceptibly she moved through the gloom, crept by inches into her marks, drifted tediously till the shoalest water was cried, and then, under a tremendous head of steam, went swinging over the reef and away into deep water and safety!

E— let his long-pent breath pour out in a great, relieving sigh, and said:

“That's the sweetest piece of piloting that was ever done on the Mississippi River! I would n't believed it could be done, if I had n't seen it.”

There was no reply, and he added: —

“Just hold her five minutes longer, partner, and let me run down and get a cup of coffee.”

A minute later E— was biting into a pie, down in the “texas,” and comforting himself with coffee. Just then the night watchman happened in, and

was about to happen out again, when he noticed E—— and exclaimed, —

“ Who is at the wheel, sir? ”

“ X. ”

“ Dart for the pilot-house, quicker than lightning! ”

The next moment both men were flying up the pilot-house companion-way, three steps at a jump! Nobody there! The great steamer was whistling down the middle of the river at her own sweet will! The watchman shot out of the place again; E—— seized the wheel, set an engine back with power, and held his breath while the boat reluctantly swung away from a “ towhead ” which she was about to knock into the middle of the Gulf of Mexico!

By and by the watchman came back and said, —

“ Did n't that lunatic tell you he was asleep, when he first came up here? ”

“ No. ”

“ Well, he was. I found him walking along on top of the railings, just as unconcerned as another man would walk a pavement; and I put him to bed; now just this minute there he was again, away astern, going through that sort of tight-rope deviltry the same as before. ”

“ Well, I think I'll stay by, next time he has one of those fits. But I hope he'll have them often. You just ought to have seen him take this boat through Helena crossing. I never saw anything so gaudy before. And if he can do such gold-leaf, kid-glove, diamond-breastpin piloting when he is sound asleep, what *could* n't he do if he was dead! ”

Mark Twain.

ACROSS THE STREET.

I DO not know if she knows
I watch her, as she comes and goes:
I wonder if she dreams of it.
Sitting and working at my rhymes,
I weave her sunny hair at times
Into my verse, or gleams of it.

Upon her window-ledge is set
A box of flowering mignonnette;
Morning and night she tends to them,
The senseless flowers, that do not care
To kiss that strand of loosened hair
As prettily she bends to them.

If I could once contrive to get
Into that box of mignonnette,
Some morning as she tends to them! —
Dear me! I see the sweet blood rise
And bloom about her cheeks and eyes
And bosom, as she bends to them!

T. B. Aldrich.

THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN OF JOHN BROWN.

IV.

THE TRUE NATURE OF HIS PLANS.

FROM the first moment of their disclosure to the public, by the midnight attack at Harper's Ferry in October, 1859, there has been a persistent mistake concerning the plans and purposes of Brown in making that attack. It was assumed at once that he struck his blow at that particular point in order to get possession of the arms stored in the national arsenal at Harper's Ferry; and although this was immediately denied by Brown, the denial was little heeded. It was next assumed that he wanted these thousands of arms in order to put them in the hands of thousands of men, whom he expected, it was said, to rally to his support, either from the North or from the South; and then the next assumption followed at once, as an inference, that he meant to excite a general insurrection of slaves, and thus bring on a servile war. This also Brown denied, again and again; but though his word was not doubted, it was hardly taken as evidence, and this fiction of his purposes having once gained currency, it seemed quite impossible to withstand it. Then came the next link in the chain of fallacies: if he was exciting a general insurrection he must have powerful supporters, who had contrived the whole conspiracy and were using Brown as their instrument in the work. This mistake at once fastened upon the public mind at the South, and in a large part of the North, and led to many of the proceedings taken in 1859-60 to inculcate leading statesmen of the North. Mr. Vallandigham, the Ohio democrat, was one of the first to declare that Brown could not have planned the campaign. Writing to the Cincinnati Gazette a week after the attack, he said:—

"Though engaged in a wicked, mad, and fanatical enterprise, Brown is the farthest possible remove from the ordi-

nary ruffian, fanatic, or madman; but his powers are rather executory than inventive, and he himself never had the depth or breadth of mind to originate and contrive the plan of insurrection which he undertook to carry out. The conspiracy was, unquestionably, far more extended than yet appears, numbering among the conspirators many more than the handful of followers who assailed Harper's Ferry, and having in the North and West, if not also in the South, as its counselors and abettors, men of intelligence, position, and wealth! Certainly, it was among the best planned and executed conspiracies that ever failed."

I suppose it is now clear, as it soon became evident to the Southern leaders in Congress, that this opinion of Vallandigham was completely unfounded. The plan of Brown was wholly his own, so far as I know, both in its general scope and in its details; nor was it known, even in a vague way, to many persons at the North. There were thousands of persons who knew that Brown meant to do what he could against slavery; there were a few hundred, perhaps, who knew that he meant to harass the slave-holders in some part of the South, with an armed force; but of those who knew with any fullness the details of his Virginia enterprise, I suppose the number never at any one time exceeded a hundred,—perhaps they were not more than fifty,—and these were scattered over the whole country from Boston to Kansas, from Maryland to Canada. Many of them were fugitive slaves; indeed, the first person, out of his own family, to whom Brown communicated his purpose seems to have been a Maryland fugitive, Thomas Thomas, who was a porter in Brown's wool-warehouse at Springfield in 1846-48. Another Maryland fugitive, a woman named Harriet Tubman, was trusted with the secret ten years later, and was engaged in recruiting soldiers for Brown's company when he made his

attack at Harper's Ferry. Probably no more than thirty or forty of the persons cognizant of the undertaking were ever assembled together, and most of them were unknown to each other and held no correspondence. Many of them, too, had derived their knowledge of what was to be done from brief hints given them by Brown, or from the statements of other persons to whom Brown had spoken. Thus there was much difference of opinion among Brown's own men as to what his plans actually were; and it was not until a few weeks before the blow was struck that the men who were with him knew they were going to Harper's Ferry. Still less was this known to his friends at a distance, who were surprised, when the outbreak came, to find Brown there instead of farther South and West. Hence the readiness with which some of them afterwards declared that they knew nothing of his Harper's Ferry plot, as certainly they did not; and, further, that they would have disapproved it, had they known it, for so they would. It was, in fact, protested against not only by Frederick Douglass, who learned it for the first time at Chambersburg, three or four weeks before the attack, but by all Brown's men, including his own sons. Edwin Coppoc said to his captors at Charlestown, "Brown wrote to me in July, 1859, to come on from Iowa to Chambersburg, where he first revealed the whole plot. The whole company was opposed to making the first demonstration at Harper's Ferry, but Captain Brown would have it his own way, and we had to obey orders." The same statement was made to me in March, 1860, by Charles Tidd, one of those who escaped with Owen Brown. Frederick Douglass, in a letter to Gerrit Smith, published in 1867, said, "Three or four weeks previous to his invasion of Harper's Ferry, Captain Brown requested me to have an interview with him at Chambersburg; and in that interview he informed me that he had determined upon that invasion, instead of carrying out his old plan of going into the mountains. He did not tell me that you knew anything of this new plan. I do

not suppose that any of his friends at the North, outside of his own family, knew of it." Very few of his friends did, in fact, know of it; and by this circumstance several of them were enabled to deny, as they did, any knowledge of his actual plans.

It was not possible for me, however, to plead any such ignorance and I therefore avoided very carefully all occasions of testifying in regard to the matter, both in the winter of 1859-60, and at one or two periods afterwards. Brown had sounded me, in 1858, as to the expediency of attacking the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, not for the sake of capturing the arms, but in order to strike terror into the South by an audacious exhibition of strength; and although he never returned to the subject, and I had forgotten the proposition, it all came back to my recollection when the attack was really made there. I then remembered how Brown spoke of capturing the arsenal as we were sitting together in his room at the American House in Boston, one day in the spring of 1858, and what arguments he used in favor of it. He said that nothing would give the country a greater opinion of his resources than the fact that he had ventured to attack a government arsenal; that he would be supposed to have a thousand men, at least, and that after such a stroke he could retire to the mountains and carry out his original plan all the more easily. Whether he used these same arguments with Douglass and his own men in 1859 I cannot say, but I have never seen any cause to believe that he meant to occupy Harper's Ferry, or to make a stand in that immediate neighborhood. As Douglass says, in the letter already cited: "For years before, Captain Brown's long-entertained plan was to go into the mountains in the slave States, and invite the slaves to flee there and stand for their freedom. His object was to make slavery unprofitable by making it insecure." Brown himself, when questioned concerning his plans at Harper's Ferry, the day after his capture, made statements quite consistent with this. Being asked if he did not expect to encounter

the Federal troops, he replied, "Not if I had followed up my plans. I intended to remain here only a few hours; but a lenient feeling towards the citizens led me to a parley with them as to compromise, and by prevarication on their part I was delayed until attacked, and then in self-defense was forced to intrench myself." When asked which way he would have marched, he replied, "I had a general idea on that point, but do not wish to be too closely questioned, lest I should say something which might compromise me hereafter. But to your inquiry I answer, I purposed a general southwest course through Virginia, varying as circumstances dictated or required." The language here is that of the reporter, and not Brown's own words; but the substance of what was said he repeated to others. When Governor Wise, accompanied by Andrew Hunter, questioned him about his designs on the day of his capture, he was particularly asked whether he meant to carry the slaves off, and "he promptly and distinctly replied," as Hunter testifies, "that such was not his purpose; he designed to put arms in their hands to defend themselves against their masters, and to maintain their position in Virginia and the South." As his strength increased, he told Governor Wise, he meant to "enlarge the area under his control, furnishing a refuge for the slaves and a rendezvous for all whites who were disposed to aid him," until eventually he should overrun the whole South.

¹ Since many have been misled by imperfectly understanding Brown's meaning in his speech to the court, November 2, 1859, it may be well to quote here his exact words, and his explanation of them to Governor Wise and Mr. Hunter some weeks after. In the beginning of his speech to the court he said, "I have all along admitted the design on my part to free the slaves. I intended certainly to have made a clean thing of that matter, as I did last winter, when I went into Missouri, and there took slaves without the snapping of a gun on either side, moved them through the country, and finally left them in Canada. I designed to have done the same thing again, on a larger scale. That was all I intended. I never did intend murder or treason, or the destruction of property, or to excite or incite slaves to rebellion, or to make insurrection." This might easily be understood to imply that he meant to take his freed slaves out of Virginia. But on the 22d of November, writing to Mr. Hunter, Brown alludes to his former statement to Governor Wise, and says, "I had given

When during his trial he said something which seemed to imply that his purpose was to carry off the slaves to Canada, as he had done the year before in Missouri, Governor Wise was struck with the inconsistency of this statement with the one previously made, and went to see Brown about it, in his cell, where the prisoner reiterated that his purpose was to free the slaves in Virginia and keep them there. He also sent for Mr. Hunter and gave him an explanation in writing of the "seeming conflict," as he calls it, between his two statements.¹

Should any doubt remain of Brown's purpose respecting the freed slaves in Virginia, my own testimony may be introduced. He explained to me in the spring of 1858 what his method of warfare would be, and it certainly did not involve the sending away of slaves to Canada, except as a last resort. His intention was, he told me, to gain possession of both slaves and masters; to hold the latter as hostages and the former for soldiers or laborers as might be best. He did not expect the colored people would all fight for him, or the white people all against him, and the particular service which he desired of me was to take charge of his white hostages, the slave-holders, and convince them in one way or another that their best course was to set free their own slaves and advise others to do the same. His band, at first small, was to intrench itself in log forts, made proof against bombs and cannon shot by being covered with earth,

Governor Wise a full and particular account of that, and when called in court I was taken wholly by surprise, as I did not expect my sentence before the others. In the hurry of the moment I forgot much that I had before intended to say, and did not consider the full bearing of what I then said. I intended to convey this idea, that it was my object to place the slaves in a condition to defend their liberties, if they would, without any bloodshed, but not that I intended to run them out of the slave States. What I said to Governor Wise was spoken with all the deliberation I was master of, and was intended for truth; and what I said in court was equally intended for truth, but required a more full explanation than I then gave."

He also in an interview with Mr. Hunter assured him that the statement originally made at Harper's Ferry was the correct one, and desired Mr. Hunter to vindicate his memory from the charge of having intended to deceive by his statement in court.

and protected against musketry and assault by timber palisades, in which a few men could maintain themselves against great odds. Provision was to be made for retreating from one of these forts to another, and for extending them, when an incursion was successful, until finally they should inclose and protect a considerable space of arable land near the mountains, which were to be his base of operations. This land was to be occupied and tilled by the colored people, only a part of whom were to be kept under arms, except in case of attack, when all, even women and children, were to have pikes put in their hands and be set to defend the fortifications. For this purpose he had a thousand pikes made in Connecticut, considering that rude and simple weapon better than more costly arms, for the use he had in mind. His own soldiers were to be armed with Sharpe's rifles, of which he had two hundred, and with pistols, of which he also had two hundred. I did not understand from him that he expected to arm more than two hundred soldiers at first; indeed, I think his chosen number was a hundred; and with this small force, skillfully handled, he hoped to be a match for all the militia that would be sent against him. His Kansas experience had made him confident on this point; and he anticipated less trouble from the United States dragoons in the Virginia mountains than on the Kansas prairies. His own forces were to act either as infantry or cavalry; and he meant to press into his service all the horses of the slaveholders that he might need. Any other property of theirs which was needed to support their slaves or his own men he meant to take without scruple, but not to burn or pillage, nor to permit bloodshed, except in battle or as retaliation for the killing of his own men when captured. His hostages were to be held partly for purposes of retaliation, but more as a means of obtaining recruits and making converts; for he would have given up each white man in exchange for a certain number of slaves, and he hoped to persuade many of them either to join him or to remain neutral. Upon

this point he has left written evidence, in a letter addressed to Theodore Parker, and sent to him (by my hand) from the American House in Boston, on Sunday afternoon, March 7, 1858. He begins his letter by apologizing for writing on the Lord's day, thus: "Since you know that I have an almost countless brood of poor, hungry chickens to 'scratch for,' you will not reproach me for scratching even on the Sabbath; at any rate, I trust God will not." Then he asks Parker to write him an address "directed to the officers and soldiers of the United States army;" and finally he says:—

"I also want a similar short address, appropriate to the peculiar circumstances, intended for all persons, old and young, male and female, slave-holding and non-slave-holding, to be sent out broadcast over the entire nation. *So by every male and female prisoner on being set at liberty, and to be read by them during confinement.* I know that men will listen and reflect, too, under such circumstances. Persons will hear your antislavery lectures, or abolition lectures, when they have become virtually slaves themselves. The impressions made on prisoners by kindness and plain-dealing (instead of barbarous and cruel treatment, such as they might give, and instead of being slaughtered like vile reptiles, as they might very naturally expect) are not only powerful but lasting. Females are susceptible of being carried away entirely by the kindness of an intrepid and magnanimous soldier, even when his bare name was a terror but the day previous."¹

This letter was written within a fortnight from the time when I met Brown in Central New York, and there first heard from him the outlines and many of the details of his plan. In this fortnight (from February 22 to March 7, 1858) I had returned to Massachusetts, and Brown had followed me at an interval of perhaps a week. Meantime I had communicated his plans, at his request, to Theodore Parker, Wentworth Higginson, and Dr. Howe, and had given Mr. Stearns some general conception of

¹ Weiss's *Life and Correspondence of Theodore Parker*, ii. 164, 165.

them. For a special reason, Captain Brown wished to make the disclosure to Mr. Stearns himself, and did so during his visit to Boston between the 4th and the 8th of March. How full this disclosure then was I cannot say, but in all our councils afterwards Mr. Stearns was a participant, and it was by him that more than half the money raised, and nearly all the arms furnished, were supplied. No other person in New England except these four was informed by me of the affair, though there were many who knew or suspected Brown's general purpose. I was given to understand by Mr. Stearns, some months afterwards, that his wife was acquainted with Brown's Virginia enterprise, but I cannot remember that I ever talked with her concerning it, until after it culminated. Mr. Parker did not communicate it to any of his family or friends, who were surprised after his death to learn how much he had known concerning it. His knowledge was, indeed, in some respects, more complete than that of either Mr. Stearns or Dr. Howe, for I remember talking with him about the proposal to attack Harper's Ferry, of which neither of the others, nor, I believe, Colonel Higginson, was informed. Parker called on Brown at the American House, in March, 1858, and met him there again in May and June of that year, after which he never saw him, though many of Brown's letters of the summer and autumn of 1858 passed through Parker's hands. In raising money for Brown's enterprise, Parker drew upon some of his friends who were in the habit of giving him money to be used at his discretion, without inquiring what became of it. He was not very sanguine of Brown's success, but he used to say, "We shall make many mistakes before we find the right way to abolish slavery; this plan may be one of them; it may fail, but it is worth trying." So, in writing to Francis Jackson from Rome, in November, 1859, Parker could well say, "Of course I was not astonished that an attempt had been made to free the slaves in a certain part of Virginia. Such things are to be expected; for they do not depend on the private will of men like Cap-

tain Brown and his associates, but on the great general causes which move all humankind to hate wrong and love right. Such 'insurrections' will continue as long as slavery lasts, and will increase both in frequency and in power, just as the people become intelligent and moral." It was in the spirit of these utterances that he had acted the year before, in counseling with Brown and raising money for his Virginia campaign.

Brown's first request in 1858 was for a fund of a thousand dollars only; with this in hand he promised to take the field either in April or May. Mr. Stearns acted as treasurer of this fund, and before the first of May nearly the whole amount had been paid in or subscribed, Stearns contributing three hundred dollars and the rest of the committee smaller sums. It soon appeared, however, that the amount named would be too small, and Brown's movements were embarrassed from lack of money before the disclosures of Forbes, in the early part of May, came to his knowledge. What Forbes did has already been briefly mentioned; but the result was such as to call for a more extended notice. I do not find among my papers the precise language of Forbes's threats, but the effect of them is visible enough in the letters before me. On the 20th of April, 1858, I had written thus to one of the secret committee:—

"I have lately had two letters from Mr. Hawkins,¹ who has just left Canada for the West, on business connected with his enterprise. He has found in Canada several good men for shepherds, and, if not embarrassed by want of means, expects to turn his flock loose about the 15th of May. He has received four hundred and ten dollars of the five hundred guaranteed him in Massachusetts, but wants more, and we must try to make up to him the other five hundred dollars. Part of it is pledged and the rest ought to be got, though with some difficulty. . . . Hawkins's address is 'Jason Brown,' under cover to John Jones, Chicago. He has gone West to

¹ This was Brown's assumed name in 1868; the next year it was "Isaac Smith."

move his furniture and bring on his hands. He has received two hundred and sixty dollars from other sources than our friends, and is raising more elsewhere, but got little in New York or Philadelphia."

On the 28th of April Brown was still at Chicago, ignorant of Forbes's treachery, and was on his way a day or two later, with a dozen or twenty "shepherds," for the "market" at Chatham in Canada, where he wrote his Massachusetts friends to meet him. But just then came a letter to me from Forbes, followed by one to Dr. Howe, threatening to make the matter public. On the 2d of May, Dr. Howe, Mr. Stearns, and myself met for consultation on the new aspect of affairs presented by these letters from Washington, where Forbes then was. Mr. Parker was also consulted on the same day, and I wrote the result to Higginson as follows:—

"It looks as if the project must, for the present, be deferred, for I find by reading Forbes's epistles to the doctor that he knows the details of the plan, and even knows (what very few do) that the doctor, Mr. Stearns, and myself are informed of it. How he got this knowledge is a mystery. He demands that Hawkins be dismissed as agent, and *himself* or some other be put in his place, threatening otherwise to make the business public. Theodore Parker and G. L. Stearns think the plan must be deferred till another year; the doctor does not think so, and I am in doubt, inclining to the opinion of the two former."

This was written on the 5th of May. On the 7th, the most important person in our counsels from outside of New England wrote me: "It seems to me that in these circumstances Brown must go no further, and so I write him. I never was convinced of the wisdom of his scheme. But as things now stand, it seems to me it would be madness to attempt to execute it. Colonel Forbes would make such an attempt a certain and most disastrous failure. I write Brown *this evening*."

On the 9th of May, Higginson wrote to Parker from Brattleboro', protesting

against delay. "I regard any postponement," he said, "as simply abandoning the project; for if we give it up now, at the command or threat of H. F., it will be the same next year. The only way is to circumvent the man somehow (if he cannot be restrained in his malice). When the thing is well started, who cares what he says?"

To this, on the 10th of May, Parker replied: "If you knew all we do about 'Colonel' Forbes, you would think differently. Can't you see the wretch in New York?" At the same time Dr. Howe wrote thus to Higginson: "T. P. will tell you about matters. They have held a different view from the one I have taken, which agrees mainly with yours. I think that the would-be traitor is now on the wrong track. I told him some truth, which he will think to be false (for he thinks evil), and he will probably be bungling about in the dark and hesitating until the period for his doing harm has passed. Forbes has disclosed what he knows to Senator Seward, or *says* he has." A few days after this, however, Dr. Howe also became satisfied that the enterprise must be postponed. I was in almost daily consultation with him, and on the 18th of May I wrote to Higginson: "Wilson as well as Hale and Seward, and God knows how many more, have heard about the plot from Forbes. To go on in the face of this is mere madness, and I place myself fully on the side of Parker, Stearns, and Dr. Howe. Mr. Stearns and the doctor will see Hawkins in New York this week, and settle matters finally."

On the 20th, Mr. Stearns was in New York, and wrote to Higginson that "we are all agreed" about the recall of the arms, "for reasons that cannot be written." On the 14th of May Mr. Stearns had written to Brown that the arms were not to be used for any other purpose than the defense of Kansas, and on the 15th Dr. Howe had written to Senator Wilson that there would be no perversion of Kansas funds to a totally different object. On the 24th of May a meeting of the secret committee was held at the Revere House, in which it was agreed

that Brown himself should go to Kansas. A few days later he came to Boston, consented to go there, and postponed his enterprise for a year, in accordance with the opinion of six out of the seven persons consulted.

Thus far I have written with the original letters of 1858 before me, and have quoted from them enough, perhaps, to convince the reader that the persons whom I have named — Parker, Howe, Higginson, and Stearns — did know in much detail the Virginia plans of Brown, though only one or two of them had heard of Harper's Ferry as a possible point of attack. In regard to one phase of the matter in 1858, the nominal withdrawal of the Kansas arms from Brown's custody, something more needs to be said, because there has been more or less of public controversy upon this point. In 1858 the State Kansas Committee of Massachusetts, though never formally dissolved, and still continuing at intervals to pass votes and write letters in its executive committee, had long been practically defunct, for the very good reason that its funds were exhausted, and there was little expectation of raising more. It had supplied the starving people of Kansas with wheat and clothing in 1857, and in order to do this had advanced money far beyond the amount raised in that year. I remember this with much dis-

tinctness because I had myself advanced two or three hundred dollars at that time; but the principal advances were made by our chairman, Mr. Stearns, whose liberality, where his heart was interested, knew no bounds but the limit of his means.¹ At the time, therefore, when his Massachusetts friends first heard of the Virginia plans of Brown, and gave them their reluctant approval, as has been mentioned, the rifles in Brown's possession, though nominally belonging to the Massachusetts Kansas Committee, were pledged to Mr. Stearns, along with the other property, for the reimbursement of his advances; and it was with his full consent, as owner, *not* as chairman of the committee, that they remained in Brown's hands for use in Virginia. But the public had never been notified that the committee had thus turned them over to its chairman, with liberty to sell them or dispose of them in any other way; and had it been disclosed to the public that they were in Brown's possession for an attack on slavery in Virginia in 1858, it would have been impossible to convince people that the committee had not acted in bad faith. It had not so acted, because the transaction by which the arms were pledged to Mr. Stearns really took place long before any of us knew of the Virginia plans, although the formal vote transferring

¹ I have forgotten how many thousand dollars he advanced in this way, but it was so many that the value of the arms in the custody of the committee was not enough to reimburse him, and it was agreed that he should not only have these as a security for his money, but should also be at liberty to reimburse himself out of the avails of promissory notes given by the Kansas farmers in payment for the wheat and other supplies furnished to them in 1857. At the time these notes were given, it was hoped that most of them would be paid, and many of them were, but I fancy very little of the money ever came into the hands of Mr. Stearns. Some of it was paid to John Brown, as the agent of the committee, in the summer and autumn of 1858, by the agents of Mr. E. B. Whitman, in whose hands most of the notes were first placed. I have before me, in Brown's handwriting, an "account of money, etc., collected of E. B. Whitman's agents on National Kansas Committee account," in which something less than two hundred dollars, mostly in small sums, is set down as received from S. L. Adair, William Partridge, William Hutchinson, and other Kansas residents, between August 21, 1858, and January 20, 1859. Mr. Whitman acted as agent both for the National Committee and for the

Massachusetts Committee, and the business had become so complicated in one way and another, that when Brown levied upon the committees' agents for moneys claimed by him under votes of the committees, it excited a lively dispute in Kansas. The Massachusetts Committee, however, stood firmly by Brown, even after its three active members (Stearns, Howe, and Sanborn) were apprised of his Virginia plans — as they were before he began to collect money on their notes in 1858. Indeed, Mr. R. P. Halliwell has quoted from a report of mine as secretary, made in September, 1858, in which, among the assets of the Massachusetts Kansas Committee, are mentioned "one hundred and ninety rifles in the hands of our agent," who was no other than John Brown. I should be glad to see the whole report published, because I fancy it is the document the executive committee drew up in order to avoid the awkward complication in which Senator Wilson's letter of May, 1858, had found them. This letter, it may be said, is still in existence, and might well be published. The original was destroyed by Dr. Howe, but the copy that was sent to Brown and had his indorsement upon it was preserved at North Elba, and, I suppose, is still extant.

them to his custody, "to meet any liabilities," may not have been passed until after March 1, 1858. But a statement of the exact facts in the case, if made after an outbreak in Virginia, would have seemed like a mere device to conceal the bad faith of the committee in allowing Brown to use the arms there. The three members of the committee who had knowledge of Brown's purposes were therefore placed by Senator Wilson's letter in a false position. If they allowed the project to proceed, they could be charged by Wilson and others with having knowingly perverted a trust to uses which those who made them trustees would never have sanctioned; and they could also have been reproached by their colleagues on the committee with having concealed from them some very important matters. In reality, everything that the committee had done was completely regular, and appropriate to the exigency of 1856-57; they had collected much money, had expended it judiciously, and had allowed a generous individual, their chairman, to place in their hands more money, for which he was willing to wait without payment until the property of the committee could be turned into cash. Then, to give him all the security in its power, the committee had made over this property to him, with no restriction as to what he should do with it. Mr. Stearns had chosen, after hearing Brown's plans in the spring of 1858, to intrust him with the further use of the arms, without calling upon the committee in any way to sanction it, because he was dealing with his own property. Yet this transaction, perfectly legitimate in itself, not having been made public, nor even communicated to the whole committee (which had not met for months), would have had a very suspicious look to the public; and it was this circumstance which really prevailed most strongly with some of the friends of Brown to have his first attack postponed. They were indifferent to the reproach of having aided him, but they could not bear the thought of being charged with diverting other people's money into his hands. I have always

understood that this weighed much with Mr. Stearns, who, as a merchant, was scrupulous of his credit in such matters; and with Dr. Howe, who, in a long experience, collecting and disbursing philanthropic contributions, had never found himself in exactly such a dilemma. Hence, although he agreed with Colonel Higginson that it was bad policy to delay the attack, he felt that it was necessary to make the postponement. As soon as possible after Brown had consented to the alternative of going to Kansas in the summer of 1858, the business of the Kansas committee was put in such shape that its responsibility for the arms in Brown's possession should no longer fetter his friends in aiding his main design.

It was very evident that Brown himself did not cheerfully consent to the change of plan. On the 14th of May, while these consultations were going on in Boston, but before the final decision was reached, he wrote from Chatham in Canada, in these words: "As it is an invariable rule with me to be governed by circumstances, or, in other words, not to do anything while I do not know what to do, none of our friends need have any fears in relation to hasty or rash steps being taken by us. As 'knowledge is (said to be) power,' we propose to become possessed of more knowledge. We have many reasons for begging our Eastern friends to keep clear of Forbes personally, unless he throws himself upon them. We have those who are thoroughly posted up to put on his track, and we humbly beg to be allowed to do so. We also beg our friends to supply us with two or three hundred dollars without delay; pledging ourselves not to act other than to secure perfect knowledge of facts in regard to what F. has really done and will do; so that we may ourselves know how we ought to act. None of us here or with you should be *hasty* or *decide* the course to be taken while under excitement. 'In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.' A good cause is *sure* to be *safe* in the hands of an all-good, all-wise, and all-powerful Director and

Father. Dear sir, please send this to the friends at Boston and at Concord at once; and in the mean time send on without delay all that Forbes may hereafter write and say, in a plain copy." A day or two after this, Brown must have received Senator Wilson's letter to Dr. Howe, which was mailed to him on the 14th of May from Boston by Mr. Stearns, accompanied by positive directions not to proceed with the Kansas rifles in the direction of Virginia. As soon as possible after this, Brown visited Boston, and while there held a conversation with the person to whom the letter just quoted was sent. A record of this conversation, made at the time (June 1, 1858), states that Brown was full of regret at the decision of the Revere House council (May 24th), at which it was determined to postpone the attack till the winter or spring of 1859, when the secret committee would raise for Brown two or three thousand dollars; "he meantime to blind Forbes by going to Kansas, and to transfer the property so as to relieve them" (the Kansas committee) "of responsibility, and they in future not to know his plans." "On probing Brown," this record goes on, "I found that he considered delay very discouraging to his thirteen men, and to those in Canada. Impossible to begin in the autumn, and he would not lose a day" (he finally said), "if he had three hundred dollars; it would not cost twenty-five dollars apiece to get his men from Ohio, and that was all he needed. The knowledge that Forbes could give of his plan would be injurious, for he wished his opponents to underrate" (overrate?) "him; but still the increased terror produced would perhaps counterbalance this, and it would not make much difference. If he had the means he would not lose a day." He complained that his Massachusetts friends were not men of action, that they were intimidated by Wilson's letter and magnified the obstacles. Still, it was essential that they should not think him reckless, he said, "and as they held the purse, he was powerless without them, having spent nearly everything received this campaign, on ac-

count of delay, — a month at Chatham, etc." The same friend who noted down this conversation learned, a few days afterwards, from Dr. Howe, that Brown left Boston on the 3d of June, or thereabout, with five hundred dollars in gold and liberty to retain all the arms, and that "he went off in good spirits."

At this time Forbes was in Philadelphia, on his way from Washington back to New York. On the 6th of June, 1858, he wrote to Colonel Higginson a long, rambling, self-conceited letter, in course of which he said: "The patent business which called me to Washington detained me longer than I anticipated; besides, certain financial difficulties threw obstacles in my way. . . . I am little disposed to trust certain letters by the U. S. mail addressed to obnoxious individuals. You can get from F. B. Sanborn and Dr. S. G. Howe a sight of my letters to them, unless Dr. H. may have thrown them behind the fire, as he said he would do if he did not like their tone, — as if he thought himself the Pope, or the autocrat of Austria, Japan, or China. I have been grossly defrauded in the name of humanity and anti-slavery. . . . I have for years labored in the antislavery cause, without wanting or thinking of a recompense. Though I have made the least possible parade of my work, it has nevertheless not been entirely without fruit; the very protest presented to the U. S. Senate and House against the Clayton clause of the organic Act, which deprived foreigners of the right of voting in Kansas, was mainly my doing. . . . I consider, therefore, that if my family were from any circumstance to be in distress, that distress ought cheerfully and effectually to be alleviated by the antislavery men of every school. . . . Patience and mild measures having failed, I reluctantly have recourse to harshness. Let them not flatter themselves that I shall eventually become weary and shall drop the subject; it is as yet quite at its beginning. The Massachusetts senators, Sumner and Wilson, wrote to Boston about it; but Howe, Lawrence, Sanborn, and associates, prefer to accumulate injury

on injury rather than acknowledge their fallibility by redressing a wrong they have committed. I am on my way to New York, but I shall stop in this city" (Philadelphia) "for three days, because I wish to see some antislavery people here. I had letters to Mr. Miller McKim, but by him I was told that I could expect nothing from the Pennsylvania wing of the antislaveryites, because my remedy lay in New England, and because funds were low and prospects gloomy, etc., etc. Of course funds *must* be low, and prospects *must* be gloomy, if antislavery men pillage the families of antislavery men, so that mutual reliance and coöperation vanish. For my own part, I will, from principle, always do whatever I may be able to do against slavery; but never will I act in connection with the rascals who have cheated me and have persecuted my family."

This fragment of a letter will be enough to show what sort of man Forbes was, and it may easily be imagined how correspondence with him was a pleasure that soon grew monotonous. Let it be remembered that the persons whom he pestered with his letters and interviews had either never seen him at all, or as an unknown adventurer; that they never made nor authorized any person to make (nor ratified after it was made) any agreement with him of any kind, and that his whole claim upon them was founded on baseless assumptions. The more one knew of him, the less one desired to know; and when he disappeared from our knowledge, as he did after this letter, nobody took much pains to learn anything more about him, except, indeed, Brown himself, who dispatched Richard Realf from Cleveland to New York about the time Forbes was returning thither from Philadelphia, say the 10th of June, 1858. The reason for sending Realf (who was a young Englishman, and Brown's "secretary of state" under the "provisional constitution") was thus given by Realf before Mason's committee of the Senate, January 21, 1860, after Brown's execution:—

"John Brown sent me to New York city for this purpose: knowing that Forbes had made these revelations of which I have spoken, and knowing, too, that it incapacitated him for the time being from prosecuting his plan, he desired me to go on to New York, [and] somehow or other procure an introduction to Forbes; and he being an Englishman and I an Englishman, he thought we might presently establish mutual good relations; that, by ingratiating myself into his esteem, I might ultimately be able to possess myself, acting for Brown, of that obnoxious correspondence held by Forbes, written by Brown to him, in which Brown had developed his plans. For that purpose I went on to New York, with the intention of securing that correspondence; . . . so that, when Forbes was called upon (as Brown supposed would be the case) to substantiate his statements, he should not have the means of doing so. . . . I did not see Colonel Forbes in New York city. I cannot recollect whether I made any attempt to see him or not."

In fact, instead of looking up Forbes, as he had undertaken to do, Realf himself slipped back to England, and from England went over to France and sailed thence to New Orleans in the spring of 1859, giving himself no further trouble about Brown or his purposes. Forbes seems to have been equally indifferent, for nothing more was heard from him until after the attack on Harper's Ferry. It is not probable, in spite of what Realf testified, that Forbes ever had possession of much written matter that could have compromised Brown; though he doubtless had knowledge enough of the details of the grand plan to thwart its execution if he had chosen to make it public, which he never did. His disclosures to Senator Wilson and others at Washington were very general in their character, and, though they had the effect of deferring Brown's attack for a year, they were not so followed up by any one as to put the secret project within the knowledge of persons to whom it had not been otherwise communicated. When Brown made his raid into Missouri eight months

after Forbes's disclosures, Senator Wilson, and no doubt others, imagined that to have been the enterprise which Forbes was trying to thwart.

Returning from this long digression to the further consideration of what the details of Brown's project were, let me here call attention to Realf's own account of them, which he professed to have made up from recollections of a speech delivered by Brown at the secret convention in Chatham, in May, 1858. It is evidently colored and exaggerated in many of its particulars by the imagination of the reporter, and at several points it is contrary to what is otherwise known of Brown's plans. But with these abatements, it may be taken as a good general outline of what Brown actually said. This is Realf's testimony:—

"John Brown, on rising, stated that for twenty or thirty years the idea had possessed him like a passion of giving liberty to the slaves; that he made a journey to England in 1851 (in which year he took to the International Exhibition in London samples of wool from Ohio) during which he made a tour upon the European continent, inspecting all fortifications, and especially all earth-work forts, which he could find, with a view of applying the knowledge thus gained, with modifications and inventions of his own, to a mountain warfare in the United States. He stated that he had read all the books upon insurrectionary warfare that he could lay his hands on: the Roman warfare, the successful opposition of the Spanish chieftains during the period when Spain was a Roman province—how with ten thousand men, divided and subdivided into small companies, acting simultaneously, yet separately, they withstood the whole consolidated power of the Roman empire through a number of years.¹ In addition to this, he

said he had become very familiar with the successful warfare waged by Schamyl, the Circassian chief, against the Russians; he had posted himself in relation to the war of Toussaint L'Ouverture; he had become thoroughly acquainted with the wars in Hayti and the islands round about; and from all these things he had drawn the conclusion,²—believing, as he stated there he did believe, and as we all (*if I may judge from myself*) believed,³ that upon the first intimation of a plan formed for the liberation of the slaves, they would immediately rise all over the Southern States. He supposed that they would come into the mountains to join him, where he purposed to work, and that, by flocking to his standard, they would enable him (making the line of mountains which cuts diagonally through Maryland and Virginia, down through the Southern States into Tennessee and Alabama, the base of his operations) to act upon the plantations on the plains lying on each side of that range of mountains; that we should be able to establish ourselves in the fastnesses; and, if any hostile action (as would be) were taken against us, either by the militia of the States or by the armies of the United States, we purposed to defeat first the militia, and next, if possible, the troops of the United States; and then organize the free blacks under this provisional constitution, which would carve out for the locality of its jurisdiction all that mountainous region in which the blacks were to be established, in which they were to be taught the useful and mechanical arts, and all the business of life. Schools were also to be established, and so on. The negroes were to be his soldiers. John Brown expected that all the free negroes in the Northern States would immediately flock to his standard;⁴ that all the

¹ The reference here is to Sertorius in the days of Pompey and Metellus Pius.

² Here Mr. Realf, pausing to take breath, solaced himself, apparently, with the rhetorical restorative called *anacoluthon*, or *non-sequitur*,—the latter part of his sentence forgetting the beginning. The conclusion that Brown really drew from these historical examples was that which Byron had expressed long before, that

"Freedom's battle, once begun,

Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

³ Speak for yourself, Mr. Realf; there is no evidence that John Brown ever believed or even hoped for any such thing.

⁴ He expected no such impossibility; but he supposed that a portion of them would do so, and especially such as had fled from the region in which he might be fighting.

slaves in the Southern States would do the same. He believed, too, that as many of the free negroes in Canada as could accompany him would do so. The slave-holders were to be taken as hostages, if they refused to let their slaves go; they were not to be killed. They were to be held as hostages for the safe treatment of any prisoners of John Brown's that might fall into the hands of hostile parties. Those non-slave-holders who would not join the organization of John Brown, but who would not oppose it, were to be protected; but those who did oppose it were to be treated as the slave-holders themselves. John Brown said that he believed a successful incursion could be made; that it could be successfully maintained; that the several slave States could be forced (from the position in which they found themselves) to recognize the freedom of those who had been slaves within the respective limits of those States; that immediately such recognitions were made, then the places of all the officers elected under this provisional constitution would become vacant."

In this last sentence Realf unquestionably understood Brown correctly, though he has in other places supplied his own words and thoughts in the place of Brown's. The forty-sixth article of the provisional constitution deals with this matter, and says: "The foregoing articles shall not be construed so as in any way to encourage the overthrow of any State government, or of the general government of the United States, and look to no dissolution of the Union, but simply to amendment and repeal." That is to say, Brown believed it possible to carry on the sort of warfare he should wage without necessarily interfering with the civil government of Virginia or of the Union, although the local functions of government might be suspended through fear, or absolutely superseded, for a time, by his own frame-work of provisional government. In this forecast of a possible struggle for emancipation, he was not so far as he might have been from the expectations of John Quincy Adams on the same subject, in 1820. When the Missouri Compromise was

under fierce debate in Congress, Mr. Adams (being then Secretary of State, and Mr. Calhoun Secretary of War to President Monroe) made this entry in his journal:¹—

"February 24, 1820. I had some conversation with Calhoun on the slave question pending in Congress. He said he did not think it would produce a dissolution of the Union, but, if it should, the South would be from necessity compelled to form an alliance, offensive and defensive, with Great Britain. I said that would be returning to the colonial state. He said, 'Yes, pretty much, but it would be forced upon them.' . . . I pressed the conversation no further, but if the dissolution of the Union should result from the slave question, it is as obvious as anything that can be foreseen of futurity, that it must shortly afterwards be followed by the universal emancipation of the slaves; . . . the destructive progress of emancipation, which, like all great religious and political reformations, is terrible in its means, though happy and glorious in its end. Slavery is the great and foul stain upon the North American Union, and it is a contemplation worthy of the most exalted soul, whether its total abolition is or is not practicable; if practicable, by what means it may be effected, and, if a choice of means be within the scope of the object, what means would accomplish it at the smallest cost of human sufferance. A dissolution, at least temporary, of the Union, as now constituted would be certainly necessary, and the dissolution must be upon a point involving the question of slavery, and no other. *The Union might then be reorganized on the fundamental principle of emancipation.* This object is vast in its compass, awful in its prospects, sublime and beautiful in its issue. *A life devoted to it would be nobly spent or sacrificed.*"

Such a life was that of John Brown. He entered upon it when, as a boy, "during the war with England," seven years before this colloquy of Adams with Calhoun, he saw his little black playmate starved and beaten, and with boy-

¹ Memoirs of John Quincy Adams, vol. iv. 530 531.

ish ardor "swore eternal war with slavery."¹ He ended it on the gallows in Virginia, and men said he "died as a fool dieth." But the method that he devised for emancipation was that which, within five years after his death, the nation adopted and carried to a successful issue. It was the method of force, and it proceeded gradually, as Brown had foreseen that it must, from State to State, and without overthrowing the general government. There was, however, what Adams had predicted, a temporary dissolution of the Union, followed by "amendment and repeal" as Brown had desired, and then by that which both Adams and Brown had longed for, a reorganization of the Union "on the fundamental principle of emancipation." Thus again in human history, as so many times before, did the divine

¹ See Brown's autobiography, in the *January Atlantic*.

paradox reassert itself, and the stone which the builders rejected became the head of the corner. Beside the Potomac, where the Founder of our Republic lived and died, crowned with honors, it was decreed that the Restorer of the Republic should also die by the hangman's hand. The work that Washington left unfinished, Brown came to complete; and Lincoln with his proclamations, Grant and Sherman with their armies, and Sumner with his constitutional amendments, did little more than follow in the path which Brown had pointed out. "Of all the men who were said to be my contemporaries," wrote a Concord poet, "it seemed to me that John Brown was the only one who had not died. I meet him at every turn. He is more alive than ever he was; he is no longer working in secret; he works in public, and in the clearest light that shines on this land."

F. B. Sanborn.

THE TWO ANGELS.

God called the nearest angels who dwell with him above:
The tenderest one was Pity, the dearest one was Love.

"Arise," he said, "my angels! a wail of woe and sin
Steals through the gates of heaven, and saddens all within.

"My harps take up the mournful strain that from a lost-world swells,
The smoke of torment clouds the light and blights the asphodels.

"Fly downward to that under world, and on its souls of pain
Let Love drop smiles like sunshine, and Pity tears like rain!"

Two faces bowed before the Throne veiled in their golden hair;
Four white wings lessened swiftly down the dark abyss of air.

The way was strange, the flight was long; at last the angels came
Where swung the lost and nether world, red-wrapped in rayless flame.

There Pity, shuddering, wept; but Love, with faith too strong for fear,
Took heart from God's almightiness and smiled a smile of cheer.

And lo! that tear of Pity quenched the flame whereon it fell,
And, with the sunshine of that smile, hope entered into hell!

Two unveiled faces full of joy looked upward to the Throne,
Four white wings folded at the feet of Him who sat thereon!

And deeper than the sound of seas, more soft than falling flake,
Amidst the hush of wing and song the Voice Eternal spake:

"Welcome, my angels! ye have brought a holier joy to heaven;
Henceforth its sweetest song shall be the song of sin forgiven!"

John G. Whittier.

CRIME AND AUTOMATISM.

WITH A NOTICE OF M. PROSPER DESPINE'S *PSYCHOLOGIE NATURELLE*.

THE occurrence among us within the last few years of crimes of singular atrocity and wanton cruelty has called the attention of many thinking persons to the condition of mind under which such acts are committed. A fellow-creature at whose deeds a whole community shudders, while he himself, even after they have been brought home to him, looks upon them with entire indifference, must have a moral nature very unlike that of ordinary human beings. Nothing is more difficult than to study such a being fairly. Instinct, Law, and Theology have all taken up their positions with reference to him.

Instinct urges the common mind to swift, certain, and extreme measures. As the serpent when he is trodden on strikes, as the man who is smitten returns the blow as if he were a machine of which the spring is suddenly released, so a popular gathering executes prompt vengeance on the doer of an atrocious deed, where law does not stand between him and the instinct of the multitude. If lynch-law knew enough to have a Latin motto for its symbol, it would be *cito, certe, save*. It listens to no argument, for it is very little more than a mere animal movement. One might as well reason with a she-bear from whom he had stolen her cubs, as with a border mob dragging a murderer to the nearest tree. "Why, what evil hath he done?"

was Pilate's very fair question to the roughs of Jerusalem. "Crucify him!" was all the answer he got. Instinct, whether we call its rulings natural justice or natural injustice, has its place, none the less, in settling the character and determining the punishment of crime. It rids society of a nuisance or subjects the offender to a cautionary discipline. It strengthens the abhorrence of crime in a community, and to some extent deters those who are ill-disposed from carrying out their inclinations. But it makes mistakes about persons, it gratifies dangerous passions in those who execute its mandates, and it has no graduated scale of punishment. *À la lanterne* is its shortest, most frequent, and very convenient formula. Civilization may hide it more or less completely under statutes and moral and religious precepts, but it lies as a struggling force beneath their repressive weight, and every now and then betrays itself in the court-room and even in the sanctuary.

Law is an implement of society which is intended for every-day work. It is a coarse tool and not a mathematical instrument. It deals with the acts of criminals and their immediate motives. Its efforts to get behind these proximate causes are not very satisfactory to those who have made a special study of the mechanism of human actions. It arraigned men formerly because the devil

had prompted them to kill their fellow-man. Not being able to hang the devil, it followed the Hudibrastic method and swung off his victims as a substitute. It does indeed recognize complete mental alienation as an excuse of forbidden acts, and heat of passion as their palliation. But while it accepts the chemist's analysis of the contents of a stomach, it cares very little for a psychologist's analysis of a criminal's mental and moral elements, unless this criminal can be shown to present the technical conditions of the state defined as insanity. Its scale of punishments is graduated in a rough way, but it has no fixed standard except the hanging point. Instinct, tradition, convenience, in various combinations and changing from age to age, settle the marks on the scale below this highest level, which itself is only conditionally fixed, and changes in different times and places, so that in some communities crime never reaches it. Of relative justice law may know something; of expediency it knows much; with absolute justice it does not concern itself.

Theology, as represented in the formulae of its councils and synods, while nominally treating of divinity, has chiefly contemplated the divine character in its relations to man, and consequently, inverting its thought, has become little more than traditional anthropology. Deriving its warrant, or claiming to, from the supreme source of law, it has transferred the whole subject of moral transgression from the region of the natural to that of the supernatural. It lent the devil to the lawyers to help out their indictments. It comes with its accepted axioms about human nature to confound the studies of the philosopher. Measuring the finite by an infinite standard, it abolishes all terms of comparison. Testing all humanity in the scholastic vacuum left by pumping out the whole moral atmosphere, it sees two souls, one freighted with the burden of fourscore guilty years, the other chargeable only with the lightest petulance of pulpy infancy, drop with the same swiftness into the abyss of boundless and endless retribution, just as the feather and the

guinea fall side by side in an exhausted bell-glass and reach the bottom at the same moment. Accepting the mechanical idea of transferable moral responsibility, it violates the plain law of homology, which declares that like must be compared with like, that virtue cannot be meted out with a yard-stick, that courage cannot be measured in a pint pot (though sometimes found in it), that a right or wrong act cannot be weighed in a grocer's balance. Theological speculation has thus climbed out of sight of the facts of human nature, to find itself

"Pinnacled dim in the intense inane,"

and the anthropologist of to-day must request it to stand aside, as the geologist of yesterday has done with the old cosmogonies.

In the face of all these obstacles, the subject of crime and the character of the criminal must be studied calmly, exhaustively, and independently of all inherited prejudices. The idols of the market, of the bench, and of the pulpit must be treated as so many stocks and stones by the naturalist who comes to the study of man as Huber gave himself to the study of bees, or Agassiz to that of tortoises. Savage instincts, barbarous usages, ancient beliefs, will all find themselves confronted with a new order of facts which has not been studied, and with new interpretations of facts which have never been hazarded.

Every novel growth of ideas has to encounter the weight of vested opinions and mortgaged prejudices. It has to face a society more or less unprepared for it; the Chinese with their fixed customs, the North American Indians with their feral natures, are not in a condition to listen to the last revelations of that multiple Messiah, modern civilization, as it speaks through its anointed races. The Pi-Utes and the Kickapoos of the wilderness are hard to reason with. But there is another tribe of irreclaimables, living in much larger wigwags and having all the look of civilized people, which is quite as intractable to the teachings of a new philosophy that upsets their ancestral totems. This is the tribe of the Pooh-Poohs, so called from the

leading expression of their vocabulary, which furnishes them a short and easy method of disposing of all novel doctrines, discoveries, and inventions of a character to interfere with their preconceived notions. They may possibly serve a useful purpose, like other barbarous and semi-barbarous human beings, by helping to keep down the too prolific family of noxious or troublesome animals—the thinking, or rather talking and writing ones. Beyond this they are of small value; and they are always retreating before the advance of knowledge, facing it, and moving backwards, still opposing the leaders and the front rank with their inextinguishable war-cry, Pooh-Pooh! But the most obstinate of them all can scarcely fail to recognize that the issues of to-day really turn on points which within easy remembrance would have hardly been considered open to discussion except in proscribed circles.

In place of the question of the deity's foreknowledge as limiting human freedom, we have under discussion the statistician's tables showing that the seeming contingencies of what we call voluntary action are so much matters of certainty that they can be confidently predicted. So many persons, of such and such ages and sexes, will, within a given district and within a given time, commit suicide by such and such methods, distributed according to their age and sex. So many children will die within the same district and period from drinking hot water out of the spouts of tea-kettles. In other words, will, like weather, obeys definite laws. The wind, be it not irreverently spoken, by no means literally bloweth where it listeth, but where it must, as certain precedent conditions have settled the question for it, and we know every morning whence it cometh and whither it goeth. No priest or soothsayer that ever lived could hold his own against Old Probabilities. The will, like the wind, is anything but free; it is so largely governed by organic conditions and surrounding circumstances that we calculate upon it as on sunrise, and all the provisions are made for its anticipated decisions, as those mi-

nute habiliments, mysterious and manifold, are got ready beforehand for an expected little stranger.

In place of the doctrine of predestination, in virtue of which certain individuals were to become or remain subjects of wrath, we are discussing organic tendencies, inborn idiosyncrasies, which, so far as they go, are purely mechanical, and are the best excuse that can be pleaded for a human being, exempting him from all moral responsibility when they reach a certain extreme degree, and exculpating him just so far as they are uncontrollable, or unenlightened by any moral sense.

We hear comparatively little of that "original sin" which made man *ex officio* a culprit and a rebel, and liable to punishment as such. But we have whole volumes on hereditary instincts of all kinds, sometimes in the direction of the worst crimes, and the more of this kind of original sin we find in a man, the more we are disposed to excuse his evil deeds.

While our catechisms are still charging man with the responsibility of "evil," including suffering and death, our textbooks are inferring from the material record of the earth's strata that it existed in the form of violence, disease, and destruction of life, long before man or beings like man existed on our planet.

In place of following or combating the theorists who consider this world as an intermediate penitentiary adjusted for the discipline of souls that have sinned in a previous state (E. Beecher), or who maintain that it was contrived beforehand to accord in its discords with "the miracle of sin" (Bushnell), we have to fight for or against the iconoclastic doctrines of the evolutionists.

In place of considering man as a creature so utterly perverted from birth that the poles of his nature must be reversed, the tendency is to look upon him rather as subject to attractions and repulsions which are to be taken advantage of in education. As he does not give himself these attractions and repulsions, but receives them through natural parentage, nor educate himself, but lies at the mercy

of his conditions, the tendency is, again, to limit the range of his moral responsibilities.

In place of debating upon the forfeits of criminals to society, philosophers and philanthropists are chiefly occupying themselves with the duties of society to criminals.

At the bottom of all the more prevalent thought of the time is the conviction that there is not enough in the history of humanity to account for the suffering which we are forced to witness, and that the hardest task of those who think and feel is that which Milton set himself —

“To justify the ways of God to man.”

All these newer modes of thought are to a large extent outgrowths of what we may call physiological psychology. The foundations of this were laid in those studies of individual character made by the phrenologists, much in the same way that the foundations of chemistry were laid by the alchemists. In the pursuit of an unattainable end, and in the midst of great hallucinations, they made those observations and discoveries which, divorced from their fancies and theories, lent themselves to the building up of a true science.

But the development of the connection of motive and determination has been, in the main, an expansion of the doctrine of reflex action. This doctrine, which started from the fact of the twitching of a decapitated frog's hind legs, has grown to such dimensions that it claims to solve some of the gravest questions in psychology, and to deal, in the face of the great endowed and incorporated beliefs, with the most serious problems of responsibility and retribution.

Following the idea of Descartes, who considered all the lower animals as only living machines, and man himself as a machine with a superadded spiritual essence, we may glance a moment at the movements of the human mechanism. Circulation, secretion, and nutrition go on in health without our consent or knowledge. The heart's action is felt occasionally, but cannot be controlled by a direct act of the will. The respiration is often perceived and partially under

the influence of the will, but for the most part unnoticed and involuntary. Passing to what we call the voluntary movements, we find that even when they obey our wishes the special actions which conspire to produce the effect wished for are neither ordered nor taken distinct cognizance of. Nothing shows this more clearly than the voice. Its tones and character, varying with the state of mind and feeling, are regulated by the nicest adjustments of a system of delicate antagonizing muscles, the very existence of which would never be suspected but for the researches of the anatomist. Sudden and sharp sensations produce involuntary movements of voluntary muscles. By a similar mechanical connection different impressions produce their corresponding emotions and ideas. These again produce other ideas and emotions by a mechanism over which we have only a partial control. We cannot always command the feelings of disgust, pity, anger, contempt, excited in us by certain presentations to our consciousness. We cannot always arrest or change the train of thoughts which is keeping us awake, however much we may long to do so. Now the observation of certain exceptional natures tends to show that a very large portion of their apparent self-determinations or voluntary actions, such as we consider that *we* should hold ourselves responsible for, are in reality nothing more nor less than reflex movements, automatic consequences of practically irresistible causes existing in the inherited organization and in preceding conditions.

It is to a comparatively recent work, which treats of these subjects from a new point of view, namely, the study of the mental and moral conditions of individual criminals, that the reader's attention is now called. The slight analysis will itself furnish the text of a running comment. It will not, of course, be inferred that the critic always agrees with or is responsible for the author's statements or opinions. Neither should the reader suppose that all the facts or opinions cited from the work are entirely original in the author. Many things, on the contrary, in this, as in every such work,

are commonplaces to all who have studied its subject.

In the year 1868, M. Prosper Despine, Doctor of Medicine, gave to the public three large volumes in which the psychology or mental mechanism of crime is studied from nature. The first volume expounds his general doctrine as to the motives of human action, and the degree to which they are ordered by the will or simply automatic. The second volume begins with the consideration of mental alienation and imbecility, and passes to the description and illustration of moral insanity and idiocy as seen in criminals. Then follow clinical observations, as they may be called, upon parricides and homicides. The third volume studies the mental and moral conditions of infanticides, suicides, incendiaries, robbers, and others belonging to the criminal class. This quasi-medical study of criminals is followed by an attempt to lay down the proper moral treatment to which they should be submitted.

M. Despine's own abstract, or his analytical headings of his chapters, would exceed the limits of this article. It will be expedient instead of following these to give a more general view of the drift and method of the book.

And first, though the author alludes to the difficulty with which new doctrines get a hearing, though he evokes the injured and somewhat weary ghosts of Copernicus and Galileo, he begins with an expression of reverential feeling. Science represents the thought of God discovered by man. By learning the natural laws he attaches effects to their first cause, the will of the Creator.

M. Despine had been struck with the absence of emotion (*sang froid*) which appears as so frequent a trait in criminals. This set him to studying their psychological history, and for that purpose he ransacked the *Gazette des Tribunaux* from the year 1825 until the time of writing, to study the cases there recorded, exactly as a physician studies a similar record of bodily diseases. Out of this clinical study came his ideas about crime and criminals, and working his way back-

wards into general psychology he arrived at the conclusions which he has unfolded in his first volume.

The instincts, or natural desires, are the great springs of human action. The perfection of man consists in the perfection of the instinctive faculties, and these again are determined by the organization of the brain, their instrument. Studying the races of mankind in succession, the author finds in each inherent and characteristic differences, which belong to it as much as its stature, color, and other outward characteristics. So in individuals, and in their different conditions relative to sex, age, state of health or disease, and other variable circumstances, he finds a wide range of diversities. A man who had always been amiable and affectionate became exceedingly irritable and quarrelsome after an attack of small-pox, and retained this character fourteen years later, when he was the subject of the observation. A profligate mentioned by Plutarch had a fall and struck his head, after which accident he became a most virtuous citizen.

In studying the criminal we wish to know how far he is such in virtue of his own free act. As the doctrine which M. Despine teaches might be misinterpreted to mean more than he intends, his own statement of his position may be here introduced: "Although I have demonstrated the very small part taken by free-will in the performance of human actions, I have not hesitated to proclaim still more emphatically that no one has more fully recognized and proved the existence of this power than myself." M. Despine cannot therefore be reproached with either atheism or fatalism.

His test of free-will, or self-determination, is the sense of effort by which a desire is overcome, and the self-approval or self-reproach which follows a right or wrong action. But desire is only overcome by the sense of duty. Where this does not intervene there is nothing to hinder the strongest desire from having its own way; there is no occasion for effort. Under these circumstances the man is as much a machine as the new-

born babe, which has no choice, but simply obeys the impulse of its desires. There is no struggle between desire and the sense of duty before the commission of a crime, and no remorse after it, in persons destitute of the moral instinct.

Nothing, then, is in the way of the selfish motive which leads to crime except some stronger selfish motive, as fear, for instance. Crime will be like our ordinary every-day acts, without moral character and without moral responsibility. A careful study of criminals shows that in a large proportion of cases they are devoid of the ordinary moral instincts; that they have no struggle beforehand except of purely selfish principles, that they have no true remorse for their guilt, and that their apparent repentance is nothing but fear of the future suffering with which they are threatened. These offenders against the laws of society are moral idiots; their "crime" is not a *sin* any more than eating or drinking or the satisfaction of any other natural desire. Our impressions about their mental conditions are mostly mere reflections of what we think would be our own feelings. Contrast the two following extracts, the first from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, the second from M. Despine.

"*Peter* in his bonds slept secure, for he knew God protected him, and *Tully* makes it an argument of *Roscius Amerinus*' innocency that he killed not his father, because he so securely slept."

"How far from the reality presented by facts to the idea which moralists and poets have formed of the criminal! 'The tiger tears his prey and sleeps; man becomes a homicide and is sleepless,' says Chateaubriand, taking for granted an impossibility, namely, that the criminal is endowed with the sentiments which make man a moral being. But the observer who studies the facts relating to the sleep of criminals has an opinion directly opposite to that of the poet. 'Nothing more nearly resembles the sleep of the just than the sleep of the assassin,' said, in 1867, Maitre Guerin, the *courrière* of the *Monde Illustré*, speaking of an individual who

after committing a horrible, premeditated murder lay down tranquilly and slumbered soundly."

"I slept sound till three o'clock, awaked, and writ these lines: —

"Come, pleasing rest, eternal slumber fall,
Seal mine, that once must seal the eyes of all;
Calm and composed my soul her journey takes,
No guilt that troubles, and no heart that aches" —

Thus wrote Eugene Aram on the night before he was hanged.

The moral sense may be paralyzed for the moment, and its voice silenced by passion. In this condition a man may do a great wrong, use the most unmeasured language, or commit the most violent acts, without any thought of their evil nature. He is completely blinded, and his conduct is involuntary, because it is not combated by his moral sense. There is no struggle in the consciousness, and without this struggle there is, the author maintains, no proper exercise of free-will. When a man in a certain extremity of passion strikes another, M. Despine would recognize no more self-determining agency in what he does than he would in the involuntary movement by which one withdraws his hand from the accidental contact with a heated iron.

M. Despine's doctrine as to the passions is a reassertion and a philosophical expansion of the epigrammatic saying of Horace, *Ira furor brevis est*: Anger — more generally, passion — is an insanity of short duration.

A man, the author says, ought to bear everything rather than do wrong. But it is not in a man's power, he adds, to bear everything; some things are too much for the forces with which nature has endowed him. We must, if we would not be unjust and cruel, allow for the existence of special moral impossibilities, which differ greatly in different individuals in virtue of the instinctive impulses peculiar to each. The existence of such moral impossibilities can only be denied by persons whose nature is such that they can know nothing of them by their own experience.

To recapitulate his leading ideas in his own language: "The sense of duty

being a necessary condition for the exercise of free-will, it becomes evident that one who does not possess the moral sense, or who has lost it for the moment in a state of passion, is deprived of free-will, of moral liberty, and is not morally responsible for his wrong-doings: if he commits any evil deeds, it is because the desire which prompts him to commit them is stronger than the innocent selfish desires which would lead him in another direction, and where selfish desires alone exist, whatever may be their character, as they are not matters of choice, the strongest always prevail over the weaker ones, by the action of a natural law."

In short, it is evident that the author substitutes mental automatic action for exercise of the will in the very cases commonly thought to involve the largest amount of responsibility, as implying the greatest amount of guilty volition. Instinct with its horror of cold-blooded, remorseless acts of cruelty, Law with its penalties roughly graduated in the ratio of the inveterate malignity of the outrage, Theology with its deadly sins in distinction from venial offences, are all squarely met with the statement, professedly derived from a careful study of the facts as shown in the history of criminals, that the most frightful crimes, committed without a sign of compunction, and leaving not a shadow of regret, are without any moral character whatever; from which it follows that the unfortunate subject of moral idiocy is just as innocently acting out the tendencies he inherits as the rattlesnake, which we hate by instinct, which we extirpate through legislation if necessary, which we take as a type of evil in our theologies, but which is just as much a poor, dependent, not ill-meaning citizen of the universe as the lamb and the dove, which are our most sacred symbols.

There is nothing absolutely new in this doctrine. Reid compared the condition of the man destitute of that inner light which gives the sense of right and wrong to that of the blind man with reference to colors. When Dr. Reid wrote, "Daltonism" had not been de-

scribed. It was not generally known that many men are from their birth unable to distinguish between certain colors, green and red for instance. So, too, when he wrote, the term "moral insanity" and the condition corresponding to it were not distinctly recognized. Careful observation has revealed the frequent existence of Daltonism, and M. Despine's book is mainly a collection of observations and studies to show that moral Daltonism, or partial mental blindness, though Instinct, Law, and Theology have generally overlooked it, is of frequent occurrence. "Blood reddens the pavement — that's all," said a would-be murderer who had just missed killing his man and regretted his failure. "Cut my head off or send me to the galleys, I don't care which; but I'm sorry I did n't kill him." To the lamp-post, shouts lynch-law; Full term of imprisonment, pronounces the Chief-Justice; Bound for perdition, exclaims the Priest. A moral idiot, says M. Despine; take him up tenderly (to the constable); treat him gently, for he is an unfortunate brother entitled to a double share of pity, as suffering under the gravest of inherited calamities.

This congenital want of moral sense shows itself very early. M. Despine quotes largely from a writer in the *Gazette des Hopitaux* on Children as Subjects of the Law. He recognizes a large class of children characterized by their physical development, to whom education seems of no use, and on whom the ordinary motives to good action are thrown away. These children constitute the infant school of crime, for out of this class come the great majority of adult criminals.

We need not follow M. Despine through the more or less detailed histories of crime and criminals. Such accounts are commonly sought for by readers fond of lively sensations, and there is enough of the exciting element to afford this vulgar interest. But while it is impossible to read about the famous criminals here mentioned without recognizing a certain melodramatic fascination in their stories, these are not told with any such aim, but

always to get at the mechanism of crime, the mental and moral conditions, so different from those of the student who is trying to analyze them, under which the criminals acted.

A few of the more obvious predisposing causes of moral insensibility may be briefly referred to. Many criminals come from families in which *insanity* prevails, in some of its common forms, and in many of them it either exists at the time the act considered as a crime was committed, or declares itself afterwards. — In the collection of casts at the Medical College in Boston is one taken from the face of a toothless old creature who died insane at La Salpêtrière, — the old woman's hospital of Paris. These were once the features of the famous Théroigne de Méricourt, "La belle Liégoise," the beautiful fury who headed the Parisian mob which brought back the Royal family from Versailles to Paris. It is probable that in cases like this a less degree of the mental perversion, which afterwards became recognized as insanity, already existed while the subject of it was only noted for violence or eccentricity of conduct.

Age is a notable factor in the production of moral obliquities. Thus incendiaryism is a specialty of young persons between the ages of ten and twenty-five years. There is no large community which cannot furnish examples of young children who had an irresistible tendency to set fire to anything that would make a good blaze. Of this state of mind M. Despine says: "The neuropathic tendency which produces the incendiary passion not infrequently gives rise to hallucinations, and these have commonly a relation to the prevailing passion. Thus the person hears voices that cry to him, Burn! Burn!" There can be little doubt that similar "neuropathic" conditions account for other obliquities of conduct chiefly observed in children and adolescents.

Sex shows itself in the extraordinary moral perversions of hysteria. In a case adjudged at Berne, in 1864, a married woman accused herself falsely, under the influence of hallucination, of lying and

theft, of infidelity to her marriage vows, and called herself the assassin of her husband.

Intoxication suspends the influence of the will, and turns the subject of it into an automaton not properly responsible for his actions, excepting when he drinks to fit himself for the execution of a criminal purpose. M. Despine gives a lamentable picture of the habits of many of his countrymen. The abuse of alcohol is a scourge growing worse all the time. In the army, according to General Trochu's report, the old soldiers have by no means the value generally attributed to them, on account of the great prevalence of drinking habits among them. *Absinthe* comes in for its denunciation. For the last ten years, says a writer whom M. Despine quotes, this strange drink has been sought after with the same passion that opium is in China. "If during the warm season one will walk along the boulevards between the hours of four and six in the afternoon, he will be surprised to see what an incalculable number of glasses of absinthe are set out on those little tables which are allowed to obstruct the sidewalk. What multitudes are to be found in this rash assembly! At this hour Paris is poisoning itself!" Drunkenness is a desperate disease, to be cured by prohibitory measures of all sorts. "Qui a bû, boira." The patient must be restrained, as he has lost the power of self-command. The most radical measures are recommended to prevent the production of alcoholic drinks. M. Despine would even limit the cultivation of the vine by law.

The author makes small account of the religious professions so common in convicted criminals. They are found for the most part to be dictated by fear of the future, and not by remorse for the crime committed. Strange instances are given of the manner in which crime sometimes goes hand in hand with devotion. In 1858 one Parang was condemned to death for robbing and murdering an old lady. His wife said, "This happened the other day, and while he was at the old woman's, I was praying to God that he might succeed in his enterprise." A

member of a band of assassins and robbers was in the habit, as a witness stated, of going down on his knees in church, and praying, like an Italian brigand, after a robbery or other misdeed.

Those who remember the "chourineur" in Eugene Sue's *Mysteries of Paris*, may find in the pages of the work before us portraits of criminals with fiercer instincts and far more malignant natures than those of the stabber of that famous story. Jarvot, who had murdered a couple of old people, said that after he had killed the wife he was no longer master of himself; "the devil pushed me on; if there had been a dozen of them, a dozen I should have killed; I did not know any longer what I was about." Here is the story of the too famous Lacenaire, a criminal with thirty different charges against him, — forgeries, robberies, assassinations; here is the frightful record of Dumollard, "l'assassin des servantes," who kept a private cemetery for his victims, as we were told in our newspapers of the time, on his own premises; sixteen young women were known to have been murdered by him; here is a long account of the examination of Charles Lemaire, a pale-faced, blond-haired young cut-throat, nineteen years old, whose regrets after a bloody deed were only that he had not killed three other persons, of whom his father was one. A very brief extract from the trial will repay the reading, shocking as it is to common humanity. It fixes for us the zero of moral sensibility, and incidentally gives us a glimpse of how they manage an examination in France, which, whether better or not, is very different from the English and American way.

The President. After your mother's death your father said to you, "You are now the only object of my affections. I will work for you as I worked for your mother." Such language must have made a strong impression on you?

The Prisoner. Not the slightest.

The President. You have not been willing to work?

The Prisoner. As much as at any time; yes, I have always been a lazy fellow.

The President. But this thing is odious that you are saying!

The Prisoner. I know that very well; I understand perfectly that if all the world was like me, it could never go on.

The President. So you understand that everybody else must work, and you do not choose to do anything?

The Prisoner. To work, one must make an exertion, and that I will not do.

The President. Your father was afraid you would poison him?

The Prisoner. He was wrong about that. I had thought of doing it, to be sure; I had even spoken of it to him; it was not the will that was wanting, but I am not much of an expert at that business.

The President. And your only regret is that you did not kill three persons in place of one?

The Prisoner. Four.

The President. You did not stop at the thought of parricide, then?

The Prisoner. On the contrary, I was happy in the idea of vengeance; I will hold to that to the last.

The President. So you keep to the same sentiments.

The Prisoner. Always; they will never change. If I had spared my father, I should have left out the principal part of the performance.

This youth, of not unprepossessing aspect, kept up his character from the first moment when he stood twirling his mustache at the bar, to the last hour when he wanted his locks smoothed down, his forehead well shown, and his back hair parted before going to execution; and he stretched his neck out for the axe as calmly as if he had been John the Baptist. — The mob stones such a wretch, or tears him in pieces, or strings him up to the next bough; the court has the gallows or the block ready for such a criminal; the priest points to the fiery *oubliette*, where God forgets his creatures, ready-heated for such a sinner; the philosopher sees in such an unfortunate a malformed human being. These monsters of crime, he will tell you, do not come into the world by

accident; they are the product of antecedent conditions. There is just as certainly something wrong in their nervous centres, — wrong proportion of parts, insufficiency here, excess there; some faulty or even diseased state, — as there is a disarrangement in the electric telegraph apparatus when it does not work well under the ordinary surrounding conditions. In most cases crime can be shown to run in the blood, as M. Despine proves by different examples. — An instance illustrating this fact was recently reported by Dr. Harris, of New York, and is briefly mentioned in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal for January 28, 1875. Finding crime and poverty out of proportion prevalent in a certain county on the upper Hudson, he looked up the genealogy of the families whose names were oftenest on the criminal records. He found that a young girl called Margaret was left adrift about seventy (?) years ago in a village of the county. Nine hundred descendants can be traced to this girl, including six generations. Two hundred of these are recorded as criminals, and a large number of the others, idiots, imbeciles, drunkards, and of otherwise degraded character. If genius and talent are inherited, as Mr. Galton has so conclusively shown; if honesty and virtue are heirlooms in certain families; if Falstaff could make King Henry know his son by a villainous trick of the eye and a foolish hanging of the nether lip, — and who that has seen two or three generations has not observed a thousand transmitted traits, villainous or other, in those all around him? — why should not deep-rooted moral defects and obliquities show themselves, as well as other qualities, in the descendants of moral monsters? Shall there be whole families with supernumerary fingers, families of “bleeders,” families with deep-dimpled chins, with single strands of prematurely white hair, and other trivial peculiarities, and shall there not be families in which it is the fatal instinct of the child, almost as soon as it can distinguish right and wrong, to say, “Evil, be thou my good?” We have a right to thank God, with the Pharisee, that we are not as some other men, but we must not forget

to ask with the Apostle, “Who maketh thee to differ from another?” We cannot add one cubit to our stature, and there is no more reason for believing that a person born without any moral sense can acquire it, than there is that a person born stone-deaf can become a musician. Its apparent absence does not prove, however, that it does not exist in some rudimentary form, and in such cases it may be developed to a certain extent, like other imperfect faculties.*

It is plain enough from M. Despine’s doctrines as to the mechanism of crime, especially in the worst cases, that he would substitute a moral hospital for a place of punishment. Moral idiocy is the greatest calamity a man can inherit, and the subjects of it deserve our deepest pity and greatest care.

A slight sketch of the programme laid down in the work before us for the treatment of criminals is all that can be here given. Its author does not consider himself at all as an idealist, working in a sphere of Utopian impossibilities. He would only extend to adults the methods which have been successfully applied on the large scale to young persons in various reform schools, especially in that of Mettray in France, the course pursued in which and the admirable results it has produced are detailed at some length. Miss Carpenter, to whom he refers, holds the same belief as M. Despine, considering adult criminals as only larger children whose regeneration society must attempt by means similar to those used with the latter. Criminals must be “moralized,” to give an English termination to M. Despine’s French word.

Of course, then, hanging is not the best use to which the criminal can be put. The author argues against capital punishment on the ground that it is unjust as applied to moral idiots, immoral considered as revenge, useless as a means of intimidation, and dangerous to society by cheapening the value of life.

The convict prisons of France (*bagnes*) are, to borrow the energetic language of Dr. Bertrand, “lazarettos which one enters ailing and comes out of pestilential.” “Vice,” says Edward Living-

ston, "is more contagious than disease."

Transportation has replaced the convict prison, but the transported criminal having had no fitting moral treatment, and being in constant relation with persons of evil disposition, comes back as bad as or worse than he went away.

Solitary imprisonment injures the subject of it in mind and character, unfits him for resuming his relations with the community when he is discharged, and leads to insanity and to suicide.

All too severe penalties are less likely to be inflicted than if they were more moderate, because the juries will try to fasten on some doubt so as to avoid their infliction. Magistrates are liable to grow cruel by the mere effect of habitually sentencing criminals. The old author of the *Antiquities of Paris* says that the origin of the criminal chamber of the parliament, called the *Tournelle*, explains its name, which was given because the counsellors served in rotation, three months at a time; perhaps, as he suggests, for the reason that the habit of condemning men to death was liable to render them hard-hearted and inhuman. It used to be thought that a certain magistrate in this community had become too used to flaying his eels, so to speak, and that he had grown somewhat too indifferent to the suffering he inflicted in the form of a sentence, though a kind-hearted body enough by nature.

We are to have done with gibbets and fetters, then, for the most desperate offenders, and are to substitute moral hospitals. We are to give up the idea of punishment for these unfortunates, and institute proper methods of palliative and curative treatment. If restraint is used it is only as the strait-jacket is employed to keep a maniac from doing mischief; if pain is inflicted, it is only as a blister or a moxa is applied to a patient. M. Despine borrows a lesson from our famous countryman, Rarey, whose treatment of horses was founded on a patient study of equine psychology. How much may be learned from studying the mental and moral characters and developments of children, and of the lower an-

imals, we hardly know as yet, but it would not be very rash to predict that another generation will see great volumes on *Comparative Psychology and Psychological Embryology*.

It may seem rather singular to many readers, that while the most frightful acts are considered as proofs of innocence, that is, of moral idiocy, and to be treated as disease, not vindictively, offences less grave in aspect are to be visited with penalties proportioned in kind and degree to their character. The whole question is how far there was an act of self-determination. If the person committing homicide, for instance, was destitute of moral instincts, as shown by his killing wholesale, without compunction, without remorse, with every kind of barbarity; if he were in a violent passion at the time; if he were drunk, not having got drunk on purpose: he was an automaton that did mischief, to be sure, but was no more to blame for the particular acts in question than a locomotive that runs off the track is to blame for the destruction it works. If, on the other hand, the criminal who had committed a less aggravated offence gave evidence that he had a consciousness he was doing wrong, and if there was no proof that he was blinded by passion or drink, he should undergo a moderate punishment to give him a salutary lesson and to deter others from doing like him.

In short, the man who commits the most atrocious and multiplied enormities seems to be looked upon by M. Despine as in a state of moral *mania*; and no superintendent of an insane asylum would consider the worst acts a patient suffering from mania could commit as so fitly calling for the employment of discipline, as a slight offence committed by a patient who, though not perfectly sane, knew better than to do what he had done.

The preventive treatment of crime is considered at length, but inasmuch as this includes pretty nearly every civilizing agency, and the elimination of pretty nearly every social wrong, it may be very briefly disposed of here. It involves the moral education of the people, — removing, combating, and suppressing

all the causes of moral degradation, such as poverty, luxury, popular excitements, drunkenness, the contagion of bad passions, and restraining the publication of criminal trials and of debasing literature. Persons shown to be dangerous should be shut up, it is maintained, before they have a chance to repeat their acts of violence or other wrong.

This is a very suggestive hint. Do we not see, in certain well-known localities of our own city, gamblers and other sharpers, well known as such, lying in wait day after day for their victims, undisturbed by the very officers who from time to time parade the story of their breaking into apartments and capturing farotables, "chips," and similar implements of rascality in the dens at the doors of which these rogues watch for their prey? and is there no way of dealing with them as the poor evening strollers are dealt with from time to time on the strength of their well-known characters and occupation? Have not some of our great cities gangs of burglars whose business is as publicly notorious as any calling that is not advertised in the papers? and must the law wait until they have robbed or killed some new victim before it undertakes to meddle with them? Honest-minded people may well ask why these dangerous persons should not be dealt with as summarily as harmless drunkards and homeless vagrants. Moral treatment might possibly do something for them, and even if it took the form of discipline, it might not hurt them. At any rate the community would be better protected, and the shameful insult of allowing these notorious rogues to have their regular stands, like the apple and orange women, would be spared to our citizens. A little something of the Turkish Cadi's methods infused into our city police management would be very refreshing.

A principal object of this article is to call attention to the questions discussed in the very curious and remarkable work of M. Despine, and to the book itself as one which cannot fail to interest any one who will take it up, whether he agrees with its somewhat startling propositions or not. The psychologist will be at-

tracted by its studies of the working of motives in the minds of criminals; the philanthropist will find confirmation of many of his cherished beliefs; the magistrate may learn something which will cause him to think more leniently of the unhappy creatures whom he is compelled to sentence; the divine may be led to reconsider his traditional formula of human nature. How far the practical measures recommended may prove generally applicable is another matter. They can be met at every step by the most obvious objections. Yet that they are founded in essential justice and true humanity towards the criminal, very many will be ready to grant. What society in its present imperfect condition cares most for is the cheapest and surest protection against the effects of crime, not the moral education which is expected to prevent the formation of the criminal character, or the remedial measures which are to restore the criminal to moral sanity. That the movement of reform should be in this last direction is plain enough, but even M. Despine himself does not look forward to the time when sin and crime shall be educated out of the community. The millennium is a delightful vision, but our imaginations can hardly make it real to us when we see what men are as we know them at present. The evil-doers as well as the poor we have always with us. We cannot help smiling at the sanguine hopes of those simple-hearted reformers who look forward to the time when ginger will not be hot in the mouth; when there shall be cakes but no ale;

When the roughs, as we call them, grown loving and dutiful,

Shall worship the true and the pure and the beautiful,

And, preying no longer as tiger and vulture do,
All read The Atlantic as persons of culture do.

What we are doing now is only getting ready for the twentieth century, and this book is full of suggestions of great social changes involving new duties which will call for the self-devotion of a yet unborn generation of brothers and sisters of charity.

Independently of all the instruction the psychologist will derive from this most

interesting work, of the practical lessons it suggests or enforces, the reader who is in search of mere entertainment will find enough to keep him in good humor. There is always a peculiar delight in reading a book written in a foreign language, if we are tolerably familiar with that language. Effects of style which a native would never dream of, add to the value of whatever merit there is in what we are reading. An idea worded in our own tongue is like silver on silver; the same idea reaching us through an alien idiom is like zinc on silver, — the contact produces a kind of galvanic effect. Besides, a Frenchman always amuses an English-speaking reader, with his dramatic way of putting things, no matter what he is talking about. He cannot give an account of his mother's funeral without provoking an Anglo-Saxon's smile. One sentence must be quoted here in the original; it illustrates this sub-ridiculous impression made at a serious moment, — the incendiary was imprisoned for life, — and conveys at the same time in a neat and compendious form the leading doctrine of the work and the comment of "common-sense" as represented by one of the great tribe of the Pooh-Poohs: —

"*Le Président.* Vous prétendez que la multiplicité des incendies est une preuve de la folie. En vérité, les bras me tombent! Il suffira donc de commettre six incendies pour être considéré comme un monomane, et vingt pour être inviolable et sacré!"

We learn, too, the most wonderful things about ourselves in a Frenchman's books. Some years ago *feu* Monsieur Trousseau, the famous Parisian doctor, told the audience which listened to one of his lectures that if a milliner left the boulevards for Broadway, in six weeks after she had opened her shop the bonnets she made would frighten a Choctaw. M. Despine tells us we have in this country adherents of the sect of Adamites, a religious body which dispenses with all the disguises in the way of clothing which have been contrived since the days of innocence. This could hardly be as far north as New England. Possibly he may refer to New York, where, as we know

on the excellent authority of Mr. William Allen Butler, some of the persons who live in the most showy quarters of the city are so destitute that they literally have nothing to wear. M. Despine quotes Mittermaier as saying that an incendiary was hung in Boston in 1846, the first for a long time, that incendiary fires became more frequent after that in the city and its neighborhood, and that an inquiry instituted by the government showed that all the incendiaries were present at the execution referred to. Two incendiaries, Russell and Crockett, were hung in Boston in 1836, and it has commonly been said that there were no more incendiary fires for a long time afterwards. The ingenuity of French writers in twisting English names and words into fanciful shapes is a never-failing source of pleasure in reading any of their books which give them a chance to do it. If they can get the letters wrong they will. Thus we are introduced by M. Despine to Miss Marry Carpenter and Mr. Edgard Pœ, and recognize a well-known arrangement for affording healthful, useful, but involuntary exercise and amusement to convicts as *Le Thredmill*. Altogether one can find a good deal of entertainment in a book written with a very startling theory as its basis and a very important practical purpose as its chief end. Many who take it up with no higher aim than entertainment may find in its pages reasons for reconsidering their long-cherished views of human nature, the springs of human action, and the claims of those who have been considered as self-elected outcasts to commiseration, even while a social order in which justice is practically impossible treats them according to the law of expediency as locally and temporarily interpreted.

Some books are edifices to stand as they are built; some are hewn stones ready to form a part of future edifices; some are quarries from which stones are to be split for shaping and after use. This book is a quarry of facts; it furnishes many well-shaped inferences and conclusions; and some of these are so put together that they may be considered as forming a threshold if not a perch

for that fair temple of justice which we may hope is yet to be constructed.

There is a considerable literature relating to the subject of prison reform, to which only a brief reference need be made in this connection, as the object of the paper before the reader is rather to open for him the question of the true moral condition of criminals as responsible beings in the light of an individual study of their mental conditions, than to deal with the practical matters which can only be properly handled by men of trained experience who devote themselves expressly to their consideration.

The very intelligent and interesting reports and communications of Mr. F. B. Sanborn, of Massachusetts, as Secretary of the Board of State Charities and as member of the Social Science Association, are full of information with reference to the reformatory methods which have been on trial, more especially during the last twenty years. Of these, the Irish system, so called, the invention of Captain Maconochie, carried out to some extent in Great Britain by Sir Walter Crofton, is the one most promising of lasting results. To state its principal features in a single sentence, it proceeds on the idea that no man is utterly incorrigible, or at least that no man is to be dealt with on that supposition, until proper efforts have been made to reclaim him; that hope and not fear is the chief motive to be addressed to the criminal; it makes provision that while he brings upon himself, by his crime, consequences which prove a very severe discipline, he can yet by his own effort obtain their gradual and progressive alleviation, shortening of the term of imprisonment, relaxation of the most trying parts of the discipline, and in due time promotion to what is called an intermediate prison, followed, where there is sufficient evidence of reformation of character and habits, by a conditional discharge, the restored patient, if we may call him so, still remaining under the general superintendence of the moral health-officer commonly known as policeman.

This Irish system is, our secretary says, "common-sense applied to convicts." It is really an attempt to extend to moral unsoundness, which, as we have seen, often has many of the characters of congenital imperfection, the reform which Pinel introduced into the treatment of common insanity.

To see what can be done with boys and adolescents it is only necessary to refer to M. Bonneville de Marsangy's most interesting account of the *Colonie Pénitentiaire* of Mettray. Allowing for the dramatic element which is born with the gesticulating Frenchman, and comes out in his rhetoric, the results claimed for that institution are extraordinary. The account given by M. Demetz of the "*Maison Paternelle*," where children from families of good condition who have proved refractory to domestic influences, young reprobates dyed in the wool with perversity, are taken into a kind of moral bleachery and come out white as lambs, is still more surprising in the results alleged to have been obtained.

The motives which have proved so efficient with young persons have been relied on by the two reformers to whom the Irish system is due, in the case of adults, and the best effects have followed their substitution for harsher measures. "The prevention of crime and the reformation of the criminal," says Mr. Sanborn, "are the great objects of prison discipline, and any system which does not secure these is costly at any price." But we must remember Lord Stanley's saying that "the reformation of men can never become a mechanical process." Those who look into the methods which have proved successful will see that they are the same by which savages and barbarians are reclaimed, so far as that is ever effected, namely, the personal efforts of self-devoted individuals. A system may be perfect, but if it is not administered by sincere and faithful agents, it is of little use.

It need not be supposed that those who take the views of criminal psychology of which M. Despine may be considered the extreme advocate are always in favor of that emollient treatment of crime, of

the influence of which Coleridge gives an eloquent and slightly absurd portraiture in his tragedy of *Remorse*. The guilty creature whom "our pampered mountebanks" (my lord chief justice and other functionaries) have shut up in a dungeon is wrought upon by the influences of nature, — her

"sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets,
(Her) melodies of woods and winds and waters,
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy;
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
His angry spirit healed and harmonized
By the benignant touch of love and beauty."

Such hopeful and florid anticipations indulged with reference to a criminal like Mrs. Brownrigg —

"Dost thou ask her crime?
She whipped two female 'prentices to death
And hid them in the coal-hole" —

might well provoke the satire of the author of the *Needy Knife-Grinder* and the laugh of the readers of the *Anti-Jacobin*.

But it is not every reformer who would confine society to "secondary punishments," excluding capital ones, and it is not a necessary consequence of "physiological" views of the criminal nature, that sharp discipline shall not be applied to it. M. Bonneville de Marsangy, an old and experienced judge, whose work on the amelioration of the criminal law is of very high authority with prison reformers, says, with reference to the case of Dumollard, and M. Victor Hugo's plea against capital punishment, "I add that if, having to pronounce against one of those abominable attempts which shock the feelings of the public, the jury, guided by false notions of philanthropy, should at the present time reject the death penalty, it would in so doing thrust back all civilization; for in annulling the supreme guaranty of public security, it would infallibly restore the era of private revenges, and with these all the bloody and horrible reprisals of barbarous ages." It seems a little singular to find a magistrate writing in behalf of the criminal, recognizing not the less the claims of instinct even in the form of lynch-law. Insanity itself is not necessarily a sufficient reason against disci-

pline, and it is the esoteric opinion of a celebrated expert that a whipping may, under certain circumstances, be very useful to a patient who is not in full possession of his reason. Captain Maconochie, the father of the Irish system, does not condemn punishment, as such, but believes it indispensable. It is not, however, to be administered as a vindictive measure, but as a benevolent means, having reform for its object. His men at Norfolk Island, where the experiment was first instituted, had to endure the legal penalties of imprisonment and hard labor, in the fullest sense of the words, as a retribution of their misdoings. Mr. Sanborn believes that habitual criminals should be sentenced for much longer periods than they commonly are, — twice and even three times as long. Obviously these reformers are not fanatics; they are not ultraists and Utopians; they have striking results to show, and the objections and obstacles they have to encounter are such as the advanced guard of every onward movement of society must expect to encounter.

In looking over this whole subject we must remember that anthropology is in its infancy, in spite of the heaven-descended precept of antiquity and the copy-book pentameter line of Pope. Instinct still moves in us as it did in Cain and those relatives of his who he was afraid would lynch him. Law comes to us from a set of marauders who cased themselves in iron, and the possessions they had won by conquest in edicts as little human in their features as the barred visors that covered their faces. Poor fantastic Dr. Robert Knox was still groaning in 1850 over the battle of Hastings; not quite ineptly, it may be. Our most widely accepted theologies owe their dogmas to a few majority votes passed by men who would have hanged our grandmothers as witches and burned our ministers as heretics.

Insanity was *possession* in times well remembered. Malformed births, "monsters," as they were called, frightened our New England fathers almost as much as comets, the legitimate origin and

harmless character of which eccentric but well-meaning citizens of the universe had to be defended against learned and excellent John Prince, the minister of the Old South, by Professor Pierce's predecessor at the fifth remove in the Chair of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy of Harvard University. Abbas (probably Haly Abbas, the great physician), says Haller, came very near being thrown away, at his birth, as a monster. By and by came the nineteenth century, and Geoffroy-Saint-Hilaire's treatise on Teratology, which did for malformations what Cuvier's *Ossements Fossiles* did for the *lusus naturæ*, as fossil organic remains were called by the old observers of curious natural phenomena.

Just in the same way moral anomalies must be studied. "Psychology," says M. Ribot (*Heredity*, Translation, London, 1875), "like physiology, has its rare cases, but unfortunately not so much trouble has been taken to note and describe them. — There are some purely moral states which are met with in a certain class of criminals — murderers, robbers, and incendiaries — which, if we renounce all prejudices and preconceived opinions, can only be regarded as physiological accidents, more painful and not less incurable than those of deaf-muteness and blindness. — These creatures, as Dr. Lucas says, partake only of the form of man; there is in their blood somewhat of the tiger and of the brute: they are innocently criminal, and sometimes are capable of every crime." The writer of this article may perhaps be pardoned for saying that he published in this magazine for the year 1860 a tale which he has never forgiven one of his still cherished and charming friends for calling "a medicated novel," the aim of which was to illustrate this same innocently criminal automatism with the irresponsibility it implies, by the supposed mechanical introduction before birth of an ophidian element into the blood of a human being.

How different are the views brought before the reader in this paper, as regards the range of the human will and the degree of human accountability, from

those taught by the larger number of the persons to whom we are expected to look for guidance, is plain enough. They may dispute the dogma "*omnis peccans est ignorans*," if they will, but they cannot efface the prayer "forgive them, for they know not what they do," which recognizes moral blindness, nor the petition "lead us not into temptation," which recognizes moral infirmity. Moral psychology does no more for the criminal than to furnish a comprehensive commentary on these two texts. If we cannot help feeling more and more that it is God who worketh in us to will and to do, by the blood we inherit and the nurture we receive; nay, even if the destructive analysis of our new schoolmen threatens to distil away all we once called self-determination and free-will, leaving only a *caput mortuum* of animal substance and "strongest motive," we need not be greatly alarmed.

For the belief in a power of self-determination, and the idea of possible future remorse connected with it, will still remain with all but the moral incapables, — and the metaphysicians, — and this belief can be effectively appealed to and will furnish a "strongest motive" readily enough in a great proportion of cases. In practice we must borrow a lesson from martial law. A sentry does not go to sleep at his post, because he knows he will be shot if he does. Society must present such motives of fear to the criminally disposed as are most effective in the long run for its protection. Its next duty is to the offender, who has his rights, were these only to be hanged with a rope strong enough to hold his weight, by an artist who understands his business. A criminal, as we now contemplate him, may deserve our deepest pity and tenderest care as much as if he were the tenant of a hospital or an asylum instead of a prison. And in the infliction of the gravest penalties it must not be taken for granted that while we are punishing "crime" we are punishing *sin*, for if this last were in court the prisoner might not rarely sit in judgment on the magistrate.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

WILLIAM BLAKE.¹

IN Mr. W. M. Rossetti's edition of William Blake's lyrical and miscellaneous poems, and Blake's Illustrations of the Book of Job, with notes and an introductory essay by Mr. Charles E. Norton, we have two books which cannot fail to make the reading public more familiar with the works of one of the most noteworthy of English poets and artists. It is a great merit of these two volumes that they give us Blake unaltered, in one case returning to the original text of the poems as they left the author's hand; while as to the designs, the heliotype process comes nearest of all methods to faithfully reproducing the artist's wonderful engravings. In Gilchrist's Life of Blake, Mr. D. G. Rossetti had made certain changes in the poems here and there, correcting faults of grammar, and smoothing occasional rugged lines, always in such a way, to be sure, as to make them more impressive; but his brother did not feel justified in reprinting these alterations in what pretended to be an accurate edition of Blake's poems. Fully to understand a poet the reader should have his writings unmodified by even the most obvious improvements.

As we have said, Mr. W. M. Rossetti's edition is an exact reprint of the original poems, and with the exception of three pieces, omitted on the ground of copyright, it is complete. The three not included are two slight songs, entitled respectively *By a Shepherd* and *By an Old Shepherd*, and another, far less interesting, called *Long John Brown* and *Little Mary Bell*.

The first runs as follows:—

"Welcome, stranger, to this place,
Where joy doth sit on every bough,
Paleness flies from every face;
We reap not what we do not sow.

¹ *The Poetical Works of William Blake, Lyrical and Miscellaneous*. Edited, with a Prefatory Memoir, by WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI. Boston: Roberts Brothers 1875.

"Innocence doth like a rose
Bloom on every maiden's cheek;
Honor twines around her brows,
The jewel health adorns her neck."

The second is this:—

"When silver snow decks Sylvic's clothes,
And jewel hangs at shepherd's nose,
We can abide life's pelting storm,
That makes our limbs quake, if our hearts be warm.

"While Virtue is our walking-staff,
And Truth a lantern to our path,
We can abide life's pelting storm,
That makes our limbs quake, if our hearts be warm.

"Blow, boisterous wind; stern Winter, frown;
Innocence is a Winter's gown.
So clad, we'll abide life's pelting storm,
That makes our limbs quake, if our hearts be warm."

Neither of these pieces stands among the best that Blake wrote; of the third perhaps a single stanza will suffice. We give that which opens the poem:—

"Little Mary Bell had a fairy in a nut,
Long John Brown had the devil in his gut;
Long John Brown loved little Mary Bell,
And the fairy drew the devil into the nutshell."

He is a bold admirer of Blake who mourns the absence of this poem. Almost everything of his that the reader will care to see can be found in this edition.

Mr. Rossetti's prefatory memoir is full and intelligent. It contains a complete account of Blake's life, and some discussion of such questions as his sanity, the nature of the visions he saw, the merit of his designs and poems, etc. Mr. Gilchrist, in his valuable *Life of Blake*, it will be remembered, denied that Blake was a madman. But Mr. Rossetti, with what seems more fairness, is inclined to hold the contrary opinion. Biographers so often assume the part of advocate that an admission of this sort might appear at first sight to carry more condemnation than is designed. Mr. Rossetti explicit-

William Blake's Illustrations of the Book of Job. With Descriptive Letter-press, and a Sketch of the Artist's Life and Works. By CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

ly disowns any malevolence in this statement: "For my own part," he says, "with the deepest reverence for Blake, the keenest enjoyment of a great deal of his work, and an inclination to accept the rest of it as in some way or other justifiable to the author's intellect, and responsive to and representative of his large conceptions and deep meanings, I must nevertheless avow that I think there was something in his mind not exactly sane." And again: "I cannot pretend to furnish — what has baffled many persons incomparably more qualified than myself for such a task — a fair definition of the term 'madness;' but when I find a man pouring forth conceptions and images for which he professes himself not responsible, and which are in themselves in the highest degree remote, nebulous, and intangible, and putting some of these moreover into words wherein congruent sequence and significance of expression or of analogy are not to be traced, then I cannot resist a strong presumption that that man was in some true sense of the word mad."

This is the opinion with which we think most of those who read any account of Blake's life will readily agree. The folly of calling him merely a madman, however, cannot be too severely condemned. Indeed, much that he wrote may serve as his best defense against so partial a judgment. Mr. Norton's statement of the case is even more favorable; he says, "Blake was a most childlike man, — childlike in simplicity and faith; childlike even to childishness, as mystics are apt to be, in the indulgence of wayward moods, and in the defect of the sense of proportion between individual conceits and the wisdom of mankind." This certainly can content us; a harsher judgment might be approved of, but the whole question is not of the greatest importance; what more nearly concerns us is the merit of Blake's work.

How well Blake could write may be seen by any one who will open Mr. Rossetti's collection of his lyrics and miscellaneous pieces. When the reader remembers the lamentable condition of English poetry at the time most of these

poems were written, he will be amazed at the simplicity and loveliness of Blake's verse. However slighting our opinion may be of the taste of our grandfathers, it can hardly exaggerate the feebleness of most of the verse-makers of the period. Pope's trick of rhyming had at last come nearly to its cloying end. Darwin's Botanic Garden is perhaps not an unfair specimen of the pompous mediocrity which assumed to be poetry, and had for a long time been read and admired. Cowper's earliest poems, the signal of a change, were published in 1782, the year before Blake's first venture, *The Poetical Sketches*, appeared. It was very long since there had been heard such words as these in the poem *To the Muses*, which stood in that volume: —

"Whether on Ida's shady brow,
Or in the chambers of the East,
The chambers of the Sun, that now
From ancient melody have ceased;

"Whether in heaven ye wander fair,
Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air,
Where the melodious winds have birth;

"Whether on crystal rocks ye rove,
Beneath the bosom of the sea,
Wandering in many a coral grove;
Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry,

"How have you left the ancient love
That bards of old enjoyed in you!
The languid strings do scarcely move,
The sound is forced, the notes are few!"

At the time these lines were written Blake was not over twenty years old. He was the son of poor parents who had been able to give him only the barest rudiments of education, but when he had once learned to read and write, he devoted himself zealously to the study of early models. Even if there were not direct testimony to the truth of this statement, it could not be doubted after reading some of the poems which contain echoes of the lyrics of the old dramatists. Such, for example, is the following: —

"My silks and fine array,
My smiles and languished air,
By love are driven away;
And mournful, lean Despair
Brings me yew to deck my grave.
Such end true lovers have.

" His face is fair as heaven
When springing buds unfold;
Oh why to him was't given,
Whose heart is wintry cold?
His breast is love's all-worshipped tomb,
Where all love's pilgrims come.

" Bring me an ax and spade,
Bring me a winding-sheet;
When I my grave have made,
Let winds and tempests beat:
Then down I'll lie, as cold as clay.
True love doth pass away!"

It is hardly too great praise to say of this that it is almost a fit pendant to the song from *Twelfth Night*:—

" Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;"

or to the song from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid's Tragedy*:—

" Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear,
Say I died true.

" My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth;
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth."

The melody, the pathos, the artistic and unaffected expression, are all in Blake's lines as truly as in those of his great masters. Even without regarding the age of the writer, and the aridity of the period in which he was living, it is impossible not to call such poems as this and the *Address to the Muses*, quoted above, simply marvelous productions. In none of his later poems did Blake excel the best of the *Poetical Sketches*. In some there are to be found indications of boyishness and crudity, but others need no apology; the two already given are perhaps the most favorable specimens. Another, almost as good, is this song:—

" Memory, hither come,
And tune your merry notes:
And, while upon the wind
Your music floats,
I'll pore upon the stream
Where sighing lovers dream,
And fish for fancies as they pass
Within the watery glass.

" I'll drink of the clear stream,
And hear the linnet's song,
And there I'll lie and dream
The day along:
And when night comes, I'll go
To places fit for woe,
Walking along the darkened valley
With silent Melancholy."

In every one of these poems one cannot help noticing, besides the graceful melody, the simplicity and the appropriateness of the epithets employed. He is especially fond of the adjectives *sweet* and *golden*, yet they never cloy the ear. Blake is rich in words, but, in these simpler poems at least, never extravagant with them. Here is another charming one, said to have been written when he was but fourteen years old:—

" How sweet I roamed from field to field,
And tasted all the summer's pride,
Till I the Prince of Love beheld,
Who in the sunny beams did glide

" He showed me lilies for my hair,
And blushing roses for my brow;
He led me through his gardens fair
Where all his golden pleasures grow

" With sweet May-dews my wings were wet,
And Phoebus fired my vocal rage;
He caught me in his silken net,
And shut me in his golden cage.

" He loves to sit and hear me sing,
Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;
Then stretches out my golden wing,
And mocks my loss of liberty."

Perhaps no poet since Blake has so well understood how to write songs and lyrics. In his best pieces he has the rare art of the true poet which enables him to exclude words as mere ornament, while at the same time he is far from being indifferent to their real value in expression. There are those who find traces of artifice even in Tennyson, while generally in his followers there is but little else. Indeed, the modern fashion of picking out epithets from a poem, serving them up for approbation, and letting their neatness and singularity stand instead of the truer poetic value,—making a scrap suffice for the whole pattern,—tends to encourage in poets the sacrifice of the substance to the form, and in readers too great readiness to rest satisfied with an agreeable titillation of the ear. With Blake's delicious melody and simplicity of language, there is no trace of effort; he never seems struggling for the right word, for a happy epithet; he was a poet because the thought and its expression came to him. When in reading him a line particularly strikes us, it is either by the beauty and

accuracy of the expression, as in the poem to the Evening Star, —

“Speak silence with thy glimmering eyes,
And wash the dusk with silver,”

or, in addition, by the grace of the melody, as, —

“Ah, sunflower, weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the sun;
Seeking after that sweet, golden clime
Where the traveler's journey is done;”

never by the cheaper attraction of a mere ingenious word. There is to be found in Blake a charm which it is hard to describe. It is the exaltation of simple words into memorable lines, producing an effect like that which we are conscious of in a few notes of a great musician, or a few lines drawn by a great artist; it is, in short, the mark of genius. In English poetry the best examples of this quality, — which attracts immediately the reader's attention, while it eludes analysis, — are to be found in the lyrics of the Elizabethan dramatists, as, for example, the bridal song from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinsmen*: —

“Roses, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,
But in their hue,” etc.

It is felt notably in many of Shakespeare's songs, and, among later poets, there can be found in Shelley and Landor passages which either sing or recite themselves, as if they were written to the finest music, delighting the ear and haunting the memory. In Goethe there is the same charm of melody, which lies in a few simple words chosen and arranged by a master. Every reader of German can be trusted to recall many examples.

The quotations made from Blake show that it is not merely in what some may slightly call this mechanical merit that his poems excel. In the *Songs of Innocence* (1789) we find added a new element, that of tender sympathy with children and with joyous innocent life. The Little Black Boy, The Chimney Sweeper, which Lamb admired, Night, and On Another's Sorrow, are examples of this to which the reader can be referred without need of quotation. In the *Songs of Experience* (1794), there are frequent traces of the mysticism which

marked so much of Blake's later writing. In many poems this tendency showed itself by a disposition to use an allegorical form such as is frequently employed by Goethe. A good example is the poem entitled *My Pretty Rose-Tree*: —

“A flower was offered to me,
Such a flower as May never bore;
But I said, ‘I've a pretty rose-tree,’
And I passed the sweet flower o'er.

“Then I went to my pretty rose-tree
To tend her by day and by night,
But my rose turned away with jealousy,
And her thorns were my only delight.”

This certainly bears a close resemblance to Goethe's *Gefunden*, in the nature of the subject treated, as well as in the employment of allegory, and indeed of very similar allegorical expression: —

“Ich ging im Walde
So für mich hin,
Und nichts zu suchen
Das war mein Sinn.

“Im Schatten sah ich
Ein Blümchen stehn,” etc.

Other similar songs of Blake's are *The Wild Flower's Song* and *In a Myrtle Shade*. They are not the best he wrote.

In Mr. Rossetti's collection there are many poems which are obscure, and some of which it is impossible to form any satisfactory explanation. In his *Critical Essay*, Mr. Swinburne undertakes with great zest the task of unriddling Blake's more enigmatical writing. It cannot be denied that the surest way of getting at one poet's meaning is to set another poet to explaining it, and in many cases Mr. Swinburne throws light on dark passages. The later poet's enthusiasm was what was needed to clear away the willful suspensions of intelligibility of which Blake's poems are full. Some of the interpretations are wise, and many are ingenious. Others again, and these not the least ingenious, seem to have for their object enrolling Blake among free-lovers and other rebels against society. Many of the explanations given the rugged text tend over-violently in this direction. Part of the joy Mr. Swinburne feels at flying in the face of “*Philistia*” is made over by him to Blake, who was probably unconscious of the heresy which was to be as-

cribed to him in these later days. Blake's occasional enthusiastic over-toppling of social walls bears much more resemblance to the wanton thoughtlessness of a child, than it does to the disgust of a man who takes hold of the world in a way sure to produce satiety, or to the scorn of one who has carefully weighed the world as it is and the world as he would have it, and who has then taken the side of those who wish to remodel it. It may be doubted whether Blake would have acknowledged himself responsible for all that some of his more fervent disciples find in his writings. The impression the Philistine gets is that Blake shot his arrows very much at random, and not, like many bards of the present time, with deliberate intent of preaching what is called a new gospel, which is really a very old one, — as old as human nature.

The mysticism in which Blake buried his meaning in his later poems, the Prophetic Books, makes them often really inexplicable. Part of this mysticism is doubtless insanity, and perhaps a greater part is due to the fact that he thought it much more his duty to be a prophet than to be a poet. Goethe and, in a way, Wordsworth are both examples of how much easier it is for a poet to be spoiled, than for a trustworthy prophet to be made, by this determination. Then, too, in Blake's case the habit was probably strengthened by his contempt for a public which had shown itself insensible to the beauty of his former simpler poems, and for whom he did not think it worth while to take the trouble of making himself clear. He would follow any whim that entered his head to its wildest result, not so much, apparently, from a desire of complying with any logical laws, as from a lack of self-control; and in his expression he was sometimes carried away by love of the sound of words, preferring what was big, tumid, grandiose, to the charming simplicity of the Poetical Sketches, and the best of the Songs of Innocence and Experience.

It is interesting to observe a similar tendency to mysticism and unintelligi-

bility in Goethe's later poetry. This may be seen especially in the second part of *Faust*, which is a stumbling-block even to German commentators. All human interest, which is the heart of poetry, has left it, and in its place is an attempted solution of some of the graver problems of the universe, the task which prophets are accustomed to set themselves. Goethe felt no need of trying to make himself clear to his readers. He felt justified in employing allegory, remote allusions, mysterious obscurity, because he knew that his position was so firmly established that the worshipping public would be ready to take the trouble of finding out his meaning, no matter in what apparent impenetrability it was wrapped up. He was wise enough never to give the slightest useful clew. But even when he was most obscure, he was at the same time most melodious. Euphorion, in the poem just mentioned, in whom Goethe intended to embody the spirit of poetry, almost makes himself known by the delicious melody of his song. Goethe did not lay aside all his skill; he was too good a critic, too wise a man, to lose himself entirely in the clouds. Blake, on the other hand, who had shown himself so little affected by the artificial verses of his age, became too ready a follower of Ossian, who, with all his exaggeration, was one of the first signs of a return to natural models. Goethe, too, it will be remembered, had known what it was to admire Ossian, in the days in which he was studying Shakespeare and reading the *Vicar of Wakefield*.

But even where Blake is obscurest, there are gems which repay the reader. One such is included in Mr. Rossetti's volume, the *Book of Thel*. This poem, save perhaps at the end, is not beyond easy comprehension and real enjoyment. A short extract may show some of its qualities. Thel, "a daughter of the Seraphim," laments the transitoriness of life, and is answered in turn by the lily of the valley, the cloud, the earth-worm; and the clod of clay, who teach her that "everything that lives, lives not alone nor for itself." This is not a

novel lesson, but the method is certainly novel.

'The Lily of the Valley, breathing in the humble grass,
Answered the lovely maid, and said, 'I am a watery weed,
And I am very small, and love to dwell in lowly vales;
So weak the gilded butterfly scarce perches on my head.
Yet I am visited from heaven; and he that smiles on all
Walks in the valley, and each morn over me spreads his hand,
Saying, "Rejoice, thou humble grass, thou newborn lily-flower,
Thou gentle maid of silent valleys and of modest brooks;
For thou shalt be clothed in light, and fed with morning manna,
Till summer's heat melts thee beside the fountains and the springs,
To flourish in eternal vales!" Then why should Thel complain?'

Thel answered: 'O thou little virgin of the peaceful valley,
Giving to those that cannot crave, the voiceless, the o'ertired,
Thy breath doth nourish the innocent lamb; he smells thy milky garments,
He crops thy flowers, while thou sittest smiling in his face,
Wiping his mild and meek mouth from all contagious taints.'

The quaint innocence of this is very characteristic of Blake. The Book of Tiriel, here for the first time published, has what Mr. Rossetti suggests might be called Indo-Ossianic grandeur. It is as impressive and quite as unintelligible as most nightmares. The effect of reading it is not unlike the vague impression made by an opera sung in a foreign tongue, — or in English, for that matter, — upon a listener who is only dimly conscious of the cause of the violent emotions represented on the stage. For most readers this taste of Blake's obscurity will be sufficient. In the volume there are many very difficult poems included, however, for some of which more or less probable explanations are suggested by the editor. We would not quarrel with this. It gives a fairer view of Blake; and what is unintelligible to one man will be clear enough to another, so that it would be hard to know what to leave out; all tastes could not be suited. But it is of more importance to urge attention to what is clearest in Blake's writ-

ings, than it is to try to inculcate an artificial respect for that which can never be read with the certainty that the author's meaning is caught. Blake's audience is small enough now, but it would only be smaller if one had to read everything he wrote. At present, too, there is more danger of Blake's receiving affected admiration than of his being treated with unmerited neglect. There is enough in his poetry, however, that can be sincerely liked, and that can withstand what is so fatal to just appreciation of a poet's merits, namely, too lavish praise of what is less worthy of approbation.

Blake's designs have merits which correspond in many ways with those of his poetry. In the volume containing the heliotype reproductions of the Illustrations of the Book of Job, we are told by the editor that the plates give us "the general character of the original engravings; but they fail to render the most delicate beauties of expression, and the finest touches of execution. The inmost, evanescent, vital spirit of the original is not to be found in these copies. But, for what they do afford, — the poetic and pictorial conception, the general composition, the distribution (though not the scale) of light and shade, — these heliotypes are greatly to be prized; and by their means many a lover of art, who without them could know little of Blake's style, may gain a near, and, so far as it goes, a true acquaintance with the best designs of the most spiritually imaginative of English painters."

He who works in the art of design has free scope for his fancy, because he addresses himself directly to the imagination of others, while one who writes addresses the imagination through the intelligence; he has first to make himself understood, and then to let the image be drawn by his hearer. The painter uses a more universal language; one who looks at a painting or drawing cannot fail to get some notion of the scene represented; he does not ask for the meaning of every line, as he does, or is liable to do, for every word in reading poetry, for instance; he merely feels the impres-

sion the picture makes. An uncultivated person demands that the illustration of a book should be a pictorial translation of the words, should give what has been described in language, and only that. But such illustrations are as in-artistic as hieroglyphics. It is encumbering the art which has its home in the imagination with the fetters that belong to unadorned narration. Blake nowhere creeps in this way. He gives us the story of Job pictorially; he does not translate the words, he impresses us with the sight of what cannot be described in written language, but which conveys to our minds all the feeling, whether it be solemn praise, as in Plate 14, or despair, as in Plate 8, which in the text is given in another way.

What was obscurity in Blake's poetry becomes at times grotesqueness, as in Plate 11, or, more frequently, decorative beauty with but vague significance. When we are reading it is impossible for us to be long charmed by the mere sound of words; in looking at the designs it is very possible for us to be gratified by what is graceful, or impressed by what is awful, without perplexing ourselves for too literal an explanation. Our eyes may detect in these designs certain faults of drawing, but we see much more promptly the combination of great majesty with tender grace, and both of the most imaginative sort. They show what Blake meant when he said, "I assert for myself that I do not behold the outward creation, and that, to me, it is hindrance

and not action. 'What!' it will be questioned, 'when the sun rises, do you not see a round disk of fire somewhat like a guinea?' Oh! no, no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host crying, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty!' I question not my corporeal eye any more than I would question a window concerning a sight. I look through it, and not with it."

These two books, the one giving a tolerably complete notion of his poems, — giving all, that is to say, except the mystical Prophetic Books, and even a taste of them, — and the other some of his most impressive drawings, may open to many of our readers a new and most interesting subject of study. In each may be found a concise and sympathetic account of Blake's life, and generous tributes to his singular powers. They do not give the material necessary for a complete study of his mingled genius and eccentricity, but they do give what is easiest to understand, and, on the whole, what is most admirable in Blake. Let every one who studies use forbearance, lest he judge that great man by too narrow a test, and he will find much to delight in, even while resisting the obvious temptation to praise too lavishly what merely attracts the fancy by novelty and singularity. You who study him will find few poets and artists who, like him, to use his own words, enable you —

"To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower;
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour."

T. S. Perry.

OUR COMRADES.

We walked along a splendid street, —
We always walk, my love and I, —
And many a stately home we saw,
Till he looked down with half a sigh,

And half a smile: "Grand folk live here."
I laughed a gay defiance then,

And said, "We 're grander far than they!
You 're grander far than all the men,

"And I am grand as any dame
Who walks in velvet down the street,
For strength and youth and love are mine!" —
Ah, but his answering smile was sweet!

A brilliant carriage past us rolled,
A gray-beard sat in it, alone.
My love said lightly, "There he rides,
A rich man." "Yes, and makes his moan;

"For all his wealth that man would give
If life were fresh and love were young,
And he could walk, like us, and sing
The song that yesterday we sung!"

My love ceased sighing. How we laughed,
And tossed our darts of harmless fun,
And praised the blueness of the sky,
And praised the glory of the sun!

We drank a draught of fragrant wine,
We breathed a pure, inspiring air.
"And why, dear, did you marry me?"
"Because you 're good and dear and fair."

"And why, and why?" . . . Oh happy hour!
Oh charming street and park and square,
Where we beheld that brightest flower
Which bloomed when Eve was young and fair!

Ah, many a sober face we met
That looked, and questioned, "Who are these, —
These plain young people, who forget
The winter's cold, the naked trees?"

Our eyes were clear, and theirs were blind;
They saw not our companions gay,
For Love was smiling close behind,
And Joy danced wildly all the way!

M. B. C.

RECENT LITERATURE.¹

MR. HENRY JAMES, JR., has so long been a writer of magazine stories, that most readers will realize with surprise the fact that he now presents them for the first time in book form. He has already made his public. Since his earliest appearance in *The Atlantic* people have strongly liked and disliked his writing; but those who know his stories, whether they like them or not, have constantly increased in number, and it has therefore been a winning game with him. He has not had to struggle with indifference, that subtlest enemy of literary reputations. The strongly characteristic qualities of his work, and its instantly recognizable traits, made it at once a question for every one whether it was an offense or a pleasure. To ourselves it has been a very great pleasure, the highest pleasure that a new, decided, and earnest talent can give; and we have no complaint against this collection of stories graver than that it does not offer the author's whole range. We have read them all again and again, and they remain to us a marvel of delightful workmanship. In richness of expression and splendor of literary performance, we may compare him with the greatest, and find none greater than he; as a piece of mere diction, for example, *The Romance of Certain Old Clothes* in this

volume is unsurpassed. No writer has a style more distinctly his own than Mr. James, and few have the abundance and felicity of his vocabulary; the precision with which he fits the word to the thought is exquisite; his phrase is generous and ample. Something of an old-time stateliness distinguishes his style, and in a certain weight of manner he is like the writers of an age when literature was a far politer thing than it is now. In a reverent ideal of work, too, he is to be rated with the first. His aim is high; he respects his material; he is full of his theme; the latter-day sins of flippancy, slovenliness, and insincerity are immeasurably far from him.

In the present volume we have one class of his romances or novelettes: those in which American character is modified or interpreted by the conditions of European life, and the contact with European personages. Not all the stories of this sort that Mr. James has written are included in this book, and one of the stories admitted — *The Romance of Certain Old Clothes* — belongs rather to another group, to the more strictly romantic tales, of which the author has printed several in these pages; the scene is in America, and in this also it differs from its present neighbors. There is otherwise uncommon unity in the volume, though

¹ *The Passionate Pilgrim and other Tales.* By HENRY JAMES, JR. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

Parnassus. Edited by RALPH WALDO EMERSON. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

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Prairie and Forest. A Description of the Game of North America, with Personal Adventures in their Pursuit. By PARKER GILMORE. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1874.

American Wild-Fowl Shooting: Describing the Haunts, Habits, and Methods of Shooting Wild Fowl, particularly those of the Western States, with Directions concerning Guns, Boats, etc. By JOSEPH W. LONG. New York: J. B. Ford & Co. 1874.

Democracy and Monarchy in France. From the Inception of the Great Revolution to the Overthrow of the Second Empire. By CHARLES KENDALL ADAMS, Professor of History in the University of Michigan. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1874.

The Principles of Science. A Treatise on Logic and Scientific Method. By W. STANLEY JEVONS. Special American Edition, bound in one volume. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

History of the Conflict between Religion and Science. By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M. D., LL. D., etc. International Scientific Series, Vol. XII. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1874.

Ismailia: A Narrative of the Expedition to Central Africa for the Suppression of the Slave Trade. Organized by Ismail, Khedive of Egypt. By SIR SAMUEL W. BAKER, Pasha, M. A., F. R. S., F. R. G. S., Major-General of the Ottoman Empire, Member of the Orders of the Osmanli and the Medjidie, etc., etc. Author of *The Albert N'yanza Great Basin of the Nile, The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia*, etc., etc. With Maps, Portraits, and upward of Fifty Full-Page Illustrations by Zwecker and Durand. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1875.

History of the First Parish in Danvers, 1672-1872. By CHARLES B. RICE. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society. 1874.

Social Life in Greece from Homer to Menander. By the REV. J. P. MAHAFFY, M. A., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

Report made to the Department of State on the Condition of the Industrial Classes in Sweden and Norway. By C. C. ANDREWS, United States Minister Resident at Stockholm. Washington: Government Printing Office 1874.

it has at first glance that desultory air which no collection of short stories can escape. The same purpose of contrast and suggestion runs through *A Passionate Pilgrim*, *Eugene Pickering*, *The Madonna of the Future*, and *Madame de Mauves*, and they have all the same point of view. The American who has known Europe much can never again see his country with the single eye of his old ante-European days. For good or for evil, the light of the Old World is always on her face; and his fellow-countrymen have their shadows cast by it. This is inevitable; there may be an advantage in it, but if there is none, it is still inevitable. It may make a man think better or worse of America; it may be refinement or it may be anxiety; there may be no compensation in it for the loss of that tranquil indifference to Europe which untraveled Americans feel, or it may be the very mood in which an American may best understand his fellow-Americans. More and more, in any case, it pervades our literature, and it seems to us the mood in which Mr. James's work, more than that of any other American, is done. His attitude is not that of a mere admirer of Europe and contemner of America—our best suffers no disparagement in his stories; you perceive simply that he is most contented when he is able to confront his people with situations impossible here, and you fancy in him a mistrust of such mechanism as the cis-Atlantic world can offer the romancer.

However this may be, his book is well worth the carefullest study any of our critics can give it. The tales are all freshly and vigorously conceived, and each is very striking in a very different way, while undoubtedly *A Passionate Pilgrim* is the best of all. In this Mr. James has seized upon what seems a very common motive, in a hero with a claim to an English estate, but the character of the hero idealizes the situation: the sordid illusion of the ordinary American heir to English property becomes in him a poetic passion, and we are made to feel an instant tenderness for the gentle visionary who fancies himself to have been misborn in our hurried, eager world, but who owes to his American birth the very rapture he feels in gray England. The character is painted with the finest sense of its charm and its deficiency, and the story that grows out of it is very touching. Our readers will remember Low, in the company of the supposed narrator, Clement Searle goes down from London to

the lovely old country-place to which he has relinquished all notion of pretending, but which he fondly longs to see; and they will never have forgotten the tragedy of his reception and expulsion by his English cousin. The proprietary Searle stands for that intense English sense of property which the mere dream of the American has unpardonably outraged, and which in his case wreaks itself in an atrocious piece of savagery. He is imagined with an extraordinary sort of vividness which leaves the redness of his complexion like a stain on the memory; and yet we believe we realize better the dullish kindness, the timid sweetness of the not-at-once handsome sister who falls in love with the poor American cousin. The atmosphere of the story, which is at first that of a novel, changes to the finer air of romance during the scenes at Lockley Park, and you gladly accede to all the romantic conditions, for the sake of otherwise unattainable effects. It is good and true that Searle should not be shocked out of his unrequited affection for England by his cousin's brutality, but should die at Oxford, as he does, in ardent loyalty to his ideal; and it is one of the fortunate inspirations of the tale to confront him there with that decayed and reprobate Englishman in whom abides a longing for the New World as hopeless and unfounded as his own passion for the Old. The character of Miss Searle is drawn with peculiar sweetness and firmness; there is a strange charm in the generous devotion masked by her trepidations and proprieties, and the desired poignant touch is given when at the end she comes only in time to stand by Searle's death-bed. Throughout the story there are great breadths of deliciously sympathetic description. At Oxford the author lights his page with all the rich and mellow picturesqueness of the ancient university town, but we do not know that he is happier there than in his sketches of Lockley Park and Hampton Court, or his study of the old London inn. Everywhere he conveys to you the rapture of his own seeing; one reads such a passage as this with the keen transport that the author felt in looking on the scene itself:—

"The little village of Hampton Court stands clustered about the broad entrance of Bushey Park. After we had dined we lounged along into the hazy vista of the great avenue of horse-chestnuts. There is a rare emotion, familiar to every intelligent traveler, in which the mind, with a great,

passionate throb, achieves a magical synthesis of its impressions. You feel England; you feel Italy. The reflection for the moment has an extraordinary poignancy. I had known it from time to time in Italy, and had opened my soul to it as to the spirit of the Lord. Since my arrival in England I had been waiting for it to come. A bottle of excellent Burgundy at dinner had perhaps unlocked to it the gates of sense; it came now with a conquering tread. Just the scene around me was the England of my visions. Over against us, amid the deep-hued bloom of its ordered gardens, the dark red palace, with its formal copings and its vacant windows, seemed to tell of a proud and splendid past; the little village nestling between park and palace, around a patch of turfy common, with its tavern of gentility, its ivy-towered church, its parsonage, retained to my modernized fancy the lurking semblance of a feudal hamlet. It was in this dark, composite light that I had read all English prose; it was this mild, moist air that had blown from the verses of English poets; beneath these broad acres of rain-deepened greenness a thousand honored dead lay buried."

A strain of humor which so pleasantly characterizes the descriptions of the London inn, tinges more sarcastically the admirable portrait of the shabby Rawson at Oxford, and also colors this likeness of a tramp—a fellow-man who has not had his picture better done:—

"As we sat, there came trudging along the road an individual whom from afar I recognized as a member of the genus 'tramp.' I had read of the British tramp, but I had never yet encountered him, and I brought my historic consciousness to bear upon the present specimen. As he approached us he slackened pace and finally halted, touching his cap. He was a man of middle age, clad in a greasy bonnet, with greasy earlocks depending from its sides. Round his neck was a grimy red scarf, tucked into his waistcoat; his coat and trousers had a remote affinity with those of a reduced hostler. In one hand he had a stick; on his arm he bore a tattered basket, with a handful of withered green stuff in the bottom. His face was pale, haggard, and degraded beyond description,—a singular mixture of brutality and finesse. He had a history. From what height had he fallen, from what depth had he risen? Never was a form of rascally beggarhood more complete. There

was a merciless fixedness of outline about him, which filled me with a kind of awe. I felt as if I were in the presence of a personage—an artist in vagrancy.

"'For God's sake, gentlemen,' he said, in that raucous tone of weather-beaten poverty suggestive of chronic sore-throat exacerbated by perpetual gin,—'for God's sake, gentlemen, have pity on a poor fern-collector!'—turning up his stale dandelions. 'Food has n't passed my lips, gentlemen, in the last three days.'

"We gaped responsive, in the precious pity of guileless Yankeeism. 'I wonder,' thought I, 'if half a crown would be enough?' And our fasting botanist went limping away through the park with a mystery of satirical gratitude superadded to his general mystery."

Mr. James does not often suffer his sense of the ludicrous to relax the sometimes over-serious industry of his analyses, and when he has once done so, he seems to repent it. Yet we are sure that the poetic value of *A Passionate Pilgrim* is enhanced by the unwonted interfusion of humor, albeit the humor is apt to be a little too scornful. The tale is in high degree imaginative, and its fascination grows upon you in the reading and the retrospect, exquisitely contenting you with it as a new, fine, and beautiful invention.

In imaginative strength it surpasses the other principal story of the book. In *Madame de Mauves* the spring of the whole action is the idea of an American girl who will have none but a French nobleman for her husband. It is not a vulgar adoration of rank in her, but a young girl's belief that ancient lineage, circumstances of the highest civilization, and opportunities of the greatest refinement, must result in the noblest type of character. Grant the premises, and the effect of her emergence into the cruel daylight of facts is unquestionably tremendous: M. le Baron de Mauves is frankly unfaithful to his American wife, and, finding her too dismal in her despair, advises her to take a lover. A difficulty with so French a situation is that only a French writer can carry due conviction of it to the reader. M. de Mauves, indeed, justifies himself to the reader's sense of likelihood with great consistency, and he is an extremely suggestive conjecture. Of course, he utterly misconceives his wife's character and that of all her race, and perceives little and understands nothing not of his own tradition:—

"They talked for a while about various things, and M. de Mauves gave a humorous account of his visit to America. His tone was not soothing to Longmore's excited sensibilities. He seemed to consider the country a gigantic joke, and his urbanity only went so far as to admit that it was not a bad one. Longmore was not, by habit, an aggressive apologist for our institutions; but the baron's narrative confirmed his worst impressions of French superficiality. He had understood nothing, he had felt nothing, he had learned nothing; and our hero, glancing askance at his aristocratic profile, declared that if the chief merit of a long pedigree was to leave one so vaingloriously stupid, he thanked his stars that the Longmores had emerged from obscurity in the present century, in the person of an enterprising lumber merchant. M. de Mauves dwelt of course on that prime oddity of ours, the liberty allowed to young girls; and related the history of his researches into the 'opportunities' it presented to French noblemen, — researches in which, during a fortnight's stay, he seemed to have spent many agreeable hours. 'I am bound to admit,' he said, 'that in every case I was disarmed by the extreme candor of the young lady, and that they took care of themselves to better purpose than I have seen some manumans in France take care of them.' Longmore greeted this handsome concession with the grimmest of smiles, and damned his impertinent patronage."

This is all very good character, and here is something from the baron that is delicious: —

"I remember that, not long after our marriage, Madame de Mauves undertook to read me one day a certain Wordsworth, — a poet highly esteemed, it appears, *chez vous*. It seemed to me that she took me by the nape of the neck and forced my head for half an hour over a basin of *soupe aux choux*, and that one ought to ventilate the drawing-room before any one called."

The baron's sister, in her candid promotion of an intrigue between Madame de Mauves and Longmore, we cannot quite account for even by the fact that she hated them both. But Madame de Mauves is the strength of the story, and if Mr. James has not always painted the kind of women that women like to meet in fiction, he has richly atoned in her lovely nature for all default. She is the finally successful expression of an ideal of woman which has always been a homage, perhaps not to all kinds of women,

but certainly to the sex. We are thinking of the heroine of *Poor Richard*, of Miss Guest in *Guest's Confession*, of Gabrielle de Bergerac in the story of that name, and other gravely sweet girls of this author's imagining. Madame de Mauves is of the same race, and she is the finest, — as truly American as she is womanly; and in a peculiar fragrance of character, in her purity, her courage, her inflexible high-mindedness, wholly of our civilization and almost of our climate, so different are her virtues from the virtues of the women of any other nation.

The Madonna of the Future is almost as perfect a piece of work, in its way, as *A Passionate Pilgrim*. It is a more romantic conception than Madame de Mauves, and yet more real. Like *A Passionate Pilgrim*, it distinguishes itself among Mr. James's stories as something that not only arrests the curiosity, stirs the fancy, and interests the artistic sense, but deeply touches the heart. It is more than usually relieved, too, by the author's humorous recognition of the pathetic absurdity of poor Theobald, and there is something unusually good in the patience with which the handsome, common-minded Italian woman of his twenty years' adoration is set before us. Our pity that his life should have slipped away from him in devout study of this vulgar beauty, and that she should grow old and he should die before he has made a line to celebrate her perfection or seize his ideal, is vastly heightened by the author's rigid justice to her; she is not caricatured by a light or a shadow, and her dim sense of Theobald's goodness and purity is even flattered into prominence. In all essentials one has from this story the solid satisfaction given by work in which the conception is fine, and the expression nowhere falls below it — if we except one point that seems to us rather essential, in a thing so carefully tempered and closely wrought. The reiteration of the Italian figure-maker's philosophy, "Cats and monkeys, monkeys and cats; all human life is there," is apparently of but wandering purport, and to end the pensive strain of the romance with it is to strike a jarring note that leaves the reader's mind out of tune. Sometimes even the ladies and gentlemen of Mr. James's stories are allowed a certain excess or violence in which the end to be achieved is not distinctly discernible, or the effect so reluctantly responds to the intention as to leave merely the sense of the excess.

Eugene Pickering is, like Madame de

Mauves, one of those realistic subjects which we find less real than the author's romantic inspirations. There is no fault with the treatment; that is thoroughly admirable, full of spirit, wit, and strength; but there is a fancifulness in the outlines of Pickering's history and the fact of his strange betrothal which seems to belong to an old-fashioned stage-play method of fiction rather than to such a modern affair as that between the unsophisticated American and Madame Blumenthal; it did not need that machinery to produce this effect, thanks to common conditions of ours that often enough keep young men as guileless as Pickering, and as fit for sacrifice at such shrines as hers. However, something must always be granted to the story-teller by way of premises; if we exacted from Mr. James only that he should make his premises fascinating, we should have nothing to ask here. His start, in fact, is always superb; he possesses himself of your interest at once, and he never relinquishes it till the end; though there he may sometimes leave your curiosity not quite satisfied on points such as a story-teller assumes to make clear. What, for example, were exactly the tortuous workings of Madame Blumenthal's mind in her self-contradictory behavior towards Pickering? These things must be at least unmistakably suggested.

Since Hawthorne's *Donatello*, any attempt to touch what seems to be the remaining paganism in Italian character must accuse itself a little, but *The Last of the Valerii* is a study of this sort that need really have nothing on its conscience. It is an eminently poetic conceit, though it appeals to a lighter sort of emotions than any other story in Mr. James's book; it is an airy fabric woven from those bewitching glimpses of the impossible which life in Italy affords, and which those who have enjoyed them are perfectly right to overvalue. It has just the right tint of ideal trouble in it which no living writer could have imparted more skillfully than it is here done. If the story is of slighter material than the others, the subtlety of its texture gives it a surpassing charm, and makes it worthy to be named along with the only other purely romantic tale in the book.

To our thinking, Mr. James has been conspicuously fortunate in placing his *Romance of Certain Old Clothes* in that eighteenth-century New England when the country, still colonial, was no longer rigidly puritanic, and when a love of splendor and ac-

cumulating wealth had created social conditions very different from those conventionally attributed to New England. It is among such bravely dressing provincials as Copley used to paint, and as dwelt in fine town mansions in Boston, or the handsome country-places which still remember their faded grandeur along Brattle Street in Cambridge, that Mr. James finds the circumstance and material of his personages; and we greatly enjoy the novelty of this conception of what not only might, but must have existed hereabouts in times which we are too prone to fancy all close-cropped and sad-colored. The tale is written with heat, and rapidly advances from point to point, with a constantly mounting interest. The sisterly rivalry is shown with due boldness, but without excess, and the character of Viola is sketched with a vigor that conveys a full sense of her selfish, luxurious beauty. The scene between her and Perdita when the engagement of the latter is betrayed, the scene in which she unrolls the stuff of the wedding-dress and confronts herself in the glass with it falling from her shoulder, and that in which she hastily tries the garment on after her sister's marriage, are pictures as full of character as they are of color. The most is made of Perdita where she lies dying, and bids her husband keep her fine clothes for her little girl; it is very affecting indeed, and all the more so for the explicit human-nature of the dying wife's foreboding. In the whole course of the story nothing is urged, nothing is dwelt upon; and all our story-tellers, including Mr. James himself, could profitably take a lesson from it in this respect. At other times he has a tendency to expatiate upon his characters too much, and not to trust his reader's perception enough. For the sake of a more dramatic presentation of his persons, he has told most of the stories in this book as things falling within the notice of the assumed narrator; an excellent device; though it would be better if the assumed narrator were able to keep himself from seeming to patronize the simpler-hearted heroes, and from openly rising above them in a worldly way.

But this is a very little matter, and none of our discontents with Mr. James bear any comparison to the pleasure we have had in here renewing our acquaintance with stories as distinctly characteristic as anything in literature. It is indeed a marvelous first book in which the author can invite his critic to the same sort of reflection

that criticism bestows upon the claims of the great reputations; but one cannot dismiss this volume with less and not slight it. Like it or not, you must own that here is something positive, original, individual, the result of long and studious effort in a well-considered line, and mounting in its own way to great achievement. We have a reproachful sense of leaving the immense suggestiveness of the book scarcely touched, and we must ask the reader to supply our default from the stories themselves. He may be assured that nothing more novel in our literature has yet fallen in his way; and we are certain that he will not close the book without a lively sense of its force. We can promise him, also, his own perplexities about it, among which may be a whimsical doubt whether Mr. James has not too habitually addressed himself less to men and women in their mere humanity, than to a certain kind of cultivated people, who, well as they are in some ways, and indispensable as their appreciation is, are often a little narrow in their sympathies and poverty-stricken in the simple emotions; who are so, or try to be so, which is quite as bad, or worse.

— Mr. Emerson himself supplies us with a "coigne of vantage" from which to regard his anthology, in the first words of his preface: "This volume took its origin from an old habit of copying any poem or lines that interested me into a blank book. In many years my selections filled the volume, and required another; and still the convenience of commanding all my favorites in one album, instead of searching my own and other libraries for a desired song or verse, and the belief that what charmed me probably might charm others, suggested the printing of my enlarged selection." That Parnassus should thus have a special interest to the collector, and certainly be more convenient for use than two manuscript albums, cannot be denied; but the question which confronts us upon opening the book, and reading this account of its origin, is how far this or any similar collection is a mere private convenience, and how far it is a public service. Undoubtedly a collection of poems made by a man of taste and generous reading, especially if it grew under his hand rather than was manufactured to order, must contain a large number of verses that will charm others as they charmed him; but the worth of the collection to the collector will be quite out of proportion to its worth to all other lovers of poetry. To him

it is a store-house into which he has gathered treasures, of which the gathering is a large part, and its chief use to others is to stimulate them to similar collections. It is a great gain, we believe, for every one who has an ear for verse to make a collection, saving thus what might otherwise be lost to him; it is an outside memory, if his own is fickle and incapacious; he may carry it with him when he must leave his library behind, and the transcribing is itself an act of courtesy toward his favorites which brings a gracious return. He may even share it with a friend, as he shares his table or his daily walk, but it is because he gives so much of himself with it that the sharing has worth.

On the other hand, he who turns to a book of selections in expectation of satisfying his thirsty soul, or sends others to it with a charitable purpose, is doomed to disappointment. Mr. Emerson hints at this in his essay on the Poet, when after giving a glimpse at the latent poetry in American life, still unsung, he says, "If I have not found that excellent combination of gifts in my countrymen which I seek, neither could I aid myself to fix the idea of the poet by reading now and then in Chalmers's collection of five centuries of English poets." We may add that it is not in the order of nature that a desultory reading of Parnassus should cultivate a true knowledge of and love for poetry. If we may humbly interpret the bee's wisdom by our own experience, its flight from flower to flower has a good deal to do with its pleasure in sipping. It is a delusion to place such a book as this in the hands of a girl or boy and count upon it for an inspiration of poetic feeling. Indeed, it seems as though such collections inevitably forced the editor into a mechanical habit of mind in regarding poetry in general; else why the attempt at a scientific classification which runs through this and similar volumes? It can at best be but the rudest boundaries that separate the several pastures on Parnassus, faint lines only to the gods on the summit, and easily overpassed by Pegasus. Yet here we have twelve separate books, with suggested subdivisions marked over each. We open to Nature, and find Wordsworth's poem To Joanna. It is true that in Wordsworth's poetry human figures look at a distance very much like bushes, yet this poem, as others, is penetrated with a subtle breath of human life — here, Joanna's movement to the poet's side — which at once lifts the whole scene

into a tender human place, and we should have had no reason to complain of a classification which cast this poem under the head of Friendship. Indeed, our first impulse is to erase all the distinctions that are made; they only embarrass us and tend to make our first attitude toward poetry a critical rather than a receptive one. So from this point also we find ourselves returning to our first proposition, for, getting rid of all the divisions in the book we easily reach the conclusion of getting rid of the book itself.

We have hinted above, however, at a reason which may seem to suffice for the book's existence, in its being in some sense an opportunity given to the public to share Mr. Emerson's scrap-books with him, and be taken into his confidence as regards his special favorites in poetry. It would seem to be an excellent chance for discovering what are the poems which a poet treasures, and the collection is manifestly not one made to give specimens of all fine poets, but examples of fine poetry. Yet we fear that any one who set out to discover Mr. Emerson's judgment of poetry by this book would have to be satisfied with a very general induction. There may be noted the large preponderance of poems which appeal to the intellect rather than to the emotions; a curious paucity, as compared with other collections, of love poems; the presence of enigmatical poetry, represented by H. H.'s verses, George Herbert, and Donne; the limited showing of comic and humorous poems, drawn mainly from Holmes, Lowell, and Harte, with nothing from Hood, who, by the way, is not represented at all in the volume; the omission of certain poems which one would have supposed quick to find their way to Mr. Emerson's scrap-book, such as some of Hake's Parables, and at any rate Whitman's burst of sorrow, *My Captain, O my Captain!* which makes the remorseful threnody on Lincoln by Tom Taylor, given in this volume, seem an intrusion; the general adherence to well-known poets, there being few names which had not already received a tolerably secure place on the real Parnassus; and the general freedom from commonplace, there being very few poems which could be so characterized, though we should hardly have looked for the tinsel majesty of Mrs. Alexander's *Burial of Moses* or the cheap fun of Derby's *A Collusion between a Alegaiter and a Water-Snaik*. A few poems also have been rescued from partial oblivion and

helped, some of them, into a well-deserved fame. Among these may be named Miss Palfrey's *Sir Pavon* and *St. Pavon*, Walter Mitchell's *Tacking Ship off Shore*, Messenger's *Give me the Old*, Jones Very's *The Strangers*, and Blake's *A Little Boy Lost*, which Mr. Emerson renames *Orthodoxy*. We wonder indeed that so few of Blake's lyrics are given. The few pages of preface by Mr. Emerson will be welcome to all readers for the sketches in charcoal, so to speak, which he draws of the chief poets represented in his collection. The collection itself, as we have intimated, will be found interesting by those who already have an acquaintance with its contents, and a matter of convenience to them; it is moreover exclusive enough to satisfy a poet, but we can find but a barren use for such a book, and would rather set a boy or girl upon some one poet nearest akin to their mental aptitude, and leave them by this clew to grope their way into the secret place where Poetry dwells.

— Captain Bogardus has, it is to be feared, not been entirely successful in the selection of an editor for his book. It is difficult not to suppose that a man as skillful as Bogardus is known to be with his gun, and who, as his book announces, has for a quarter of a century supported his family by its successful use, would have a vast deal to say about the habits of game and the best way and circumstances under which to shoot it, which less proficient persons would be glad to hear. Yet there is so much personal experience and autobiographical sketch, so many stories of successful days and of men less successful, and such numerous offers to bet accepted or still open for acceptance, compared with what should properly belong to the book, that the general effect is very far from being satisfactory. Even the plan of the book is not to be commended: it treats of field, cover, and trap shooting as though the subjects were cognate; to a sportsman they certainly are not. That great skill may be reached in killing pigeons according to the rules in such cases provided, and that Bogardus is perhaps unequaled in this direction, may be admitted; but it is not sport; indeed, it is scarcely any training for it — certainly not the best. Many are very successful pigeon shots, and yet very unsuccessful in the field. The reason is not far to seek: in all pigeon shooting there is the assurance that from a particular, well-defined spot in full view, or from one of sev-

eral such spots, the birds will rise; the similarity between this and the shooting of grouse, Virginia partridges, and most game is very faint indeed. Generally game rises while the sportsman is walking up to the point, ignorant of the place (excepting in a very general way) where it is, which in the most open shooting is from cover of grass, bush, and brier, more or less close; and which in cover is from the thickest tangles of vine and bush and branch. The gunner does not know at what moment it will rise; and when it does the game is usually in some numbers, which confuse the shot of the brace singled for the two barrels.

Much the best part of Bogardus's book is the chapter on the Art of Shooting: all that can be learned from a book and without practice is here given, though very much the same appeared in *The Dead Shot*, published ten years since.

The reader will learn with some surprise of a way of breaking dogs to their work which it is believed is at least new. Hitherto the heedlessness and faults of dogs in the field have been corrected by rating or whipping, or both, unless their owners were fortunate enough to know and use the more reasonable and less troublesome method detailed in *Dinks on the Dog*. It was the lot of Bogardus to buy from the widow of a deceased butcher a setter heretofore used as a watch-dog, which, when taken afield, fell to chasing the birds as doubtless he had his former owner's sheep and cattle. The dog in his pursuit took no notice of the hallooing, and was thereupon shot by Bogardus with small shot from the right and left barrel; a subsequent shooting converted this watch-dog into an excellent sporting dog. This success was so marked that the shooting was not confined to the watch-dogs of deceased butchers, as the reader might not unnaturally hope, but it was adopted as part of a system of training, and is so recommended by Bogardus. Those who have neither seen nor used this system might not unreasonably suppose that after being shot, a dog would be demoralized into yelping and headlong flight, and that every report of the gun afterwards would set him in retreat. But it will comfort such as are inclined to shoot their dogs into obedience, to learn that "the dog knows in a moment what this is for," and that "one lesson is generally enough, and the second is always effectual;" though it is to be observed that the butcher's dog required

three lessons, which it is equally true he survived.

—The author of *Prairie and Forest* would seem to have been in all those parts of the United States and the British Possessions to the north where the large game of North America is to be found, and to have intended to describe it. It may not safely be said that he has not succeeded, for few sportsmen have been in the vast country to the northward of Washington Territory, in the outlying tracts of the Hudson Bay country, and in the Black Hill region lately traversed by General Custer, and comparatively little is known of the musk sheep, the big horn sheep, or the ptarmigan; but it may truly be said that the descriptions are so general, and present their subjects in such vague and spiritless form, that they inspire a depression of feeling not exceeded by that received from reading a child's natural history of fifty years ago.

The close, careful, unflagging attention to the feeding, sleeping, resting, and roaming of large game, which goes before every hunter's success, has always made sportsmen more or less naturalists; and it is unfortunate that one who can write at all, and who has pursued such game as the elk or beautiful wapiti deer, the antelope, mountain and musk sheep, should not have added more to the slender information with regard to them, and that he should have found it possible to pass through the wild lands in which they are to be found without an attempt at a sketch or an account. The personal adventures of the author, which have relieved the readers of so many sporting books from weariness, are plentiful enough in *Prairie and Forest*, but they afford little relief here: they seem to have been almost purposely denuded of interest, and to stare at the reader from the pages in a lifeless and unnatural way; they rarely have the merit of illustrating any usual or ordinary trait or habit of game. Most readers will wonder why the portion of the book relating to game birds should have been written at all: less than a page is devoted to the spruce grouse, six lines to the sage grouse of the great alkali plains, two pages and a half to the ptarmigan, — which probably not a dozen sportsmen of the United States ever saw, — and three pages to the Virginia partridge, whose habits (slightly changing with the various countries it makes glad with its presence) and whose willful ways at times and seasons

might fill a volume. With an instinct of true sportsmanship, however, the author again and again, but none too often, points attention to the shameless, reckless, and wanton waste of game which is going on over our whole country, as well with regard to birds as animals, in most places with no opposition, and in but a few with any that is efficient. His only suggestion of relief is laws whose violation shall be punished by fines. Probably in Illinois, where the author found a party of men shooting from twenty to thirty brace of grouse a day in warm weather for nearly a week, and who disposed of their game by directing the landlord of the inn to "throw it into the hog-pen," the game laws were framed and admirably well fortified by heavy penalties.

To explain why game laws in the United States are not enforced requires an understanding of the feeling about game among people living on the land — the farmers — not easily attained or expressed. Such persons are rarely sportsmen, and yet if unsportsmanlike practices (that is, devices in which the game is not allowed fair play in the war between its natural resources and the gunner's skill) and waste of game life can be prevented, it must be in great part by their aid. A sportsman, therefore, in seeking to enlist the services of the farmers, is unable to use that love of sport as an argument that so moves his own feelings, and other arguments seem, as in fact they are, far-drawn and of weakened force; and underlying all that he can say he feels there are against him two unexpressed but honestly maintained opinions: one, that so far as a man is getting game for the market (a man not beloved of sportsmen) he is doing a matter of business, and if he can get more birds by snares and traps than by shooting, or at a less cost (as often he may), why, it would be the height of folly not to snare and trap them; another, that a man who is shooting for pleasure is a fellow with plenty of time and money, and quite as lucky as he should be without further help, and that after all, his pleasurable life has the flavor of disdain of the busy folk about him. This is bad enough, but the case is made worse when it is found that through indifference to trespass or owing to the national good-nature, not even a sense of injured ownership can be enlisted among the farmers on behalf of game.

— Happily there is game in the land able to protect itself; year after year wild fowl

in countless numbers return from their distant wanderings to the Atlantic, Western, and Gulf States; not even their ceaseless pursuit in the Chesapeake Bay and its inlets, along the coast and rivers of eastern Virginia, nor their destruction in the open ponds and overflowed bottoms of the West, seems to lessen the vast flocks of a new season. Wild-fowl shooting in the middle Western States is the subject of Mr. Long's book; and glorious is the shooting and sport when in the ponds of wild rice mallard are flying from before dawn until late in the morning, at which time they seek shelter in the overflowed bottom-lands covered with timber, where they may be shot until evening sends them again to the feeding-grounds of rice. That Mr. Long has keenly and intelligently watched the rising up and settling down of Western ducks is plain throughout the book, and what is directed about placing decoys in position and making blinds with reference to wind and sun is the result of judicious observation and experience. Many of the observations are simple enough, but attention to even such not unfrequently makes, as the author says, the difference between the lucky and the unlucky man, and in duck shooting the causes that mar success are so many and minute that luck is the only solution reasonably to be offered. There is scarce anything connected with ducking in the Western States too small for the author's care; even as to the handling of the boat when gathering the killed and wounded, there are suggestions which well deserve to be remembered, and throughout this small volume is shown a habit of constant attention to every movement of game, which, if followed by the reader, will not fail to add to his resources and pleasure as a sportsman.

— Professor Adams's *Democracy and Monarchy in France* is a work of conspicuous ability, in method and manner at least, fully worthy of the important and somewhat painfully interesting theme of which it treats. The author says in his preface that it has been his "effort to show that the present political character of the French people is the legitimate result of certain doctrines and habits that have been taking root in the nation during the past hundred years;" and furthermore he expresses the conviction: "Every one who follows these pages through, and assents to the positions taken, will agree with me in the belief that the great present need of France is the de-

struction of what I have called the revolutionary spirit; and that if this destruction is impossible (as very likely it is), the next need in importance is the establishment of such a government as will render the revolutionary spirit powerless."

The quiet confidence here expressed is abundantly justified by the power of the pages that follow, their lucid arrangement of chaotic material, the vigor of their logic, their vivid presentation, and, we must add, their ingenious selection of facts. From the philosophers of the eighteenth century Professor Adams selects for especial discussion, as most noteworthy and influential upon their time, Helvetius, Condillac, Voltaire, and Rousseau. He finds the reasonings of Helvetius in his work *De l'Esprit*, and of Condillac in his memorable *Traité des Sensations*, entirely harmonious, and a logical deduction from them all in the following paradox: "We are *morally bound* to obey the impulses created within us by the objects with which we come in contact;" that is, "the only moral obligation which rests upon us is to be immoral." The work of Voltaire, whose prodigious power he admits, and whose political influence he even commends, is compared with that of Erasmus. It was the mission of both "to ridicule that which existed and prepare the way for that which was to come." These three writers, Helvetius, Condillac, and Voltaire, typify the negative and destructive philosophy of the last century. Rousseau represents its positive teachings, which may be summed up as follows: "Every man is his own absolute master, and the only legitimate law for a man is his individual will. At no time has any one a right to control him, if he does not give his consent. This will cannot be delegated, for the reason that it cannot cease to reside with himself. The consequence is that, strictly speaking, there can be no representative government. The laws may indeed be framed by deputies, but they must all be submitted to the people before they can have binding force. If an attempt be made to enforce a statute which the people have not consented to, it is the right and duty of the people to resist it. If an attempt be made to force away your property, it is cowardly not to resist; if the government attempt to take away your liberty by imposing upon you laws to which you do not consent, it is the more cowardly not to resist by so much as liberty is better than earthly possessions. Thus it will be

seen that these doctrines not only make revolution a right, but impose it upon the people as a duty." Professor Adams justly adds that these conclusions are manifestly destructive not only of all political governments, but also of all social and commercial life, and he finds in them the natural antecedents and full theoretic justification of the shameless license and unmatched atrocities of the Great Revolution.

The summing up in chapter four of the career and character of the first emperor is very masterly, and shows him grimly in that worst moral light which the most faithful of modern researches tend more and more to convince us is the true one. But we think that our author underrates the hold of this stupendous sinner on the heart—or was it only the imagination?—of the French people; as he certainly does not fairly represent the enthusiasm which attended him during the Hundred Days. He is doubtless right, however, in saying that in the last days of the Empire, Napoleon was very generally abandoned by the intelligence and especially the wealth of the nation. The government of Louis Philippe he considers by far the best which France has enjoyed for a century, and Guizot is the solitary French statesman whom Professor Adams can heartily admire; but the *régime* and the minister were both too good for the people, which, after fretting for eighteen years under the restraints of law and decorum, reverted to the principles of Rousseau and broke forth into a transport of anarchy, the natural reaction of which was again quietude under a second Napoleonic despotism. Professor Adams attempts no analysis of the character of the second Napoleon. He barely even proffers a guess at that oft-essayd but never fairly deciphered riddle. But he shows with great force, and abundant citation of irrefragable authority, the immense corruptions and deceptions of his rule, and, in particular, the delusive nature of his ostentatious appeal to the popular voice in the various *plébiscites*. In the end, Louis Napoleon became insufferable to the great middle class, as his uncle had done before him, and it was in the vain hope of proping his waning power and diverting the nation by foreign conquest, that he precipitated the Prussian war.

This is a disheartening story. But there are considerations which induce the hope that the case may not be after all so desperate as this latest and most severe his-

torian of French democracy seems to believe, and the chief of them is this: It is a historic fact that times of national struggle, distress, and seeming disorganization are often the very times when the nation is exerting a peculiarly powerful influence, through the ideas which are struck out in such seasons of stress, and the new and noble types of individual character in which they are ever fruitful. And that France, during this very last century of commotion, blunder, defeat, and ultimate disgrace, has led the thought of the world on political subjects, and furnished mankind with its most conspicuous and affecting examples of civic virtue, we think no unprejudiced student will deny. Our author perpetually quotes, in condemnation of their country, the warnings, reproofs, and vaticinations of such eminent patriots as De Tocqueville, De Broglie, and Guizot, without seeming to perceive that the keen consciences and unsparing rebukes of statesmen like these are themselves an earnest of health in a nation, or at least of recuperative power. On the other hand, his consistent hostility to whatever is distinctively French in character leads him into curious inconsistencies, as where he laments on one page the lack of public spirit which renders political meetings in France impossible, and denounces on another the Political Banquets of 1847 as having hastened the disastrous revolution of the ensuing year. It is singular, however, that while treating the revolution of '48 as a mere ebullition of Gallic madness, instead of the universal blind movement toward freedom which it undoubtedly was, and in which France merely bore her part, our author should render unusual justice to Lamartine, of whose fascinating and foolish History of the Girondists he gives a most discriminating and brilliant criticism. Professor Adams's prevailing and doubtless constitutional dislike of Frenchmen and things French has its natural correlative in an enthusiasm for all things German, and he even quotes with approval the absurd epigram of Professor Seeley, "As a rule, good books are German." To which there can be but one appropriate response: "And consequently unreadable." Nor is this any mere idle retort. The collocation of facts, however patient and laborious, is certainly no more important to the diffusion of knowledge than their organization; nay, it is even useless and fruitless without the latter. And if Germany has been foremost in gathering the

material of modern learning, it is France which has given it *form*, and adapted it to the uses of mankind.

— It is curious to notice how minds with a different motive impulse will use the same premises to enforce the most opposite conclusions. Professor Jevons's book on scientific method is no unworthy compeer of the famous treatises of Whewell and Mill on similar subjects; and with many differences both of form and of matter from that of Mill, it yet resembles it in continually insisting on the most thorough-going empiricism. Both writers think we know only what we have experienced, and as that is but a vanishing mote in the space of all that is, our affirmations concerning the Necessary or the Possible are well-nigh worthless. Both keep reminding us of the *plus ultra* which surrounds our intelligence. But Mill, who got from his father such a strong anti-theologic bias, used this *plus ultra* for smiting the conceit of metaphysical knowledge in conservatives and theosophists; while Jevons rebukes by its means the arrogance of materialistic assumptions. Mill said, You shan't affirm; Jevons says, You shan't deny. This thread through Jevons's book is what is best calculated to give it general interest. For the rest of it is so technical as only to appeal to special students of logic, and indeed to debar us from trying to give anything like an exact account of it in these pages, destined as they are for the information of the non-professional reader. A slight account may however be ventured on. Professor Jevons has recast the whole of formal logic in a very simple and what will probably be recognized as a much improved shape, by the adoption of two principles: that of the quantification of the predicate, and that which he calls the Substitution of Similars. By the first he writes every proposition as an identity or algebraic equation. Thus all A's are some B's is written by him: $A = AB$. For instance: "*Mammalia = mammalian vertebrata*" asserts identity between a part of the vertebrata and the mammalia. If it is asked, What part? the proposition affords no answer except that it is the part which is mammalian; but the assertion '*mammalia = some vertebrata*' tells us no more." The second principle declares that whatever is true of anything (or can be equated with it in the author's system of notation) is true of its like or equivalent, which equivalent we may then substitute for it

in the equation. By means of the arithmetic of combinations and permutations he calculates the number of different combinations into which a given number of terms may possibly fall. Each of these cases is expressed in his notation, and, being then confronted with the data or premises from which the terms were derived, is either canceled as incompatible therewith, or stands as a consistent deduction therefrom. This sounds laborious enough, and in all but the simplest real cases it would be quite unpractical; but it unifies so thoroughly the formal theory of reasoning, doing away with the tedious scholastic classification of syllogisms and rules for conversion, that it has actually enabled the author to construct a logical machine out of which, when the keyboard is manipulated, all the conclusions consistent with given premises will at once appear.

Professor Jevons's account of induction differs considerably from that of Mill, though less than its author seems to suppose. Mill is everywhere in his treatment of logic more psychological than other writers, the question with him being, *How do men actually reason?* while with Jevons it is mainly, *How can the essence of critically unassailable reasoning be most simply expressed and symbolized?* Thus Mill finds fault with Hamilton's quantification of the predicate as psychologically false, but admits it to have a symbolic utility. When Jevons attacks him for asserting our ordinary reasoning from one particular to another, or by analogy, to constitute the real act of induction, he forgets that while Mill paid most attention to this, he yet expressly admitted that the more complete process of ascending to the general law and thence deducing the other particular is a form always possible, and necessary when assurance of scientific accuracy is desired.

Professor Jevons's account of the mode of ascent to the general law, or character common to all of a concrete group of phenomena, is highly suggestive and valuable, but we cannot touch it in detail. Suffice it to say that the ascent is always made by a guess, which is then confronted with the facts given and with new facts, and so made more probable, or less so, but never certain; for we can never be sure that some other common character, even more general, may not lie concealed in the facts, which some future genius may be able to see, or that a future instance may not shat-

ter our law. The account given of discovery as based wholly on this quick invention of hypothesis and subsequent verification is in the highest degree valuable and interesting, from the historic examples which illustrate it. Bacon's method of cataloguing instances and expecting the law passively to emerge at the end is shown to be ludicrously impotent, while Newton's and Faraday's practice of incessant guessing and testing are described as models. "It is wholly a mistake to say that modern science is the result of the Baconian philosophy; it is the Newtonian philosophy and the Newtonian method which have led to all the great triumphs of physical science, and I repeat that the *Principia* forms the true *Novum Organum*."

Of the wealth of examples drawn from physical science, with which this book abounds, it is impossible to speak in too high terms. The work is a most original and solid contribution to logic and to much besides; not faultless, — we think in particular that Mr. Mill has been unjustly treated by the author, and that from dwelling too much on the mathematical side of things he has exaggerated the amount of our ignorance of nature as far as *quality* goes, — but indispensable to every student.

— It is not necessary that a great book should be openly constructive; it may even appear, just as a great man may appear (to his contemporaries), *destructive*; but it needs to be, as a condition of greatness, exactly what a great man needs to be, exactly what a law needs to be, — fruitful, humane, significant, prophetic. In the preface to his book, Dr. Draper has given us in two sentences a picture of our times. "Whoever," he says, "whoever has had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the mental condition of the intelligent classes in Europe or America, must have perceived that there is a great and rapidly increasing departure from the public religious faith, and that, while among the more frank this divergence is not concealed, there is a far more extensive and far more dangerous secession, private and unacknowledged. So wide-spread and so powerful is this secession that it can neither be treated with contempt nor with punishment. It cannot be extinguished by derision, by vituperation, or by force. The time is rapidly approaching when it will give rise to serious political results." What has brought about this condition of things? "What is God? What is the soul? What

is the world? How is it governed? Have we any standard or criterion of truth?" These are the questions about which the old philosophers of Greece disputed, and these are the questions with which this little book is concerned.

It is extremely fortunate that to the solution of these problems the author brings so varied a culture and experience. As he is himself a brilliant discoverer in the domain of exact physics, in chemistry, and in physiology, science is ready to accept him as a fit exponent of her high mission: turned by what science considers a misfortune to herself to the new field of history and the laws of mind, he has previously proved his fitness to treat the great phenomena there presented. The discovery of truth has been kept steadfastly in view, and it has been sought by a philosophical method, free from triviality or petulance.

It will be said that this book comes in a fortunate time—when Mill and Tyndall and Gladstone have prepared the way. To this science answers that truth or the seeker for truth has no need for appropriate occasions: these are created when the time and the man have come. The importance and the gravity of the subjects considered are recognized in the almost judicial tone of the investigation, and whether we agree or dissent, it is impossible not to attend.

But let us turn and examine what is the argument of the book. This the author has himself given to us in his preface:—

"I first direct attention to the origin of modern science as distinguished from ancient, by depending on observation, experiment, and mathematical discussion, instead of mere speculation. . . . Then with brevity I recall the well-known origin of Christianity, and show its advance to the attainment of imperial power, the transformation it underwent by its incorporation with paganism, the existing religion of the Roman Empire. . . . The parties to the conflict thus placed, I next relate the story of their first open struggle; it is the first or Southern Reformation. The point in dispute had respect to the nature of God. It involved the rise of Mohammedanism. . . . This political event was followed by the restoration of science, the establishment of colleges, schools, libraries, throughout the dominions of the Arabians. Those conquerors . . . rejected the anthropomorphic ideas of the nature of God remaining in their popular belief, and accepted other more philosophical ones, akin to

those that had long previously been attained to in India. The result of this was a second conflict, that respecting the nature of the soul. . . . Meantime, through the cultivation of astronomy, geography, and other sciences, correct views had been gained as to the position and relations of the earth, and as to the structure of the world; and since religion . . . insisted that the earth is the central and most important part of the universe, a third conflict broke out. . . . Its issue was the overthrow of the church on the question in dispute. Subsequently a subordinate controversy arose respecting the age of the world. . . . In this she was again overthrown. . . . Then arose the fourth conflict, known to us as the Reformation. . . . The special form it assumed was a contest respecting the standard or criterion of truth, whether it was to be found in the church or in the Bible. . . . We are now in the midst of a controversy respecting the mode of government of the world, whether it is by incessant divine intervention, or by the operation of primordial and unchangeable law."

Dr. Draper's book is primarily a *history* of the conflict of science and religion; but we feel that the conclusions which the author himself draws from his study are in favor of the latter of the two systems formulated below: "Philosophy has never proposed but two hypotheses to explain the system of the world: first, a personal God existing apart, and a human soul called into existence, or created, and thenceforth immortal; second, an impersonal intelligence, or indeterminate God, and a soul emerging from and returning to him. As to the origin of beings, there are two opposite opinions: first, that they are created from nothing; second, that they come by development from preëxisting forms. The theory of creation belongs to the first of the above hypotheses, that of evolution to the last."

Here then are the old foes of the church under a new dress: but her old weapons will not avail against the new form; for men to-day will be satisfied only by their reason, which is their sole guide to judge of right and wrong. No matter what the outcome of this conflict may be, men of intelligence all over the world will welcome any earnest attempt to reach the truth. Such an attempt is contained in the book before us: it deserves a careful, frank, and catholic attention.

— The growth in the number of books about Africa is most noticeable. Only a few months ago we had Dr. Schweinfurth's interesting record of his adventures, and now we have Sir Samuel Baker's report of what was done by his expedition, which had for object the extirpation of the slave-trade in Central Africa. It will be remembered that he started out in the employ of the government of Egypt, apparently with the full support of the Khedive, and having *carte blanche* with regard to the preparations to be made. But no dream of perpetually baffled attempts to start upon a journey ever equaled the number and ingenuity of the delays that were continually embarrassing Sir Samuel Baker. His troubles began at Khartoum, where the officials were thoroughly opposed to the undertaking; he was not to be discouraged, however, and he pushed on, although with less material than he had hoped to collect. Ten months later, that is to say, in December, 1870, and after all manner of disheartening accidents and delays, the mission station of Gondokoro was reached.

The native tribes surrounding this station were hostile, and after some negotiation hostilities fairly began. He had a small force of trained men with which to oppose the savages, but the contest was very wearisome. The way that peace was brought about was very characteristic, and is worthy of mention as a specimen of the politics of the country. One day he shot some of a herd of elephants, and the recently hostile natives from the surrounding country gathered about, in readiness to conclude peace and get some elephant's meat which they saw given away to a friendly tribe.

Being now in possession of a peaceful base of operations, Sir Samuel Baker determined to penetrate further into the south, and if possible to open communication with the Albert N'yanza. But the promised supplies had not been sent on to him from Khartoum, and the treachery of the native tribes was again apparent. Nothing daunted, however, he set out with only two hundred and twelve officers and men. Naturally this was no simple campaign he undertook: he found much of the country that had once been fertile and populous now devastated and deserted on account of the frequent incursions of the slave-hunters; and it was only by his own indomitable energy, the devotion and discipline of his men, and Lady Baker's tact, that the expedition came out successfully

from its constant perils. His well-trained men always fought well; their record is a very honorable one. So far as concerns the destruction of the slave-trade, the expedition was not without important result. The first step was taken towards showing the hostility of the government to that infamous traffic, but the completion of that great reform has yet to be made. The one man, Abou Saoud, who was the most persistent enemy Baker met, has since been rewarded and promoted by the Egyptian government. Baker has shown at least the practicability of the reform and the proper measures to be taken to bring it about. His expedition also shows how possible it will be to bring Central Africa into communication with the rest of the world. The countless anecdotes of hunting and curious adventure make the book entertaining, and those who read between the lines will find in Sir Samuel Baker's modest narration plenty of proof of the existence in his party, both leaders and men, of that sort of self-restraint and energy which must, if anything can, especially strike the savage mind.

— Mr. Rice's History of the First Parish in Danvers is an admirable specimen of a kind of book of which there are very few produced among us; while it is no less certain that we shall never deserve to be called a lettered nation until such books are common. The best qualifications of the formal historian—delicate judgment, a sympathetic imagination, and a seemingly inexhaustible power of patient research and verification—are not thought by the author to be unworthily employed in shedding light on the social and spiritual life of an obscure locality during a period of two centuries. This sort of thorough and self-denying literary work is common enough in older and more cultivated lands, and notably in France, where, under the head of *mémoires pour servir*, it embraces some of the most delightful reading in the language. But our own countrymen are, for the most part, so naïvely bent on securing a prompt return, in money or in notoriety, for what they do, that it is rather refreshing to find a book which can hardly be remunerative in either of these ways, so excellently made. The only circumstance which links the history of the Danvers parish with that of the great world is the strange and painful episode of the witchcraft trials and executions in 1692. On this wretched matter Mr. Rice dwells but lightly for the alleged reason that it

has already been so completely illustrated by Mr. Upham in a more elaborate work of precisely the kind which we are praising. He says with great justice that "the most of those who suffered death exhibited throughout their trial and imprisonment, and to the last, a genuinely Christian combination of meekness and courage. Their conduct reflected honor upon that humanity whose nobler traits, in that time of darkness, were visible upon themselves almost alone."

Yet the new facts which our author unearthed, bearing upon the warping and depressing conditions of early colonial life, all tend to increase our charity for the farmers of Salem, the judges, and even the clergy of the time; albeit he does admit that while reviewing the history of the Rev. Mr. Parris's ministrations, he frequently wished "that that worthy were personally present, that he might lay hands upon him in other than apostolic fashion."

Mr. Rice has a style of singular vigor and vivacity, and his humor overflows in abundant foot-notes, which are often full of gossiping details, and very pleasant reading.

— Mr. Mahaffy's *Social Life in Greece* is a volume both interesting and valuable. The spirit with which school-boys approach any subject of study, as if it were something lying outside all limits of human sympathy, is often imitated by their elders, who, even when they have to do with the Greeks, — the most fascinating people the world has ever seen, — treat them as if they were graven images, or marble fragments, classifying them and putting them before us properly clad, in good imitations of Greek houses, but in no way using them like human beings. One can have as much sympathy with a collection of wax-works as with the representations of Greek life in Becker's *Charicles*, for instance. As Mr. Mahaffy says, "The social life of the Greeks has often been handled, especially by German and French authors. But the ponderous minuteness and luxury of citation in the works of the former have obscured the general effect, and leave the ordinary reader with no distinct impression on his mind. . . . The French essays on Greek life are of an opposite description. They aim at brilliancy and *esprit* alone, and gain these qualities at the frequent sacrifice of accuracy and critical research." In this book, however, there is neither superficiality nor pedantry. The author refers freely to Greek writers for example and corroboration of his statements, but he limits himself to the discus-

sion of broad questions, such as the standard of morality, the condition of women, the methods of education, the theory of manners, and such matters.

The sole light thrown on these subjects is by contemporaneous literature, or by that literature which is most nearly contemporaneous. One learns not so much what was the exact condition of opinion with regard to morality, as how lofty was the conception of ideal morality in the mind of the ancient writer, who will uniformly strike higher than the truth, so that we nowadays can compare the relative importance of different virtues in the eyes of the ancients with more exactness than we can decide upon the actual condition of society. Thus from the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, for instance, we learn what virtues were admired, and what were less rigidly insisted upon. We find many tributes to hospitality, many proofs of intellectual quickness, but also a tendency to treachery, falsehood, and what we should consider occasional unmartial timidity.

Mr. Mahaffy says with great truth that the Homeric picture of Olympus is of value as showing the poet's notion of a society freed from religious restraints, and that Pallas Athene embodies all the qualities most highly thought of in those days, which make but a poor showing from our point of view. The standards change slowly, and with our love of antiquity we are more likely to exaggerate the virtues of the golden past than we are to depreciate. Writers like Mr. Gladstone, in his *Homer* and the Homeric Age, paint those days as almost faultless, and many thanks are due to Mr. Mahaffy for his fairer, yet perfectly friendly view.

For knowledge of the Greeks of the Lyric age we have only few and rather vague authorities; when we come to the Attic age it is different. Mr. Mahaffy claims that at this period the condition of women was inferior to any that had yet existed in Greece, that the Asiatic policy of secluding them had been introduced, and that thereby their influence had been diminished. Some of his arguments, however, seem to us ineffective. He quotes from Thucydides — against whom he has a special spite — these words put into the mouth of Pericles, as proof of the degradation of women: "That woman is best who is least spoken of among men, whether for good or for evil;" but in our opinion that remark was wise then and is wise now, and for Mr. Mahaffy to de-

mand of Thucydides, who wrote a political history, the same sort of gossiping prattle that we find in Herodotus, is like being vexed with Gibbon for not writing like Froissart. That there was a change in the treatment of women, and one not for the better, we think our author makes clear. And we agree with him in declining to give too much weight to Sophocles's delineations of women, and in preferring the testimony of Euripides. More use, we think, might have been made of Aristophanes.

In his descriptions of certain trades and professions Mr. Mahaffy is very happy. When he comes to particulars, his scholarship and familiarity with Greek literature serve him admirably. He shows the business habits of the Greeks in one chapter, their religious feelings in another, and everywhere he is returning to the points of similarity and dissimilarity of Greek and modern life. He takes his reader into very tempting fields, especially in the chapter on religion in the Attic age. A noticeable case is that where he speaks of the love of mystery in our modern religions, and its absence in the religion of the Greeks, and points out the same absence in Greek art. "The great reason why the Greek *chefs-d'œuvre* have been everlasting, and have spoken to all cultivated men in all ages, is their conception was everywhere clear and precise." The limitations of the statement are also interesting.

The whole book will be found well worth reading; the writer's knowledge and intelligence are put to the best of purposes, namely, the discovery of the human heart beneath all the dusty facts exhumed by arid scholarship.

—The report sent to the Department of State by Mr. C. C. Andrews, Minister Resident at Stockholm, contains in a brief form much information about Norway and Sweden, for which it is not impossible that some of our readers may in vain consult many books of travel in those comparatively unknown countries. In a very condensed form we have statistics about the climate of those lands, the chief occupations of the inhabitants, the condition of educational and religious matters, the division of taxes, the poorer classes, their manner of living, their wages, the regard paid to sanitary laws, etc., etc. In fact, most statistical questions one would be likely to

ask may be found briefly but authoritatively answered here. Details are not forgotten; for instance, the stoves commonly used in Sweden are described, and we are told, besides, that there is a damper in the chimney to prevent the heat from escaping. The same care is shown with regard to more important matters. This little pamphlet will be found of value by all who care to get knowledge of the internal affairs of these two countries.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.¹

In our last number mention was made of the very interesting fourth volume of Julian Schmidt's essays, and of the one on Tourguéneff and Pisemski a brief abstract was given. Of the others, perhaps the one which will first attract attention is that on the English novel. In a few pages the essayist brings the history of the novel, from its rise in the sketches of the Spectator, through its wonderful career under Richardson, Fielding, and Smollet, with some good, though too brief, criticism of each of these writers, down to the present day. A few pages devoted to Sterne are especially worthy of notice. What strikes Schmidt in the contemporary English novel, and indeed in that of the past, is its lumbering, inartistic form. The novelist seems to lack more than anything the gift of compression. He draws his characters with great fullness, and then drifts through a sea of incidents without any clearly conceived plan, and ends his story much more according to the demands of the book-seller than according to the necessities of a dramatic plot. Characters are lugged in to gratify the author's desire of describing them; and they are never drawn with a few hints that would suffice to make the requisite impression on the reader, but with exhaustive and superfluous thoroughness. An example of this quality is found by Schmidt in George Eliot's treatment of Mr. Brooke, in *Middlemarch*, whose incessant mediocrity finally wears out the reader's patience. The description is true to life, but it is not the less tiresome on that account. Schmidt's discussion of this novel will be found to be of great interest. Both the English and the American public are too much weighed down by George Eliot's greatness to be able to define her position

¹ All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

Bilder aus dem geistigen Leben unserer Zeit. Von JULIAN SCHMIDT. 4ter Band. Charakterbilder aus der zeitgenössischen Literatur. Leipzig. 1875.

with exactness. We have put her on a pedestal, and yet we stand too near her to get an accurate view. Mr. Schmidt brings to the study of her last and perhaps most remarkable novel a strong and well-trained mind, and the fact that he is a foreigner gives him an advantage that will only be enjoyed by our posterity: he has the right perspective. His criticism is more reasonable than any we have read. Naturally he notices the depressing effect the story produces, and he accounts for this, since apparently it was not the intention of the author to accomplish that result, in the following way. He says the writer errs in treating what is essential and what is not essential with the same fullness; that the question, Who is to be accounted happy? is often answered carelessly; that in every man's life there are times of real enjoyment, or of contented activity, and other times of real unhappiness, but that the greater part of one's life is a period of indifference, a state of neither happiness nor unhappiness; that to add in one column the happy, and in another the unhappy moments, and to compare the sums of both, would be unfair, because an hour of despair outweighs years of indifference, and a moment, say of the joy of invention, overbalances years of dull, monotonous toil. To disregard these truths is the fault of excessive analytical and critical reflection. Now this is what George Eliot has done. She has represented a series of unhappy marriages, but instead of showing clearly in the various marital dissensions how much the fault arises from pardonable misunderstanding and how much from real perversity, which would be a fair subject of analysis, she credits one side or the other with the blame, leaving to the reader, as Mr. Schmidt says, the possibility of a difference of opinion, as if it were an actual scene in life, of which the facts were known equally well by both sides. For example he takes Rosamond and Lydgate, and asks why, if Lydgate were the energetic man we are told he is, and loved her as he is said to have done, he failed to have any influence on his wife. He says George Eliot tells us the story at great length, but one cannot withstand the feeling that there is some point unexplained. In Lydgate and in the author he finds an aversion to anything that would call forth a catastrophe, which fact may serve to show the reason of this omission. How serious the fault is in the novelist may be seen in the way in which the chapters treating of the mysterious death

of Raffles slur over the exact criminality of Bulstrode and Lydgate, and instead of our being told what Bulstrode's wife actually thought of him, we have the information given us that before she went to visit her husband she changed her clothes, to convey to him the fact that now they were to commence another life. "This act may have been perfectly natural to this woman, and it would not mar the impression, if too much were not made of it; but that at the moment when one awaits an answer to far more important questions, the attention should be distracted by the exaggerated importance given to this change of raiment, reminds one of the humor of Sterne, which delights in contrasts and in forever mingling important with unimportant matters in order to be able to smile while weeping."

In speaking of Dorothea Mr. Schmidt says that George Eliot puts us off with a mere statement that her marriage with Ladislaw was a happy one, "which the reader would have been glad to see for himself. How much more thankful a task it would have been to show how each of these two natures learned to recognize what was good in the other, than to drag us through all the misery of the uncomfortable existences which fill the eight volumes! George Eliot considers that she has done all that is needful when she tells us that they were happy, but this is a bit of childishness of which so intelligent a woman ought to be ashamed." Again: "In everything she has written she has undertaken to show that men are unwise in looking for so-called womanliness, that a genuine and powerful nature is more likely to be without womanliness. For example, Esther and Romola. Lydgate is punished for trying to find womanliness; under the guise of womanliness he finds a she-devil, who gets him completely under her thumb. But, my dear lady, pretended womanliness and real womanliness are by no means the same thing! If Lydgate was in error in fancying that he had found womanliness when in fact there was only coquetry, a docile will when there was one much stronger than his own, this was a mistake due in some measure to his exaggerated estimate of his own will. Casaubon made the same mistake, for he was attracted by the apparent womanliness and devotion of Dorothea. Rosamond and Dorothea are, to be sure, very different beings, and I can perfectly understand that you should prefer the latter; but all the good lessons you preach to the poor Rosamond about the

heart's illusions would have done Dorothea no harm. I think she would have listened to them, for her defiance of the world was in part the result of her consciousness of superiority to it."

These words may well be pondered for the light they throw on the undefined dissatisfaction so many have felt after reading *Middlemarch*; indeed, the whole essay is worthy of study, although it is perhaps to be regretted that Edmund Yates should receive as much attention as he does. Mr. Schmidt says he came across Yates's novels by accident. It is to be hoped that a luckier chance may bring into his hands some of the novels of a writer who breathes life into close realism by the introduction of the natural amount of idealism, who has a fine eye for character, who does not concern herself too much with offenses in criminal law, but has regard for the higher moral code, who besides has a charming, delicate humor, and who has yet to receive the reward she deserves for her delightful writing. The writer we mean is Mrs. Oliphant. This indefatigable author outweighs a dozen clever manufacturers of novels like Yates. She is not always at her best, but when she is, as in the *Chronicles of Carlingford*, or in *Miss Majoribanks*, she shows that the art of writing English novels still has a vigorous existence even in other hands than those of the present master of fiction, George Eliot.

Another interesting essay is that on Otto Ludwig, whose thoughtful and suggestive *Shakespeare-Studien* were noticed in these pages two or three years ago. Mr. Schmidt gives us the sad facts of his life, and confirms the impression derived from his book, that Ludwig must have been a very fascinating man. For the greater part of his life he was the victim of a serious nervous illness, which was continually interrupting his work. He was obliged wholly to give up music, to which he had devoted much attention, and his literary endeavors were made brief and unsatisfactory to himself. The tension required to produce any serious work brought on his illness, and when he returned to it on recovery he found that his first plan had been so modified by delay and involuntary reflection that he had, practically, to set to work again. Whatever the merit of his original productions, it is more especially as a critic that he is deserv-

ing of praise. It would be hard to lay one's hand on a book which so well gives the reader not only the results but almost the processes of thought on Shakespeare, and on tragedy generally, as do his *Studien*. The book is, too, perfectly free from the dialect of the schools. We have an intelligent, sensitive, thoughtful man reflecting on the highest questions of literary art, with sincerity and wise enthusiasm, not for the purpose of giving answers that shall sound epigrammatic and complete, but to find the real principles of the best work.

Many pages of this volume of essays are devoted to a thorough examination of Auerbach. *Apropos* of this novelist's *Waldfried*, Schmidt gives his former verdict, as expressed in his *History of German Literature*, careful revision. This is done in his best manner. The full essay does not admit of condensation; the critic shows clearly the influence of Auerbach's religion and of the political conditions of Germany upon his novels. He balances the success and the occasional lack of success of this celebrated author, and his article is a tribute of warm and deserved praise. The praise, however, is not unmingled with discriminating mention of Auerbach's faults.

There is another valuable essay in this volume, that on David Strauss, the author of the *Life of Jesus*, and of *The Old Faith and the New*. Mr. Schmidt opens no theological discussion in what he says; he points out the similarity between the position taken by Strauss and that held by free-thinkers in the last century, and takes the ground, which indeed every one must take who is not run away with by subtleties of thought, that Christianity holds a place outside of which it is very hard to go. It cannot be ignored. Its existence is stronger than the fragments of evidence on which it rests. He says, "We are Christians, because the loftiest ideals of our soul have their root in the historic soil of Christianity."

The remainder of the volume discusses some German writers who are less well known outside of their own country. It is to be noticed with pain that many of these are obituary notices, as of Fritz Reuter, Grillparzer, Hoffmann von Fallersleben, and Friedrich Halm. One does not hear of new men rising to fill their places, but Germany is not the only country of which this remark can be made.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

D. Appleton & Co., New York: *Hearts and Hands. A Story in Sixteen Chapters.* By Christian Reid. — *The Doctrine of Descent and Darwinism.* By Oscar Schmidt, Professor in the University of Strasburg. With Twenty-six Wood-cuts. — *A Reply to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone's Political Expostulation.* By the Right Rev. Monsignor Capel, D. D. Reprinted, with Additions, from *The Weekly Register and Catholic Standard.*

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: *The History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles the Fifth.* By William Robertson, D. D. With an Account of the Emperor's Life after his Abdication. By William H. Prescott. New Edition. In Three Volumes. Volume I.

Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati: *Generalship; or, How I managed my Husband. A Tale.* By George Roy.

S. S. Scranton & Co., Hartford: *The Political, Personal, and Property Rights of a Citizen of the United States. How to Exercise and how to Preserve them. Together with I. A Treatise on the Rules of Organization and Procedure in Deliberative Assemblies; II. A Glossary of Law Terms in Common Use.* By Theophilus Parsons, LL. D., Ex-Professor of Law in Harvard College.

Macmillan & Co., New York: *Nature Series. On British Wild Flowers considered in Relation to Insects.* By Sir John Lubbock. With Numerous Illustrations.

William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh: *The Tower of Babel. A Poetical Drama.* By Alfred Austin. — *Baby Died To-day, and other Poems.* By the late William Leighton.

Roberts Brothers, Boston: *Recollections and Suggestions. 1813-1873.* By John Earl Russell. — *Social Pressure.* By Sir Arthur Helps. — *The Morality of Prohibitory Liquor Laws. An Essay.* By William B. Weedon.

John P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky.: *The First Principles of Geology; Presenting the Science in its Physical and Moral Aspects; and Exhibiting its Application to the Arts of Mining, Agriculture, Architecture, and Engineering.* With a Geological Map of the United States. By William J. Barbee, A. M., M. D., Member of the American Association for the Promotion of Science. For the Use of High Schools and Colleges. Enlarged and Revised.

Tuttle & Co., Rutland: *Sixteenth Report of the Vermont Board of Education, with the Report of the Secretary made to the Board, October, 1874. Being the Second Biennial Report of the Board.*

Henry Holt & Co., New York: *Mistress Judith A Cambridgeshire Story.* By C. C. Fraser-Tytler.

Catholic Publication Society, New York: *The Vatican Decrees in their Bearing on Civil Allegiance.* By Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westchester.

Harper and Brothers, New York: *Sports that Kill.* By T. DeWitt Talmage. Phonographically Reported and Revised.

ART.

THE young Society of Painters in Water-Colors has every reason to be pleased with the success of its last exhibition in New York. Four good-sized rooms were well filled with water-color drawings, besides a small cabinet (the sculpture room) which was given up to charcoal and crayon drawings, with a few excellent etchings; and the public, well pleased, came in crowds, — no less than fourteen hundred in a single day, — and, what is more, bought over fourteen thousand dollars' worth of drawings; and, what is better, showed considerable taste and discrimination in its buying. The interest shown by the public in our home exhibition was taken advantage of by two print-sellers, whose business, is principally with the works of foreign artists, each of whom made an auction-sale of water-color drawings soon after the society's exhibition had opened, which proved the most successful venture of a year that has not been a too happy one for those who have had works of art to sell. The Snedcor collec-

tion was not a first-rate one, though it contained a few good drawings. The Knoedler collection, on the other hand, which was kept open free for a week, in Kurz's new, well-lighted, pleasantly-situated gallery, with a well-printed catalogue, — a rare thing in New York, — was an uncommonly good one. There were some good pieces of foreign work in the society exhibition, and it was not the fault of the managers that there were not more; but of course the strength of the display was in the work of our Americans, so that the foreign drawings at Knoedler's sale were of great use in helping us to study the product of our own school. Perhaps the specimen of Villegas (known to visitors at the Metropolitan Museum by his remarkable Slipper Merchant), in the society exhibition, was enough better than anything in the Knoedler collection to constitute, taken with a striking piece by Vibert and a strong sketch by Alfred Stevens, a tribunal to which to bring for judgment all our own crude, timid, searching,

or unaffected essays. But, though the Knoedler drawings lacked somewhat in quality, they made up for this in quantity and in a general cleverness and representative character, and so produced an impression by their mass that they could hardly have made had there been fewer of them.

Looked at as a whole, it must be confessed the society exhibition seems to say that our American artists are little drawn to the ideal, and are too fond of the merely pretty. There is a prevailing weakness, not only in the conception, but in the work itself; and in the sense of color we are painfully wanting. Here and there are evidences how much the inartistic execution is due to lack of examples and to lack of study. Winslow Homer is a good American, we suppose, yet his work, so far as it goes, is strong and racy, and satisfies; and there are others of whom much the same may be said: Miss M. R. Oakey, with her charcoal drawings; Mr. Julian Scott, in his New England Turkey-Shoot; Mr. Francis Lathrop, though he has only one small Sketch for a Portrait to show us what he can do, but that is very lovely in color; Mr. Henry Farrer, who is much improved this year, but who would be greatly helped by cutting loose from New York and working for a year or two in Italy, or about Paris. This is not advice for everybody, but Mr. Farrer has a mind and eyes of his own, and would, we are sure, not be blown about by every wind of doctrine, but would strengthen and develop *himself*, not change himself for a weak imitation of somebody else. Add Miss M. I. McDonald to this list (she well deserves the honor, if only for her Wild-Roses), and we have named all we can remember whose art seems to be a working out of their own perception in their own way, and who are thinking much more of the enjoyment they have in the doing, than caring for the effect when done. Miss M. R. Oakey has here some work which we cannot call original, but which is of a quality that leads us to hope the artist will one day work out her own vein. We find it, however, no easy matter to reconcile ourselves to the gospel of this school, which makes "effect" its shibboleth, and whistles "drawing" down the wind. We cannot find it in the bond that any artist of name has ever made with nature, that he should willfully neglect a part of her law, and fulfill what suited him; for, though Titian and Tintoret and Veronese did not

always draw correctly, we know that they were supremely able to draw well. But there is a brood of young artists growing into notice who are some day to blot paper or smear canvas with color or tone or light and shade that shall be agreeable enough, but who do not now promise ever to be able to draw a foot or a hand, or any animate thing. We admit we would rather have the effect without the drawing, than the drawing without the effect; in other words, we would rather be French than German, but we wish the two foes might somehow be reconciled on American soil. Now that we have called the names severally, man by man, of those artists who seem to us to have the future of the new society in their hands, we must say a word, in parting, of Mrs. Stillman, whose beautiful drawings, though they must have compelled many to look upon them and ponder them well, seem somehow to have been caviare to the general, and at the close of the exhibition remained unsold. The simple fact is, that for beauty of color, excellence of drawing, and fullness of expression, these pictures easily surpassed all else in the exhibition, and were a perpetual rest and refreshment both to the eye and to the mind when wearied by overmuch commonplace, or irritated by weakness setting itself the tasks of might. No doubt the remoteness of subject in the two drawings of the Arthurian story made them alien to most buyers; and perhaps a certain archaic quaintness in the Flowers, contrasting with the brilliant realism, and beautiful realism, too, of Mr. George Lambdin's work, could not take the eye enough; but we must wonder how all hearts could so with one consent refuse to delight in the In a Balcony, which seems to us a very rare piece of painting, one well worthy of the heroic time. Yet it was almost as little recognized when it was exhibited in Boston, and only a chance letter in the New York Tribune so much as hinted at its uncommonness. But we must not think it too strange that so fair a piece should want admirers. It is impossible but that in time such excellence should make its way, and educate us up to its own high mark. Some who saw it, nay many, let us hope, recognized its beauty, and loyally answered those soft, compelling eyes. We are sure that to many persons who love art and are grateful for her gifts, the eighth exhibition of our society will be remembered as the year when Mrs. Stillman's name first appeared in the catalogue.

EDUCATION.

THE Thirty-Second Annual Report of the Board of Education of the city of New York contains the only instance we have so far met of a methodical discussion by such a body of the curriculum and management of the schools under its charge. This great metropolis makes so little talk over its schools, and some lesser cities so much over theirs, that almost anywhere else should we have expected to find such a discussion inaugurated, though until the school boards throughout our country make similar ones the basis of their reports, these will hardly be worth the paper they are printed on. In the volume before us, consisting chiefly of the reports of the president of the Board of Education, and those of the city superintendent and his five assistant superintendents, there is much of unusual ability and educational insight.

According to the census of 1870, the children attending school in New York city were in round numbers 155,000 (of which 35,000 at least are in "parochial," *i. e.*, mostly Roman Catholic, schools). For these there is school accommodation for 112,000 only, so that even if all of them wished to go to school, 43,000 must perforce remain away, though in fact 60,000 do so. In spite of this, however, at the last census it was found that in New York there were only 1361 children between the ages of ten and fifteen who were not able to write, and still fewer who were unable to read; which seems to us a very gratifying showing. The overcrowding of the schools, though not so bad as it is in Brooklyn, is still declared to be in some localities "alarming," and this is true especially of the primary grades. An unusual proportion of New York children go no further than these grades; and to place and often maintain their numerical limit at seventy-five pupils to a class, is to commit a fearful injustice against both teachers and taught.

The ventilation of the New York school-houses, even of those of the latest construction, is unsatisfactory, and in many of the older ones is positively injurious. Faithless janitors add to the evil by neglecting to air the school-rooms after sweeping them, so that the children breathe a fine, impalpable dust, as well as their own exhalations. At a conference called "The Woman's Parlia-

ment," held five years ago in New York, anonymous papers from women teachers in the city schools were read, in which the tyranny often exercised over them by these janitors was bitterly complained of, while at the same time it was stated that the janitors' salaries often exceeded that of the highest-paid female principal in the city.

The colored children of New York live so far from the school buildings appropriated to them, that they are very irregular in their attendance, and the schools are not, therefore, as successful as they might be. Evening schools require better teachers than any others, and their management is stated to be a very difficult problem. The evening high school has 1400 pupils; whether for both sexes does not appear. There are no day high schools in New York city. The grammar schools have "advanced classes" for those who wish to go a little beyond the elements, and the College of the City of New York, of which the "introductory class" performs the work of the high school, gives to boys and young men superior collegiate advantages. New York girls, however, can obtain no such education, the only apology for it being proffered them at the Girls' Normal (so-called) College, of whose curriculum Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi thus writes: "From the informal accounts that have come to me, I infer that it is unsystematic and scrappy, being theoretically intended to furnish girls with exactly what is essential to teaching in public schools. Like all attempts to convey knowledge of methods by exclusive study of methods, and without digging down to first principles, even what is taught is very imperfectly grasped, and no opportunity is afforded for any development in after life. And only very little is taught,—a constant dread seeming to overhang the trustees lest they should be accused of giving too good an education for nothing, and so entering into unfair competition with private schools. The same fear cramped the development of the only approach to a high school (the girls' school in Twelfth Street) which we New York girls ever had. . . . I think there is scarcely a city in the civilized world, of its importance, wherein mental culture has been so little understood, valued, or prepared for, as ours."

And yet the report says that "in the past twenty years the city of New York has contributed to the State school tax over \$13,200,000, and has received as her quota of said money only \$5,013,000, thus showing that she has given over \$8,000,000 to aid in promoting free education in other parts of the commonwealth." The policy of Boston has been just the reverse of this, and the difference in educational enthusiasm and progress throughout the States of New York and Massachusetts shows which is the better plan. Education, like charity, should "begin at home," and the radiation of intellectual light from a great centre is better than its bestowal of material gratuity.

In the revision of the studies prescribed for the New York public schools, the first step has naturally been toward simplification in the branches already taught, so as to give time for the introduction of others equally or more important. Thus we rejoice to quote from the report that "English grammar has been reduced to its narrowest profitable limits;" and in the remark of the superintendent that "rules and principles which ordinarily are almost unintelligible to the young pupil when presented in their application to the English language, are easily understood in the acquisition of German," we trust we read its future expulsion from all but the advanced grades. Excepting the names of the parts of speech and the pointing out of the great relations of subject and predicate, English grammar should be strictly a high school or academic study, and the time now given to it by children under fourteen should be rather devoted to learning to read and construe some other language. In the New York schools, 19,396 pupils study German, to 1609 who study French, "and in order to make the instruction in German effective, it is recommended that the study of French in the schools be wholly abandoned."¹ The teaching of arithmetic seems to be more in the fog than that of grammar; and unless a conference of leading mathematicians will settle the methods and proper limits of instruction in this study for our public schools, we know not how these can ever be decided upon wisely. In geography and history, the superintendents discourage as much as possible mere rote recitations, but the fundamental reforms

needed in these branches seem not to be perceived. In the advanced classes, elementary instruction is given in all the sciences, much of it in connection with the objects themselves, and the instances given of the co-working of the pupils with their teachers in making apparatus, collections, etc., are truly delightful. In the primary grades, oral lessons from objects seem to be made a great point of, and are said to be "supplying the children with additional enjoyment and interest in their visits to the Central Park and its collections." Music and drawing are taught in all the schools, but not as yet satisfactorily, though a better arrangement for the former was inaugurated for the present year. From a musical critic we learn that a committee which visited Boston to see the results of the system of note-reading in use there (namely, changing the *do* with the tonic) were not impressed with its value in results over the old way, — which, considering that all the great singers, choirs, and composers of the world have been trained in the latter, is not surprising. There is as yet no industrial training in the New York schools, though in the prescribed course "sewing *may* be taught" to the girls of the highest grammar grade. The influence of the woman physician movement is shown in the recommendation of the president of the normal college that "the committee on normal schools should secure the services of a female physician who can teach by authority, and in the way to effect the greatest amount of good." Finally, the direct "moral culture" of this great host of children is supposed to be provided for by "the reading every morning, at nine o'clock, of some portion of the Holy Scriptures, the chanting or repeating of the Lord's Prayer, or the singing of some appropriate hymn;" gossamer reins, indeed, as it seems to us, for the passions stimulated by the corruptions of the great city.

The superintendent complains of "a large class of vicious boys whom the public schools do not and cannot restrain, and yet who are permitted to pursue their lawless career . . . from school to school until they are pronounced 'incorrigible,' and then the doors of all schools are closed against them, after which they roam the streets until they too often find themselves in prison." Corporal punishment was abol-

¹ Unfortunately we have just seen it stated that "there is a reaction against special studies in the New York schools, and the new Board of Education or the city will oppose the introduction of German

into the grammar schools, as recently proposed, and favor a return to the simple rudimentary branches of English education."

ished some years ago, and though all the leading school officials, and also a committee appointed to investigate the matter, have reported unanimously in favor of its restoration, the Board of Education has not yet decided to go back to it, and "the question of persistently disobedient and disorderly pupils still remains an open one. The discipline in the boys' schools has seriously deteriorated, and in consequence of the absorption of an unprecedentedly large part of their time and energy in simply maintaining order, hundreds of our experienced teachers, whose skill as principals or as class-teachers has been again and again demonstrated, are no longer able to secure results equal in quality and quantity to those of past years. The vital element of every true educational system, the discipline of the will by means of reasonable and effective restraint, is in

many instances disappearing, or is virtually resolving itself into an appeal of the teacher, who is in the right, to the forbearance of the pupil, who is in the wrong. This new and unwholesome strain upon the nervous systems of the teachers" is declared to be visibly "impairing their health and strength," and to be driving both them and the principals "into the employment of injudicious modes of enforcing obedience."

Two points as revealed by this report ought to be recorded in the co-education discussion. It will be remembered that the Brooklyn superintendent wishes to abolish mixed schools, partly on the plea that in them the average scholarship of the boys is lower than that of the girls; but the following table from the New York report shows that the girls can hardly be to blame for that, as the boys are no better when they are by themselves.

TABLE OF COMPARATIVE PROFICIENCY IN 1873.

[E means Excellent; G, Good; F, Fair; I, Indifferent.]

Schools.	Discipline.				Reading.				Spelling.				Writing.				Arithmetic.			
	E	G	F	I	E	G	F	I	E	G	F	I	E	G	F	I	E	G	F	I
Male Grammar . . .	60	31	9	-	21	63	14	2	39	40	19	2	36	51	12	1	22	50	23	5
Female Grammar . . .	90	10	-	-	51	46	3	-	56	37	7	-	58	40	4	-	27	55	16	2

Another point taken against co-education is that it stimulates the girls to unhealthy competition. But of the Girls' Normal College the president states, "Such is the desire of the young ladies to excel in studies, and to stand high before their instructors, that I have been forced to issue an order that no student in any junior class shall study more than two hours per day at home."

Since this report was published, the Board of Education has made education compulsory upon New York children after January 1, 1875, which in that democratic city is a cheering step. But we blush to record what indeed can scarcely be believed—that this same board (if it is indeed the same) has lowered the salaries of its teachers, who yet, by its own published showing, are so overworked and imposed upon. This disgraceful action is attributed by Harper's Weekly to the hostile influence of the Roman Catholics, who are said to be doing their utmost to disaffect both teachers

and pupils with the public schools. According to the New York Tribune "the Roman Catholic parochial schools receive \$15 for \$1 given to all other church schools; and as fast as the public moneys are being appropriated to build up such schools, the children are withdrawn from the public schools, leaving them unoccupied." The editor of Freeman's (R. C.) Journal believes in the most extreme measures to counteract the influence of the national school system, and says, "When Catholic parents understand that they cannot have absolution in the confessional while they let their children go to godless or to Protestant schools, they will soon find a remedy." Doubtless. But since Roman Catholics as individuals pay but a comparatively small proportion of the taxes, perhaps the "godless or Protestant" tax-payers will find a remedy too; and if this should be the taxing of all church and endowed property, we should not deny that the proposition has its side of reason and of justice.